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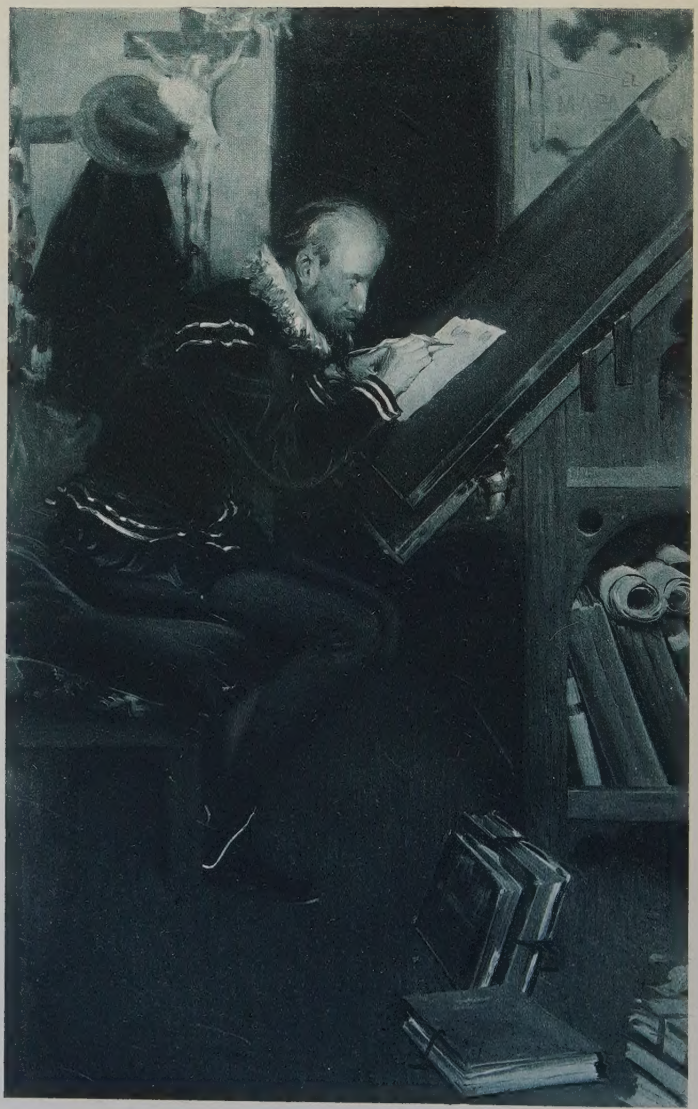

The Writings of John Lothrop Motley

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HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS

FROM THE DEATH OF WILLIAM THE SILENT
TO THE TWELVE YEARS' TRUCE, 1609

BY

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

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THE UNITED NETHERLANDS

CHAPTER XV

Buckhurst sent to the Netherlands—Alarming state of affairs on his arrival—His efforts to conciliate—Democratic theories of Wilkes—Sophistry of the argument—Dispute between Wilkes and Barneveldt—Religious tolerance by the states—Their constitutional theory—Deventer's bad counsels to Leicester—Their pernicious effect—Real and supposed plots against Hohenlo—Mutual suspicion and distrust—Buckhurst seeks to restore good feeling—The queen angry and vindictive—She censures Buckhurst's course—Leicester's wrath at Hohenlo's charges of a plot by the earl to murder him—Buckhurst's eloquent appeals to the queen—Her perplexing and contradictory orders—Despair of Wilkes—Leicester announces his return—His instructions—Letter to Junius—Barneveldt denounces him in the states.

WE return to the Netherlands. If ever proof were afforded of the influence of individual character on the destiny of nations and of the world, it certainly was seen in the year 1587. We have lifted the curtain of the secret council-chamber at Greenwich. We have seen all Elizabeth's advisers anxious to arouse her from her fatal credulity, from her almost as fatal parsimony. We have seen Leicester anxious to return, despite all fancied indignities, Walsingham eager to expedite the

enterprise, and the queen remaining obdurate, while month after month of precious time was melting away.

In the Netherlands, meantime, discord and confusion had been increasing every day, and the first great cause of such a dangerous condition of affairs was the absence of the governor. In this all parties agreed. The Leicestrians, the anti-Leicestrians, the Holland party, the Utrecht party, the English councilors, the English generals, in private letter, in solemn act, all warned the queen against the lamentable effects resulting from Leicester's inopportune departure and prolonged absence.[1]

On the first outbreak of indignation after the Deventer affair, Prince Maurice was placed at the head of the general government, with the violent Hohenlo as his lieutenant.[2] The greatest exertions were made by these two nobles and by Barneveldt, who guided the whole policy of the party, to secure as many cities as possible to their cause. Magistrates and commandants of garrisons in many towns willingly gave in their adhesion to the new government; others refused, especially Diedrich Sonoy, an officer of distinction, who was governor of Enkhuizen and influential throughout North Holland, and who remained a stanch partizan of Leicester.[3] Utrecht, the stronghold of the Leicestrians, was wavering and much torn by faction. Hohenlo and Meurs had "banqueted and feasted" to such good purpose that they had gained over half the captains of the burgher guard, and, aided by the branch of nobles, were making

[1] Documents in Bor, iii. xxiii. 76–80.

[2] Wagenaer, viii. 204.

[3] Ibid., viii. 176, 185, 209–211, 270–278. Bor, iii. xxiii. 10 seq. Reyd, vi. 101.

a good fight against the Leicester magistracy and the clerical force, enriched by the plunder of the old Catholic livings, who denounced as papistical and Hispaniolized all who favored the party of Maurice and Barneveldt.

By the end of March the envoys returned from London, and in their company came Lord Buckhurst, as special ambassador from the queen.[1]

Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, afterward Earl of Dorset and lord treasurer, was then fifty-one years of age. A man of large culture,—poet, dramatist, diplomatist,—bred to the bar, afterward elevated to the peerage, endowed with high character and strong intellect, ready with tongue and pen, handsome of person, and with a fascinating address, he was as fit a person to send on a mission of expostulation as any man to be found in England. But the author of the induction to the "Mirror for Magistrates" and of "Gorboduc" had come to the Netherlands on a forlorn hope. To expostulate in favor of peace with a people who knew that their existence depended on war, to reconcile those to delay who felt that delay was death, and to heal animosities between men who were enemies from their cradles to their graves, was a difficult mission. But the chief ostensible object of Buckhurst was to smooth the way for Leicester, and, if possible, to persuade the Netherlanders as to the good inclinations of the English government. This was no easy task, for they knew that their envoys had been dismissed without even a promise of subsidy. They had asked for twelve thousand soldiers and sixty thousand pounds, and had received a volley of abuse. Over and over again,

[1] Bor, xxii. 952. Wagenaer, viii. 216.

through many months, the queen fell into a paroxysm of rage when even an allusion was made to the loan of fifty or sixty thousand pounds; and even had she promised the money, it would have given but little satisfaction. As Count Meurs observed, he would rather see one English rose-noble than a hundred royal promises. So the Hollanders and Zealanders, not fearing Leicester's influence within their little morsel of a territory, were concentrating their means of resistance upon their own soil, intending to resist Spain, and, if necessary, England, in their last ditch, and with the last drop of their blood.

While such was the condition of affairs, Lord Buckhurst landed at Flushing, four months after the departure of Leicester, on the 24th March, having been tossing three days and nights at sea in a great storm, "miserably sick and in great danger of drowning."[1] Sir William Russell, governor of Flushing, informed him of the progress making by Prince Maurice in virtue of his new authority. He told him that the Zealand regiment, vacant by Sydney's death, and which the queen wished bestowed upon Russell himself, had been given to Count Solms,—a circumstance which was very sure to excite her Majesty's ire,—but that the greater number, and those of the better sort, disliked the alteration of government, and relied entirely upon the queen. Sainte-Aldegonde visited him at Middelburg, and in a "long discourse" expressed the most friendly sentiments toward England, with free offers of personal service. "Nevertheless," said Buckhurst, cautiously, "I mean to trust the effect, not his words, and so I hope he shall not much deceive me. His opinion is that the Earl of

[1] Buckhurst to Walsingham, March 26, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

Leicester's absence hath chiefly caused this change, and that without his return it will hardly be restored again, but that upon his arrival all these clouds will prove but a summer shower."[1]

As a matter of course, the new ambassador lifted up his voice, immediately after setting foot on shore, in favor of the starving soldiers of his queen. "'T is a most lamentable thing," said he, "to hear the complaints of soldiers and captains for want of pay. . . ." Whole companies made their way into his presence, literally crying aloud for bread. "For Jesus' sake," wrote Buckhurst, "hasten to send relief with all speed, and let such victualers be appointed as have a conscience not to make themselves rich with the famine of poor soldiers. If her Majesty send not money, and that with speed, for their payment, I am afraid to think what mischief and miseries are like to follow."[2]

Then the ambassador proceeded to The Hague, holding interviews with influential personages in private and with the States-General in public. Such was the charm of his manner, and so firm the conviction of sincerity and good will which he inspired, that in the course of a fortnight there was already a sensible change in the aspect of affairs. The enemy, who, at the time of his arrival, had been making bonfires and holding triumphal processions for joy of the great breach between Holland and England, and had been "hoping to swallow them all up, while there were so few left who knew how to act," were already manifesting disappointment.[3]

In a solemn meeting of the States-General with the

[1] Buckhurst to Walsingham, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.

[3] Bartholomew Clerk to Burghley, April 12, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

state council, Buckhurst addressed the assembly upon the general subject of her Majesty's goodness to the Netherlands. He spoke of the gracious assistance rendered by her, notwithstanding her many special charges for the common cause, and of the mighty enmities which she had incurred for their sake. He sharply censured the Hollanders for their cruelty to men who had shed their blood in their cause, but who were now driven forth from their towns, and left to starve on the highways, and hated for their nation's sake, as if the whole English name deserved to be soiled "for the treachery of two miscreants." He spoke strongly of their demeanor toward the Earl of Leicester, and of the wrongs they had done him, and told them that, if they were not ready to atone to her Majesty for such injuries, they were not to wonder if their deputies received no better answer at her hands. "She who embraced your cause," he said, "when other mighty princes forsook you, will still stand fast unto you, yea, and increase her goodness, if her present state may suffer it."[1]

After being addressed in this manner the council of state made what Councilor Clerk called a "very honest, modest, and wise answer"; but the States-General, not being able "so easily to discharge that which had so long boiled within them," deferred their reply until the following day. They then brought forward a deliberate rejoinder, in which they expressed themselves devoted to her Majesty, and, on the whole, well disposed to the earl. As to the 4th February letter, it had been written "in amaritudine cordis," upon hearing the treasons of Yorke and Stanley, and in accordance with "their custom and liberty used toward all princes, whereby they had

[1] Bartholomew Clerk to Burghley, ubi sup.

long preserved their estate," and in the conviction that the real culprits for all the sins of his Excellency's government were certain "lewd persons who sought to seduce his Lordship and to cause him to hate the states."

Buckhurst did not think it well to reply at that moment, upon the ground that there had been already crimination and recrimination more than enough, and that "a little bitterness more had rather caused them to determine dangerously than resolve for the best."[1]

They then held counsel together, the envoys and the States-General, as to the amount of troops absolutely necessary, casting up the matter "as pinchingly as possibly might be." And the result was that twenty thousand foot and two thousand horse for garrison work, and an army of thirteen thousand foot, five thousand horse, and one thousand pioneers for a campaign of five or six months, were pronounced indispensable. This would require all their two hundred and forty thousand pounds sterling a year regular contribution, her Majesty's contingent of one hundred and forty thousand pounds, and an extra sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. Of this sum the states requested her Majesty should furnish two thirds, while they agreed to furnish the other third, which would make in all two hundred and forty thousand pounds for the queen, and two hundred and ninety thousand pounds for the states. As it was understood that the English subsidies were only a loan secured by mortgage of the cautionary towns, this did not seem very unreasonable, when the intimate blending of England's welfare with that of the provinces was considered.[2]

[1] Bartholomew Clerk to Burghley, ubi sup.

[2] Ibid.

Thus it will be observed that Lord Buckhurst, while doing his best to conciliate personal feuds and heart-burnings, had done full justice to the merits of Leicester, and had placed in strongest light the favors conferred by her Majesty.

He then proceeded to Utrecht, where he was received with many demonstrations of respect, "with solemn speeches" from magistrates and burgher captains, with military processions, and with great banquets, which were, however, conducted with decorum, and at which even Count Meurs excited universal astonishment by his sobriety.[1] It was difficult, however, for matters to go very smoothly, except upon the surface. What could be more disastrous than for a little commonwealth—a mere handful of people, like these Netherlanders, engaged in mortal combat with the most powerful monarch in the world and with the first general of the age, within a league of their borders—thus to be deprived of all organized government at a most critical moment, and to be left to wrangle with their allies and among themselves as to the form of polity to be adopted while waiting the pleasure of a capricious and despotic woman?

And the very foundation of the authority by which the Spanish yoke had been abjured, the sovereignty offered to Elizabeth, and the government-general conferred on Leicester, was fiercely assailed by the confidential agents of Elizabeth herself. The dispute went into the very depths of the social contract. Already Wilkes, standing up stoutly for the democratic views of the governor, who was so foully to requite him, had assured the English government that the "people were ready to cut the throats" of the States-General at any

[1] Gilpin to Wilkes, April 25, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

convenient moment. The sovereign people, not the deputies, were alone to be heeded, he said, and although he never informed the world by what process he had learned the deliberate opinion of that sovereign, as there had been no assembly excepting those of the States-General and States-Provincial, he was none the less fully satisfied that the people were all with Leicester, and bitterly opposed to the states.

"For the sovereignty, or supreme authority," said he, "through failure of a legitimate prince, belongs to the people, and not to you, gentlemen, who are only servants, ministers, and deputies of the people. You have your commissions or instructions, surrounded by limitations, which conditions are so widely different from the power of sovereignty as the might of the subject is in regard to his prince, or of a servant in respect to his master. For sovereignty is not limited either as to power or as to time. Still less do you *represent* the sovereignty; for the people, in giving the general and absolute government to the Earl of Leicester, have conferred upon him at once the exercise of justice, the administration of polity, of naval affairs, of war, and of all the other points of sovereignty. Of these a governor-general is, however, only the depositary or guardian, until such time as it may please the prince or people to revoke the trust, there being no other in this state who can do this, seeing that it was the people who, through the instrumentality of your offices, through you as its servants, conferred on his Excellency this power, authority, and government. According to the common rule of law, therefore, *quo jure quid statuitur, eodem jure tolli debet.* You having been fully empowered by the provinces and cities, or, to speak more correctly, by your masters and

superiors, to confer the government on his Excellency, it follows that you require a like power in order to take it away either in whole or in part. If, then, you had no commission to curtail his authority, or even that of the state council, and thus to tread upon and usurp his power as governor general and absolute, there follows of two things one: either you did not well understand what you were doing, nor duly consider how far that power reached, or, much more probably, you have fallen into the sin of disobedience, considering how solemnly you swore allegiance to him."[1]

[1] Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., ii. 281. Compare Wagenaer, viii. 208.

It is very important to observe that Wilkes retracted these democratic views before the end of the summer, and gradually adopted the constitutional theory maintained by Holland. He informed the queen, on the 12th of July, 1587, that in case she refused the sovereignty it "should remain with such as by the *laws of the country do retain it*, which is *not in the common people*, but in some fifty or sixty persons in every city and town, called by the name of vroedschap. . . . If the Earl of Leicester," said he, "should attempt to remove any of these persons constituting this vroedschap, as it is rumored he intends doing, it will hazard the ruin of the whole country, endanger the earl greatly, and prove the loss of all her Majesty's charge employed in the defense of the country. It is a mistake to suppose that it will be a facile matter to carry the common people into any such violence at any time against the states; for the magistrates of every city and town, upon premonition already given, are holding a vigilant eye and severe hand over any that shall stir within any of their jurisdiction."

"The remedy," continued Wilkes, "to prevent any mischief that might ensue of any popular commotion would be to leave that course, and to follow the example of the late Prince of Orange, who had quite as many difficulties to contend with as the Earl of Leicester, and yet forbore to discredit the states with the people, gaining five or six of the states' members that had the most credit with the assemblies, and through them working upon all the rest, there being nothing determined or to be handled in

Thus subtly and ably did Wilkes defend the authority of the man who had deserted his post at a most critical moment, and had compelled the states, by his dereliction, to take the government into their own hands.

For, after all, the whole argument of the English councilor rested upon a quibble. The people were absolutely sovereign, he said, and had lent that sovereignty to Leicester. How had they made that loan? Through the machinery of the States-General. So long, then, as the earl retained the absolute sovereignty, the states were not even representatives of the sovereign people. The sovereign people was merged into one English earl. The English earl had retired, indefinitely, to England. Was the sovereign people to wait for months, or years, before it regained its existence? And if not, how was it to reassert its vitality? How but through the agency of the States-General, who, according to Wilkes himself, *had been fully empowered by the provinces and cities to confer the government on the earl?* The people then, after all, were the provinces and cities. And the States-General were at that moment as much qualified to rep-

their assemblies but he knew of it always beforehand; and whensoever he had anything to propound or bring to pass among them, he first consulted with these persons, and by them was made acquainted whether the matter would pass or be impugned, and acted accordingly." "The prince," said Wilkes, "never attempted anything of importance without consulting the states. The people are the same now as they were then, and do not love to be subject to any monarchical government."—Wilkes to the queen, July 12, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

It is obvious, from this change of opinion on the part of the councilor, that he would become liable to the disapprobation of Leicester; but it seems hardly credible that he should have thereby inspired the earl with such a hatred and longing for revenge against him as he unquestionably did excite.

resent those provinces and cities as they ever had been, and they claimed no more. Wilkes, nor any other of the Leicester party, ever hinted at a general assembly of the people. Universal suffrage was not dreamed of at that day. By the people he meant, if he meant anything, only that very small fraction of the inhabitants of a country who, according to the English system in the reign of Elizabeth, constituted its commons. He chose, rather from personal and political motives than philosophical ones, to draw a distinction between the people and the "states"; but it is quite obvious, from the tone of his private communications, that by the "states" he meant the individuals who happened, for the time being, to be the deputies of the states of each province. But it was almost an affectation to accuse those individuals of calling or considering themselves "sovereigns," for it was very well known that they sat as *envoys*, rather than as *members* of a congress, and were perpetually obliged to recur to their constituents, the states of each province, for instructions. It was idle, because Buys and Barneveldt and Roorda and other leaders exercised the influence due to their talents, patriotism, and experience, to stigmatize them as usurpers of sovereignty, and to hound the rabble upon them as tyrants and mischief-makers. Yet to take this course pleased the Earl of Leicester, who saw no hope for the liberty of the people unless absolute and unconditional authority over the people, in war, naval affairs, justice, and policy, were placed in his hands. This was the view sustained by the clergy of the Reformed Church, because they found it convenient, through such a theory, and by Leicester's power, to banish papists, exercise intolerance in matters of religion, sequestrate for their own private

uses the property of the Catholic Church, and obtain for their own a political power which was repugnant to the more liberal ideas of the Barneveldt party.

The states of Holland, inspired as it were by the memory of that great martyr to religious and political liberty, William the Silent, maintained freedom of conscience.

The Leicester party advocated a different theory on the religious question. They were also determined to omit no effort to make the states odious.

"Seeing their violent courses," said Wilkes to Leicester, "I have not been negligent, as well by solicitations *to the ministers* as by my letters to such as have continued constant in affection to your Lordship, to *have the people* informed of the ungrateful and dangerous proceedings of the states. They have therein travailed with so good effect as *the people* are now wonderfully well disposed, and have delivered everywhere in speeches that if, by the overthwart dealings of the states, her Majesty shall be drawn to stay her succors and goodness to them, and that thereby your Lordship be also discouraged to return, *they will cut their throats.*"[1]

Who the "*people*" exactly were that had been so wonderfully well disposed to throat-cutting by the ministers of the gospel did not distinctly appear. It was certain, however, that they were the special friends of Leicester, great orators, very pious, and the sovereigns of the country. So much could not be gainsaid.

"Your Lordship would wonder," continued the councilor, "to see the people—who so lately, by the practice of the said states and the accident of Deventer, were notably alienated—so returned to their former devotion toward her Majesty, your Lordship, and our nation."

[1] Wilkes to Leicester, March 12, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

Wilkes was able, moreover, to gratify the absent governor-general with the intelligence—of somewhat questionable authenticity, however—that the states were very "much terrified with these threats of the people." But Barneveldt came down to the council to inquire what member of that body it was who had accused the states of violating the earl's authority. "Whoever he is," said the advocate, "let him deliver his mind frankly, and he shall be answered." The man did not seem much terrified by the throat-cutting orations. "It is true," replied Wilkes, perceiving himself to be the person intended, "that you have very injuriously, in many of your proceedings, derogated from and trodden the authority of his Lordship and of this council under your feet." [1]

And then he went into particulars, and discussed, *more suo*, the constitutional question, in which various Leicestrian councilors seconded him.

But Barneveldt grimly maintained that the states were the sovereigns, and that it was therefore unfit that the *governor, who drew his authority from them*, should call them to account for their doings. "It was as if the governors in the time of Charles V.," said the advocate, "should have taxed that emperor for any action of his done in the government." [2]

In brief, the rugged Barneveldt, with threatening voice and lion port, seemed to impersonate the states and to hold reclaimed sovereignty in his grasp. It seemed difficult to tear it from him again.

"I did what I could," said Wilkes, "to *beat them from this humor of their sovereignty*, showing that upon that

[1] Wilkes to Leicester, MS. last cited.

[2] Ibid. Compare Kluit, ii. 281 seq.; Bor, ii. xxii. 918, 921 seq.; Wagenaer, viii. 208.

error they had grounded the rest of *their wilful absurdities.*"[1]

Next night he drew up sixteen articles, showing the disorders of the states, their breach of oaths, and violations of the earl's authority; and with that commenced a series of papers interchanged by the two parties, in which the topics of the origin of government and the principles of religious freedom were handled with much ability on both sides, but at unmerciful length.

On the religious question, the States-General, led by Barneveldt and by Francis Franck, expressed themselves manfully on various occasions during the mission of Buckhurst.

"The nobles and cities constituting the states," they said, "have been denounced to Lord Leicester as enemies of religion by the self-seeking mischief-makers who surround him. Why? Because they had refused the demand of certain preachers to call a general synod, in defiance of the States-General, and to introduce a set of ordinances, with a system of discipline, according to *their arbitrary will.* This the late Prince of Orange and the States-General had always thought detrimental both to religion and polity. They respected the difference in religious opinions, and leaving all churches in their freedom, they *chose to compel no man's conscience*—a course which all statesmen, knowing the diversity of human opinions, had considered necessary in order to maintain fraternal harmony."[2]

[1] Wilkes to Leicester, MS. last cited.

[2] Meteren, xiv. 250–253.

The states of Holland, under the guidance of Barneveldt, took strong ground, on several occasions this year, against attempts made by the Reformed Church to meddle with secular matters. On the presentation of a petition relative to politics by a com-

Such words shine through the prevailing darkness of the religious atmosphere at that epoch like characters of light. They are beacons in the upward path of mankind. Never before had so bold and wise a tribute to the genius of the Reformation been paid by an organized community. Individuals walking in advance of their age had enunciated such truths, and their voices had seemed to die away, but at last a little, struggling, half-developed commonwealth had proclaimed the rights of conscience for all mankind,—for papists and Calvinists, Jews and Anabaptists,—because, "having a respect for differences in religious opinions, and leaving all churches in their freedom, they chose to compel no man's conscience."

On the constitutional question the states commenced

mittee of four preachers, representing the churches of Holland, answer was made, through the mouth of Barneveldt, that "the states were very well acquainted with the matters mentioned in the petition, and with many other things besides; that the states were quite as much interested as the churches could be in the welfare of the land, and that they could provide for it without the assistance of the preachers." The petitioners were accordingly advised to go home, and leave the states to manage the affairs of the country. (Bor, iii. xxiii. 76.)

A few days later a resolution upon the subject of the petition was passed by the states, printed, and sent to all the cities in the province, with an order to the magistrates to summon the preachers before them, deliver them a copy of the resolution, warn them to keep their congregations in tranquillity and harmony, and, for their own part, to occupy themselves with praying, teaching, and preaching, and to allow the states and the magistrates to administer the government.

The resolution itself, which the preachers characterized as a rude answer to a courteous request, was conceived much in the spirit of Barneveldt's original verbal reply. (See the documents in Bor, iii. xxiii. 76, 85 seq.)

by an astounding absurdity. "These mischief-makers, moreover," said they, "have not been ashamed to dispute, and to cause the Earl of Leicester to dispute, the lawful constitution of the provinces—a matter which has not been *disputed for eight hundred years*."[1]

This was indeed to claim a respectable age for their Republic. Eight hundred years took them back to the days of Charlemagne, in whose time it would have been somewhat difficult to detect a germ of their States-General and States-Provincial. That the constitutional government, consisting of nobles and of the vroedschaps of chartered cities, should have been in existence four hundred and seventeen years before the first charter had ever been granted to a city, was a very loose style of argument. Thomas Wilkes, in reply, might as well have traced the English Parliament to Hengist and Horsa. "For eight hundred years," they said, "Holland had been governed by counts and countesses, on whom the nobles and cities, as representing the states, had legally conferred sovereignty."[2]

Now, the first incorporated city of Holland and Zealand that ever existed was Middelburg, which received its charter from Count William I. of Holland and Countess Joan of Flanders, in the year 1217. The first count that had any legal or recognized authority was Dirk I., to whom Charles the Simple presented the territory of Holland, by letters patent, in 922. Yet the States-General, in a solemn and eloquent document, gravely dated their own existence from the year 787, and claimed the regular possession and habitual delegation of sovereignty from that epoch down!

[1] Bor, iii. xxiii. 76–84. Meteren, xiv. 250–253. Kluit, ii. 286 seq.

[2] Bor, Meteren, Kluit, ubi sup.

After this fabulous preamble, they proceeded to handle the matter of fact with logical precision. It was absurd, they said, that Mr. Wilkes and Lord Leicester should affect to confound the *persons* who appeared in the assembly with the states themselves, as if those individuals claimed or exercised sovereignty. Any man who had observed what had been passing during the last fifteen years knew very well that the supreme authority did not belong to the thirty or forty individuals who came to the meetings. . . . The nobles, by reason of their ancient dignity and splendid possessions, took counsel together over state matters, and then, appearing at the assembly, deliberated with the deputies of the cities. The cities had mainly one form of government —a college of counselors, or wise men, forty, thirty-two, twenty-eight, or twenty-four in number, of the most respectable out of the whole community. They were chosen for life, and vacancies were supplied by the colleges themselves out of the mass of citizens. These colleges[1] alone governed the city, and that which had been ordained by them was to be obeyed by all the inhabitants—a system against which there had never been any rebellion. The colleges again, united with those of the

[1] "These colleges," says the document, "are as old as the cities, or so old, at least, that there is no memory left of their commencement."

Here, too, was a gross misstatement, for the colleges of vroedschappen dated only from the time of Philip the Good—not much more than a century before the publication of this document; and the cities themselves, as organized corporations, were but three hundred and fifty years old, at most. It is difficult to understand how such inaccuracies should find their way into so able a state paper.

Compare Kluit, Holl. Staatsregeering, ii. 291.

nobles, *represented* the whole state, the whole body of the population; and no form of government could be imagined, they said, that could resolve with a more thorough knowledge of the necessities of the country, or that could execute its resolves with more unity of purpose and decisive authority. To bring the colleges into an assembly could only be done by means of deputies. These deputies, chosen by their colleges, and properly instructed, were sent to the place of meeting. During the war they had always been commissioned to resolve in common on matters regarding the liberty of the land. These deputies, thus assembled, *represented*, by commission, the states; but they are not, in their own persons, the states, and no one of them had any such pretension. "The people of this country," said the states, "have an aversion to all ambition; and in these disastrous times, wherein nothing but trouble and odium is to be gathered by public employment, these commissions are accounted *munera necessaria*. . . . This form of government has, by God's favor, protected Holland and Zealand, during this war, against a powerful foe, without loss of territory, without any popular outbreak, without military mutiny, because all *business has been transacted with open doors*, and because the very smallest towns are all represented and vote in the assembly."[1]

In brief, the constitution of the United Provinces was a matter of fact. It was there in good working order, and had, for a generation of mankind, and throughout a tremendous war, done good service. Judged by the principles of reason and justice, it was in the main a wholesome constitution, securing the independence and welfare of the state, and the liberty and property of the

[1] Bor, Meteren, Kluit, ubi sup.

individual, as well certainly as did any polity then existing in the world. It seemed more hopeful to abide by it yet a little longer than to adopt the throat-cutting system by the people, recommended by Wilkes and Leicester as an improvement on the old constitution. This was the view of Lord Buckhurst. He felt that threats of throat-cutting were not the best means of smoothing and conciliating, and he had come over to smooth and conciliate. "To spend the time," said he, "in private brabbles and piques between the states and Lord Leicester, when we ought to prepare an army against the enemy and to repair the shaken and torn state, is not a good course for her Majesty's service."[1] Letters were continually circulating from hand to hand among the antagonists of the Holland party, written out of England by Leicester, exciting the ill will of the populace against the organized government. "By such means to bring the states into hatred," said Buckhurst, "and to stir up the people against them, tends to great damage and miserable end. This his Lordship doth full little consider, being the very way to dissolve all government, and so to bring all into confusion, and open the door for the enemy. But oh, how lamentable a thing it is, and how doth my Lord of Leicester abuse her Majesty, making her authority the means to uphold and justify, and under her name to defend and maintain, all his intolerable errors! I thank God that neither his might nor his malice shall deter me from laying open all those things which my conscience knoweth, and which appertaineth to be done for the good of this cause and of her Majesty's service. Herein, though I were sure to lose

[1] Buckhurst to Walsingham, June 13, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 95, MS.

my life, yet will I not offend neither the one nor the other, knowing very well that I must die; and to die in her Majesty's faithful service, and with a good conscience, is far more happy than the miserable life that I am in. If Leicester do in this sort stir up the people against the states to follow his revenge against them, and if the queen do yield no better aid, and the minds of Count Maurice and Hohenlo remain thus in fear and hatred of him, what good end or service can be hoped for here?"[1]

Buckhurst was a man of unimpeached integrity and gentle manners. He had come over with the best intentions toward the governor-general, and it has been seen that he boldly defended him in his first interviews with the states. But as the intrigues and underhand plottings of the earl's agents were revealed to him, he felt more and more convinced that there was a deep-laid scheme to destroy the government and to constitute a virtual and absolute sovereignty for Leicester. It was not wonderful that the states were standing vigorously on the defensive.

The subtle Deventer, Leicester's evil genius, did not cease to poison the mind of the governor, during his protracted absence, against all persons who offered impediments to the cherished schemes of his master and himself. "Your Excellency knows very well," he said, "that the state of this country is democratic, since, by failure of a prince, the sovereign disposition of affairs has returned to the people. That same people is everywhere so incredibly affectionate toward you that the delay in your return drives them to extreme despair. Any one who would know the real truth has but to

[1] Buckhurst to Walsingham, MS. last cited.

remember the fine fear the States-General were in when the news of your displeasure about the 4th February letter became known."[1]

Had it not been for the efforts of Lord Buckhurst in calming the popular rage, Deventer assured the earl that the writers of the letter would "have scarcely saved their skins," and that they had always continued in great danger.

He vehemently urged upon Leicester the necessity of his immediate return, not so much for reasons drawn from the distracted state of the country, thus left to a provisional government and torn by faction, but because of the facility with which he might at once seize upon arbitrary power. He gratified his master by depicting in lively colors the abject condition into which Barneveldt, Maurice, Hohenlo, and similar cowards would be thrown by his sudden return.

"If," said he, "the states' members and the counts, every one of them, are so desperately afraid of the people, even while your Excellency is afar off, in what trepidation will they be when you are here! God, reason, the affection of the sovereign people, are on your side. There needs, in a little commonwealth like ours, but a wink of the eye, the slightest indication of dissatisfaction on your part, to take away all their valor from men who are only brave where swords are too short. A magnanimous prince like yourself should seek at once the place where such plots are hatching, and you would see the fury of the rebels change at once to cowardice. There is more than one man here in the Netherlands that brags of what he will do against the greatest and

[1] G. de Proninck (Deventer) au Comte de Leycestre, May 22, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 16, MS.

most highly endowed prince in England, because he thinks he shall never see him again, who, at the very first news of your return, my lord, would think only of packing his portmanteau, greasing his boots, or, at the very least, of sneaking back into his hole."[1]

But the sturdy democrat was quite sure that his Excellency, that most magnanimous prince of England, would not desert his faithful followers, thereby giving those "filthy rascals," his opponents, a triumph, and "doing so great an injury to the sovereign people, who were ready to get rid of them all at a single blow, if his Excellency would but say the word."[2]

He then implored the magnanimous prince to imitate the example of Moses, Joshua, David, and that of all great emperors and captains, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman, to come at once to the scene of action, and to smite his enemies hip and thigh. He also informed his Excellency that if the delay should last much longer he would lose all chance of regaining power, because the sovereign people had quite made up their mind to return to the dominion of Spain within three months if they could not induce his Excellency to rule over them. In

[1] "Tel bravera es Pays Bas contre le plus grand et qualifié prince d'Angleterre, lequel il d'asseure ne revoir jamais pardeça, qui aux dernieres nouvelles de votre retour, Monseigneur, ne pensoit qu'à trousser bagage et faire graisser ses bottes, ou du moins se desrober en sa taniere," etc.—G. de Proninck, MS. last cited.

[2] "Mais un prince si tres magnanime, ne fera jamais ce tort ny a soy mesme, ni au bon peuple belgique. Point a soy mesme, comme s'il avait cedé a la bravade *des pouceux*, dont toute sa posterité et histoires et memoires du temps a venir portera l'ignominie. Point au peuple, lequel, comme souverain, ne doit recevoir le tort de cette injure, puisque ne luy que l'information de vostre mescontentement pour se desfaire en un coup de cest obstacle," etc.—Ibid.

that way at least, if in no other, they could circumvent those filthy rascals whom they so much abhorred, and frustrate the designs of Maurice, Hohenlo, and Sir John Norris, who were represented as occupying the position of the triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.

To place its neck under the yoke of Philip II. and the Inquisition, after having so handsomely got rid of both, did not seem a sublime manifestation of sovereignty on the part of the people, and even Deventer had some misgivings as to the propriety of such a result. "What then will become of our beautiful churches?" he cried. "What will princes say, what will the world in general say, what will historians say, about the honor of the English nation?"[1]

As to the first question, it is probable that the prospect of the Reformed churches would not have been cheerful had the Inquisition been reëstablished in Holland and Utrecht three months after that date. As to the second, the world and history were likely to reply that the honor of the English nation was fortunately not entirely intrusted at that epoch to the "magnanimous prince" of Leicester and his democratic councilor-in-chief, Burgomaster Deventer.

These are but samples of the ravings which sounded incessantly in the ears of the governor-general. Was it strange that a man so thirsty for power, so gluttonous

[1] "Il plaira a V. Exc^e de nous veoir incontinent Espagnol, ou de nous en conserver par l'empeschement de ce desseing. . . . Car il ne peut tomber en aucune imagination raisonnable, en cas que ce desseing ne se renverse tout subit, que faute d'autorité jointe, un desespoir extreme ne nous rende à l'Espagnol devant l'issue de trois mois. Que sera ce alors de nos pauvres delaissez? Que deviendront ces belles eglises, que dira le monde, que diront les princes, que diront les historiens, de l'honneur de la nation An-

of flattery, should be influenced by such passionate appeals? Addressed in strains of fulsome adulation, convinced that arbitrary power was within his reach, and assured that he had but to wink his eye to see his enemies scattered before him, he became impatient of all restraint, and determined, on his return, to crush the states into insignificance.

Thus, while Buckhurst had been doing his best as a mediator to prepare the path for his return, Leicester himself and his partizans had been secretly exerting themselves to make his arrival the signal for discord, perhaps of civil war. The calm, then, immediately succeeding the mission of Buckhurst was a deceitful one, but it seemed very promising. The best feelings were avowed and perhaps entertained. The states professed great devotion to her Majesty and friendly regard for the governor. They distinctly declared that the arrangements by which Maurice and Hohenlo had been placed in their new positions were purely provisional ones, subject to modifications on the arrival of the earl.[1] "All things are reduced to a quiet calm," said Buckhurst, "ready to receive my Lord of Leicester and his authority whenever he cometh."[2]

The quarrel of Hohenlo with Edward Norris had been, by the exertions of Buckhurst, amicably arranged.[3]

glaise? Le desespoir enragé du peuple choisira plutot quel parti que ce soit avec l'Espagnol, que d'endurer ceux qui leur auront renversé le retour de Votre Excellence," etc.—G. de Proninck, MS. just cited.

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, April 8, 1587. Same to same, April 13 and 19, 1587. Clerk to Burghley, April 12, 1587. S. P. Office MSS.

[2] Buckhurst to Burghley, April 19, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Wilkes to Walsingham, April 8, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

The count became an intimate friend of Sir John, "to the gladding of all such as wished well to the country"; [1] but he nourished a deadly hatred to the earl. He ran up and down like a madman whenever his return was mentioned.[2] "If the queen be willing to take the sovereignty," he cried out at his own dinner-table to a large company, "and is ready to proceed roundly in this action, I will serve her to the last drop of my blood; but if she embrace it in no other sort than hitherto she hath done, and if Leicester is to return, then am I as good a man as Leicester, and will never be commanded by him. I mean to continue on my frontier, where all who love me can come and find me." [3]

He declared to several persons that he had detected a plot on the part of Leicester to have him assassinated, and the assertion seemed so important that Villiers came to Councilor Clerk to confer with him on the subject. The worthy Bartholomew, who had again, most reluctantly, left his quiet chambers in the Temple to come again among the guns and drums which his soul abhorred, was appalled by such a charge. It was best to keep it a secret, he said, at least till the matter could be thoroughly investigated. Villiers was of the same opinion, and accordingly the councilor, in the excess of

[1] Memorandum of a speech between the Lord Buckhurst and Count Hohenlo, April 17, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, c. xi. p. 345, MS.

[2] Otheman to Walsingham, March 23, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Wilkes to Walsingham, April 29, 1587, S. P. Office MS. "Hohenlo is their Hercules," said Wilkes, "and a man fit for any desperate attempt, altogether directed by Barneveldt and Paul Buys, who seeks (viz., P. B.) by all manner of devices to be revenged of Lord Leicester for his imprisonment."—Wilkes to the queen, July 12, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

his caution, confided the secret only—to whom? To Mr. Atye, Leicester's private secretary. Atye, of course, instantly told his master; his master, in a frenzy of rage, told the queen; and her Majesty, in a paroxysm of royal indignation at this new insult to her favorite, sent furious letters to her envoys, to the States-General, to everybody in the Netherlands, so that the assertion of Hohenlo became the subject of endless recrimination. Leicester became very violent, and denounced the statement as an impudent falsehood, devised wilfully in order to cast odium upon him and to prevent his return.[1] Unquestionably there was nothing in the story but table-talk; but the count would have been still more ferocious toward Leicester than he was, had he known what was actually happening at that very moment.

While Buckhurst was at Utrecht, listening to the "solemn speeches" of the militia captains and exchanging friendly expressions at stately banquets with Meurs, he suddenly received a letter in cipher from her Majesty. Not having the key, he sent to Wilkes at The Hague. Wilkes was very ill; but the despatch was marked pressing and immediate, so he got out of bed and made the journey to Utrecht. The letter, on being deciphered, proved to be an order from the queen to decoy Hohenlo into some safe town, on pretense of consultation, and then to throw him into prison, on the ground

[1] "Effect of what passed between Dr. Villiers and me, Bartholomew Clerk, touching the discontentment of Count Hohenlo," May 22, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

Wilkes to lord chancellor, June 3, 1587, S. P. Office MS. Compare letters of Leicester to Sonoy, and of Buckhurst to Treslong, in Bor, ii. xxii. 992; Groen v. Prinst., Archives, i. 63, 68, 69.

that he had been tampering with the enemy and was about to betray the Republic to Philip.[1]

The commotion which would have been excited by any attempt to enforce this order could be easily imagined by those familiar with Hohenlo and with the powerful party in the Netherlands of which he was one of the chiefs. Wilkes stood aghast as he deciphered the letter. Buckhurst felt the impossibility of obeying the royal will. Both knew the cause and both foresaw the consequences of the proposed step. Wilkes had heard some rumors of intrigues between Parma's agents at Deventer and Hohenlo, and had confided them to Wal-

[1] Queen to Buckhurst, April 15, 1587. Wilkes to Walsingham, April 29, 1587. Buckhurst to same, April 29, 1587. Same to same, April 30, 1587. S. P. Office MSS.

The queen's letter is as follows: "Finding by a later letter written to our secretary by our ambassador Wilkes that he hath been given to understand how Hollock should have some secret intelligence with the Prince of Parma, which being true, considering how the said Hollock is possessed of divers principal towns, in the which the captains and soldiers are altogether at his devotion, it is greatly to be doubted that he may be drawn by corruption to deliver up into the Prince of Parma's hands the said towns, whereby the enemy may have the more easy entry into those countries. We have therefore thought good, for prevention thereof, that you should confer with our servants Colonel Norris and Wilkes what course were meet to be taken therein, which, as we perceive, may be best performed by staying of the person of Hollock; wherein, before the execution thereof, especial care would be had that he might be drawn, under color of conference with you about matters of great importance contained in certain letters sent from us unto you in great diligence, into some of the towns which you shall understand to be devoted to us and not affected to him; wherein you may take order for his restraint, being first well furnished with sufficient matter to charge him withal, which we wish to be done in the presence of such principal persons of the country as are held for good patriots and have credit with the people."

singham, hoping that the secretary would keep the matter in his own breast, at least till further advice. He was appalled at the sudden action proposed on a mere rumor, which both Buckhurst and himself had begun to consider an idle one. He protested, therefore, to Walsingham that to comply with her Majesty's command would not only be nearly impossible, but would, if successful, hazard the ruin of the Republic. Wilkes was also very anxious lest the Earl of Leicester should hear of the matter. He was already the object of hatred to that powerful personage, and thought him capable of accomplishing his destruction in any mode. But if Leicester could wreak his vengeance upon his enemy Wilkes by the hand of his other deadly enemy Hohenlo, the councilor felt that this kind of revenge would have a double sweetness for him. The queen knows what I have been saying, thought Wilkes, and therefore Leicester knows it; and if Leicester knows it, he will take care that Hohenlo shall hear of it, too, and then woe be unto me. "Your Honor knoweth," he said to Walsingham, "that her Majesty *can hold no secrets, and if she do impart it to Leicester, then am I sped.*"[1]

Nothing came of it, however, and the relations of Wilkes and Buckhurst with Hohenlo continued to be friendly. It was a lesson to Wilkes to be more cautious even with the cautious Walsingham. "We had but bare suspicions," said Buckhurst—"nothing fit, God knoweth, to come to such a reckoning. Wilkes saith he meant it but for a premonition to you there; but I think it will henceforth be a premonition to himself, there being but bare presumptions, and yet shrewd presumptions."[2]

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, April 29, 1587.

[2] Buckhurst to Walsingham, April 29, 1587, MS. already cited.

Here, then, were Deventer and Leicester plotting to overthrow the government of the states; the states and Hohenlo arming against Leicester; the extreme democratic party threatening to go over to the Spaniards within three months; the earl accused of attempting the life of Hohenlo; Hohenlo offering to shed the last drop of his blood for Queen Elizabeth; Queen Elizabeth giving orders to throw Hohenlo into prison as a traitor; Councilor Wilkes trembling for his life at the hands both of Leicester and Hohenlo; and Buckhurst doing his best to conciliate all parties, and imploring her Majesty in vain to send over money to help on the war and to save her soldiers from starving.

For the queen continued to refuse the loan of fifty thousand pounds which the provinces solicited, and in hope of which the states had just agreed to an extra contribution of a million florins (one hundred thousand pounds), a larger sum than had been levied by a single vote since the commencement of the war. It must be remembered, too, that the whole expense of the war fell upon Holland and Zealand. The province of Utrecht, where there was so strong a disposition to confer absolute authority upon Leicester and to destroy the power of the States-General, contributed absolutely nothing. Since the loss of Deventer, nothing could be raised in the provinces of Utrecht, Gelderland, or Overyssel, the Spaniards levying blackmail upon the whole territory, and impoverishing the inhabitants till they became almost a nullity.[1] Was it strange, then, that the states of Holland and Zealand, thus bearing nearly the whole burden of the war, should be dissatisfied with the hatred felt toward them by their sister provinces, so generously

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, May 15, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

protected by them? Was it unnatural that Barneveldt and Maurice and Hohenlo should be disposed to bridle the despotic inclinations of Leicester, thus fostered by those who existed, as it were, at their expense?

But the queen refused the fifty thousand pounds, although Holland and Zealand had voted the one hundred thousand pounds. "No reason that breedeth charges," sighed Walsingham, "can in any sort be digested."[1]

It was not for want of vehement entreaty on the part of the secretary of state and of Buckhurst that the loan was denied. At least she was entreated to send over money for her troops, who for six months past were unpaid. "Keeping the money in your coffers," said Buckhurst, "doth yield no interest to you, and—which is above all earthly respects—it shall be the means of preserving the lives of many of your faithful subjects, which otherwise must needs daily perish. Their miseries, through want of meat and money, I do protest to God so much moves my soul with commiseration of that which is past, and makes my heart tremble to think of the like to come again, that I humbly beseech your Majesty, for Jesus Christ's sake, to have compassion on their lamentable estate past, and send some money to prevent the like hereafter."[2]

These were moving words, but the money did not come—charges could not be digested.

"The eternal God," cried Buckhurst, "incline your heart to grant the petition of the states for the loan of the fifty thousand pounds, and that speedily, for the dangerous terms of the state here and the mighty and

[1] Walsingham to Wilkes, May 2, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Buckhurst to the queen, April 19, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

forward preparation of the enemy admit no minute of delay, so that even to grant it slowly is to deny it utterly."[1]

He then drew a vivid picture of the capacity of the Netherlands to assist the endangered realm of England, if delay were not suffered to destroy both commonwealths, by placing the provinces in an enemy's hand.

"Their many and notable good havens," he said, "the great number of ships and mariners, their impregnable towns, if they were in the hands of a potent prince that would defend them, and, lastly, the state of this shore, so near and opposite unto the land and coast of England—lo! the sight of all this daily in mine eye, conjoined with the deep, enrooted malice of that your so mighty enemy who seeketh to regain them, these things entering continually into the meditations of my heart,—so much do they import the safety of yourself and your estate,—do enforce me, in the abundance of my love and duty to your Majesty, most earnestly to *speak, write, and weep unto you*, lest when the occasion yet offered shall be gone by, this blessed means of your defense, by God's provident goodness thus put into your hand, will then be utterly lost, lo! never, nevermore to be recovered again."[2]

It was a noble, wise, and eloquent appeal, but it was uttered in vain. Was not Leicester—his soul filled with petty schemes for reigning in Utrecht and destroying the constitutional government of the provinces—in full possession of the royal ear? And was not the same ear lent, at that most critical moment, to the insidious Alexander Farnese, with his whispers of peace, which were potent enough to drown all the preparations for the Invincible Armada?

[1] Buckhurst to the queen, MS. just cited. [2] Ibid.

Six months had rolled away since Leicester had left the Netherlands; six months long the provinces, left in a condition which might have become anarchy, had been saved by the wise government of the States-General; six months long the English soldiers had remained unpaid by their sovereign; and now for six weeks the honest, eloquent, intrepid, but gentle Buckhurst had done his best to conciliate all parties, and to mold the Netherlanders into an impregnable bulwark for the realm of England. But his efforts were treated with scorn by the queen. She was still maddened by a sense of the injuries done by the states to Leicester. She was indignant that her envoy should have accepted such lame apologies for the 4th of February letter; that he should have received no better atonement for their insolent infringements of the earl's orders during his absence; that he should have excused their contemptuous proceedings; and that, in short, he should have been willing to conciliate and forgive when he should have stormed and railed. "You conceived, it seemeth," said her Majesty, "that a more sharper manner of proceeding would have exasperated matters to the prejudice of the service, and therefore you did think it more fit to wash the wounds rather with water than vinegar, wherein we would rather have wished, on the other side, that you had better considered that festering wounds had more need of corrosives than lenitives. Your own judgment ought to have taught that such a slight and mild kind of dealing with a people so ingrate and void of consideration as the said estates have showed themselves toward us is the ready way to increase their contempt."[1]

[1] Queen to Buckhurst, May 3, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 4, MS.

The envoy might be forgiven for believing that, at any rate, there would be no lack of corrosives or vinegar so long as the royal tongue or pen could do their office, as the unfortunate deputies had found to their cost in their late interviews at Greenwich, and as her own envoys in the Netherlands were perpetually finding now.[1] The queen was especially indignant that the estates should defend the tone of their letters to the earl on the ground that he had written a piquant epistle to them. "But you can manifestly see their untruths in naming it a piquant letter," said Elizabeth, "for it has no sour or sharp word therein, nor any clause of reprehension, but is full of gravity and gentle admonition. It deserved a thankful answer, and so you may maintain it to them to their reproof."[2]

The states doubtless thought that the loss of Deventer and, with it, the almost ruinous condition of three out of the seven provinces might excuse on their part a little piquancy of phraseology, nor was it easy for them to express gratitude to the governor for his grave and gentle admonitions, after he had, by his secret document of 24th November, rendered himself fully responsible for the disaster they deplored.

She expressed unbounded indignation with Hohenlo, who, as she was well aware, continued to cherish a deadly hatred for Leicester. Especially she was exasperated, and with reason, by the assertion the count had made concerning the governor's murderous designs upon him. "'T is a matter," said the queen, "so foul and dishonorable that doth not only touch greatly the credit of the earl, but also our own honor, to have one who

[1] Leicester to Walsingham.

[2] Queen to Buckhurst, MS. last cited.

hath been nourished and brought up by us, and of whom we have made show to the world to have extraordinarily favored above any other of our own subjects, and used his service in those countries in a place of that reputation he held there, stand charged with so horrible and unworthy a crime. And therefore our pleasure is, even as you tender the continuance of our favor toward you, that you seek, by all the means you may, examining the Count Hollock or any other party in this matter, to discover and to sift out how this malicious imputation hath been wrought; for we have reason to think that it hath grown out of some cunning device to stay the earl's coming, and to discourage him from the continuance of his service in those countries."[1]

And there the queen was undoubtedly in the right. Hohenlo was resolved, if possible, to make the earl's government of the Netherlands impossible. There was nothing in the story, however; and all that by the most diligent "sifting" could ever be discovered, and all that the count could be prevailed upon to confess, was an opinion expressed by him that if he had gone with Leicester to England it might perhaps have fared ill with him.[2] But men were given to loose talk in those countries. There was great freedom of tongue and pen; and as the earl, whether with justice or not, had always been suspected of strong tendencies to assassination, it was not very wonderful that so reckless an individual as Hohenlo should promulgate opinions on such subjects without much reserve. "The number of crimes that have been imputed to me," said Leicester, "would be

[1] Queen to Buckhurst, MS. just cited.

[2] Buckhurst to Walsingham, June 13, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 96, MS.

incomplete had this calumny not been added to all preceding ones."[1] It is possible that assassination, especially poisoning, may have been a more commonplace affair in those days than our own. At any rate, it is certain that accusations of such crimes were of ordinary occurrence. Men were apt to die suddenly if they had mortal enemies, and people would gossip. At the very same moment Leicester was deliberately accused not only of murderous intentions toward Hohenlo, but toward Thomas Wilkes and Count William Louis of Nassau likewise. A trumpeter arrested in Friesland had just confessed that he had been employed by the Spanish governor of that province, Colonel Verdugo, to murder Count Louis, and that four other persons had been intrusted with the same commission. The count wrote to Verdugo, and received in reply an indignant denial of the charge. "Had I heard of such a project," said the Spaniard, "I would, on the contrary, have given you warning. And I give you one now." He then stated, as a fact known to him on unquestionable authority, that the Earl of Leicester had assassins at that moment in his employ to take the life of Count Louis, adding that as for the trumpeter, who had just been hanged for the crime suborned by the writer, he was a most notorious lunatic. In reply, Louis, while he ridiculed this plea of insanity set up for a culprit who had confessed his crime succinctly and voluntarily, expressed great contempt for the countercharge against Leicester. "His Excellency," said the sturdy little count, "is a virtuous gentleman, the most pious and God-fearing I have ever known. I am very sure that he could never treat his enemies in the manner stated, much less his

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, i. 63. Compare Bor, ii. xxii. 992.

friends. As for yourself, may God give me grace, in requital of your knavish trick, to make such a war upon you as becomes an upright soldier and a man of honor." [1]

Thus there was at least one man—and a most important one—in the opposition party who thoroughly believed in the honor of the governor-general.

The queen then proceeded to lecture Lord Buckhurst very severely for having tolerated an instant the states' proposition to her for a loan of fifty thousand pounds. "The enemy," she observed, "is quite unable to attempt the siege of any town." [2]

Buckhurst was, however, instructed, in case the states' million should prove insufficient to enable the army to make head against the enemy, and in the event of "any alteration of the good will of the people toward her, caused by her not yielding, in this their necessity, some convenient support," to let them then understand, "as of himself, that if they would be satisfied with a loan of *ten or fifteen thousand pounds*, he would do his best endeavor to draw her Majesty to yield unto the furnishing of such a sum, with assured hope to obtain the same at her hands." [3]

Truly Walsingham was right in saying that charges of any kind were difficult of digestion. Yet, even at that moment, Elizabeth had no more attached subjects in England than were the burghers of the Netherlands, who were as anxious as ever to annex their territory to her realms.

Thus, having expressed an affection for Leicester

[1] Letters of Verdugo and of Count William Louis, in Bor, iii. xxiii. p. 11.

[2] Queen to Buckhurst, May 3, 1587, MS. before cited.

[3] Ibid.

which no one doubted, having once more thoroughly browbeaten the states, and having soundly lectured Buckhurst, as a requital for his successful efforts to bring about a more wholesome condition of affairs, she gave the envoy a parting stab with this postscript: "There is small disproportion," she said, "betwixt a fool who useth not wit because he hath it not, and him that useth it not when it should avail him."[1] Leicester, too, was very violent in his attacks upon Buckhurst. The envoy had succeeded in reconciling Hohenlo with the brothers Norris, and had persuaded Sir John to offer the hand of friendship to Leicester, provided it were sure of being accepted. Yet, in this desire to conciliate, the earl found renewed cause for violence. "I would have had more regard of my Lord of Buckhurst," he said, "if the case had been between him and Norris, but I must regard my own reputation the more that I see others would impair it. You have deserved little thanks of me, if I must deal plainly, who do equal me after this sort with him, whose best place is colonel under me, and once my servant, and preferred by me to all honorable place he had."[2] And thus were enterprises of great moment, intimately affecting the safety of Holland, of England, of all Protestantism, to be suspended between triumph and ruin, in order that the spleen of one individual, one queen's favorite, might be indulged. The contempt of an insolent grandee for a distinguished commander—himself the son of a baron, with a mother the dear friend of her sovereign—was to endanger the existence of great commonwealths. Can the influence of the individual, for good or bad, upon the destinies of

[1] Queen to Buckhurst, MS. before cited.

[2] Leicester to Buckhurst, April 30, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

the race be doubted, when the characters and conduct of Elizabeth and Leicester, Burghley and Walsingham, Philip and Parma, are closely scrutinized and broadly traced throughout the wide range of their effects?

"And I must now, in your Lordship's sight," continued Leicester, "be made a counselor with this companion, who never yet to this day hath done so much as take knowledge of my mislike of him; no, not to say this much, which I think would well become his better, that he was sorry to hear I had mislike to him, that he desired my suspension till he might either speak with me, or be charged from me, and if then he were not able to satisfy me, he would acknowledge his fault and make me any honest satisfaction. This manner of dealing would have been no disparagement to his better. And even so I must think that your Lordship doth me wrong, knowing what you do, to make so little difference between John Norris, my man not long since, and now but my colonel under me, as though we were equals. And I cannot but more than marvel at this your proceeding when I remember your promises of friendship and your opinions resolutely set down. . . . You were so determined before you went hence, but must have become wonderfully enamoured of those men's unknown virtues in a few days of acquaintance, from the alteration that is grown by their own commendations of themselves. You know very well that all the world should not make me serve with John Norris. Your sudden change from mislike to liking has, by consequence, presently cast disgrace upon me. But all is not gold that glitters, nor every shadow a perfect representation. . . . You knew he should not serve with me, but either you thought me a very inconstant man, or else a very simple soul, re-

solving with you as I did, for you to take the course you have done."[1] He felt, however, quite strong in her Majesty's favor. He knew himself her favorite, beyond all chance or change, and was sure, so long as either lived, to thrust his enemies, by her aid, into outer darkness. Woe to Buckhurst, and Norris, and Wilkes, and all others who consorted with his enemies! Let them flee from the wrath to come! And truly they were only too anxious to do so, for they knew that Leicester's hatred was poisonous. "He is not so facile to forget as ready to revenge,"[2] said poor Wilkes, with neat alliteration. "My very heavy and mighty adversary will disgrace and undo me."[3]

"It sufficeth," continued Leicester, "that her Majesty doth find my dealings well enough, and so, I trust, will graciously use me. As for the reconciliations and lovedays you have made there, truly I have liked well of it; for you did show me your disposition therein before, and I allowed of it, and I had received letters both from Count Maurice and Hohenlo of their humility and kindness; but now in your last letters you say they have uttered the cause of their mislike toward me, which you forbear to write of, looking so speedily for my return."[4]

But the earl knew well enough what the secret was, for had it not been specially confided by the judicious Bartholomew to Atye, who had incontinently told his master? "This pretense that I should kill Hohenlo," cried Leicester, "is a matter properly foisted in to bring

[1] Leicester to Buckhurst. The letter is from Croydon, and pathetically signed, "Your poor friend, R. Leycester."

[2] Wilkes to Walsingham, April 13, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Same to the lord chancellor, June 3, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[4] Leicester to Buckhurst, April 30, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

me to choler. I will not suffer it to rest thus. Its authors shall be duly and severely punished. And albeit I see well enough the plot of this wicked device, yet shall it not work the effect the devisers have done it for. No, my lord; he is a villain and a false lying knave, whosoever he be, and of what nation soever, that hath forged this device. Count Hohenlo doth know I never gave him cause to fear me so much. There were ways and means offered me to have quitted him of the country if I had so liked. This new monstrous villainy which is now found out I do hate and detest, as I would look for the right judgment of God to fall upon myself if I had but once imagined it. All this makes good proof of Wilkes's good dealing with me, that hath heard of so vile and villainous a reproach of me, and never gave me knowledge. But I trust your Lordship shall receive her Majesty's order for this, as for a matter that toucheth herself in honor, and me her poor servant and minister, as dearly as any matter can do; and I will so take it and use it to the uttermost."[1]

We have seen how anxiously Buckhurst had striven to do his duty upon a most difficult mission. Was it unnatural that so fine a nature as his should be disheartened at reaping nothing but sneers and contumely from the haughty sovereign he served, and from the insolent favorite who controlled her counsels? "I beseech your Lordship," he said to Burghley, "keep one ear for me, and do not hastily condemn me before you hear mine answer. For if I ever did or shall do any acceptable service to her Majesty, it was in the stay and appeasing of these countries, ever ready at my coming to have cast off all good respect toward us, and to have entered

[1] Leicester to Buckhurst, MS. last cited.

even into some desperate cause. In the meantime I am hardly thought of by her Majesty, and in her opinion condemned before mine answer be understood. Therefore I beseech you to help me to return, and not thus to lose her Majesty's favor for my good desert, wasting here my mind, body, my wits, wealth, and all, with continual toils, cares, and troubles, more than I am able to endure." [1]

But besides his instructions to smooth and expostulate, in which he had succeeded so well and had been requited so ill, Buckhurst had received a still more difficult commission. He had been ordered to broach the subject of peace as delicately as possible, but without delay, first sounding the leading politicians, inducing them to listen to the queen's suggestions on the subject, persuading them that they ought to be satisfied with the principles of the Pacification of Ghent, and that it was hopeless for the provinces to continue the war with their mighty adversary any longer.[2]

[1] Buckhurst to Burghley, May 27, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] "Whereas we have late used your service in an intended treaty of peace betwixt the King of Spain and us, dealt in by the Duke of Parma, . . . we send you copies of such letters as have lately been written to ourself by the duke, and by Champagny to the controller. . . . We have taken order that the duke shall be put in mind of the treaty of Ghent, anno '76, . . . which, being afterward approved by the king, was published in 1577, . . . having just cause to hope that, if the king be willing to embrace peace, and the duke to further the same, as he pretendeth, he may be induced to assent to such a tolerance as in the said pacification is contained. Now it resteth that you should seek to frame the minds of the people of those countries to such good means as by you shall be thought expedient to content themselves with the said tolerance; for which purpose you shall, as of yourself, as one that wisheth well to those countries, deal with some well-chosen per-

Most reluctantly had Buckhurst fulfilled his sovereign's commands in this disastrous cause. To talk to the Hollanders of the Ghent Pacification seemed puerile. That memorable treaty, ten years before, had been one of the great landmarks of progress, one of the great achievements of William the Silent. By its provisions, public exercise of the Reformed religion had been secured for the two provinces of Holland and Zealand, and it had been agreed that the secret practice of those rites should be elsewhere winked at, until such time as the States-General, under the auspices of Philip II., should otherwise ordain. But was it conceivable that now—after Philip's authority had been solemnly abjured, and the Reformed worship had become the public, dominant religion throughout all the provinces—the whole Republic should return to the Spanish dominion, and to such toleration as might be sanctioned by an assembly professing loyalty to the Most Catholic King?

sons there, such as you shall learn to be good patriots, . . . laying before them how impossible it is for them by means of their contributions, with the burden whereof the people do already find themselves so much grieved, to continue the war, and to make head any longer against so mighty and puissant a prince as the King of Spain, and how unable ourselves shall be to supply them still with such relief as the necessity of their state shall require. . . . . You may advise them to dispose both their own minds and those of the people to a sound peace, which, in your opinion, they cannot at any time treat of with greater advantage than at this present, the King of Spain being *at so low an ebb* both at home and in these countries, for want as well of victuals as of other necessary things to continue the wars. . . . And if you shall find that the using of these reasons and persuasions *in our name* may further the cause by moving them rather to harken unto peace, we leave it to yourself to use, in such case, your own discretion therein," etc. —Queen to Buckhurst, May, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

Buckhurst had repeatedly warned the queen, in fervid and eloquent language, as to the intentions of Spain. "There was never peace well made," he observed, "without a mighty war preceding, and always the sword in hand is the best pen to write the conditions of peace."

"If ever prince had cause," he continued, "to think himself beset with doubt and danger, you, sacred Queen, have most just cause not only to think it, but even certainly to believe it. The pope doth daily plot nothing else but how he may bring to pass your utter overthrow. The French king hath already sent you threatenings of revenge, and though for that pretended cause I think little will ensue, yet he is blind that seeth not the mortal dislike that boileth deep in his heart for other respects against you. The Scottish king, not only in regard of his future hope, but also by reason of some over-conceit in his heart, may be thought a dangerous neighbor to you. The King of Spain armeth and extendeth all his power to ruin both you and your estate. And if the Indian gold have corrupted also the King of Denmark, and made him likewise Spanish, as I marvelously fear, why will not your Majesty, beholding the flames of your enemies on every side kindling around, *unlock all your coffers and convert your treasure for the advancing of worthy men, and for the arming of ships and men-of-war that may defend you, since princes' treasures serve only to that end, and, lie they never so fast or so full in their chests, can noways so defend them?*

"The eternal God, in whose hands the hearts of kings do rest, dispose and guide your sacred Majesty to do that which may be most according to his blessed will, and best for you, as I trust he will, even for his mercy's sake, both toward your Majesty and the whole realm of

England, whose desolation is thus sought and compassed."[1]

Was this the language of a mischievous intriguer, who was sacrificing the true interest of his country, and whose proceedings were justly earning for him rebuke and disgrace at the hands of his sovereign? Or was it rather the noble advice of an upright statesman, a lover of his country, a faithful servant of his queen, who had looked through the atmosphere of falsehood in which he was doing his work, and who had detected, with rare sagacity, the secret purposes of those who were then misruling the world?

Buckhurst had no choice, however, but to obey. His private efforts were of course fruitless, but he announced to her Majesty that it was his intention very shortly to bring the matter, according to her wish, before the assembly.

But Elizabeth, seeing that her counsel had been unwise and her action premature, turned upon her envoy, as she was apt to do, and rebuked him for his obedience, so soon as obedience had proved inconvenient to herself.

"Having perused your letters," she said, "by which you so at large debate unto us what you have done in the matter of peace, . . . we find it strange that you should proceed further. And although we had given you full and ample direction to proceed to a public dealing in that cause, yet your own discretion, seeing the difficulties and dangers that you yourself saw in the propounding of the matter, ought to have led you to delay till further command from us."[2]

[1] Buckhurst to the queen, April 30, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, c. xi. p. 438, MS.

[2] Queen to Buckhurst, June 4, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

Her Majesty then instructed her envoy, in case he had not yet "propounded the matter in the state-house to the general assembly," to pause entirely until he heard her further pleasure. She concluded, as usual, with a characteristic postscript in her own hand.

"Oh, weigh deeplier this matter," she said, "than, with so shallow a judgment, to spill the cause, impair my honor, and shame yourself, with all your wit, that once was supposed better than to lose a bargain for the handling."[1]

Certainly the sphinx could have propounded no more puzzling riddles than those which Elizabeth thus suggested to Buckhurst. To make war without an army; to support an army without pay; to frame the hearts of a whole people to peace who were unanimous for war, and this without saying a word either in private or public; to dispose the Netherlanders favorably to herself and to Leicester by refusing them men and money, browbeating them for asking for it, and subjecting them to a course of perpetual insults, which she called "corrosives"—to do all this and more seemed difficult. If not to do it were to spill the cause and to lose the bargain, it was more than probable that they would be spilled and lost.

But the ambassador was no Œdipus, although a man of delicate perceptions and brilliant intellect, and he turned imploringly to a wise counselor for aid against the tormentor who chose to be so stony-faced and enigmatical.

"Touching the matter of peace," said he to Walsingham, "I have written somewhat to her Majesty in cipher, so as I am sure you will be called for to decipher

[1] Queen to Buckhurst, MS. just cited.

it. *If you did know how infinitely her Majesty did at my departure and before—for in this matter of peace she hath specially used me this good while—command me, pray me, and persuade me to further and hasten the same with all the speed possible that might be, and how, on the other side, I have continually been the man and the mean that have most plainly dehorted her from such post-haste*, and that she should never make good peace without a puissant army in the field, you would then say that I had now cause to fear her *displeasure for being too slow, and not too forward.* And as for all the reasons which in my last letters are set down, her Majesty hath debated them with me many times."[1]

And thus midsummer was fast approaching, the commonwealth was without a regular government, Leicester remained in England, nursing his wrath and preparing his schemes, the queen was at Greenwich, corresponding with Alexander Farnese and sending riddles to Buckhurst, when the enemy, who, according to her Majesty, was "quite unable to attempt the siege of any town," suddenly appeared in force in Flanders, and invested Sluis. This most important seaport, both for the destiny of the Republic and of England at that critical moment, was insufficiently defended. It was quite time to put an army in the field, with a governor-general to command it.

On the 5th June there was a meeting of the state council at The Hague. Count Maurice, Hohenlo, and Meurs were present, besides several members of the States-General. Two propositions were before the council. The first was that it was absolutely necessary to the safety of the Republic, now that the enemy had taken

[1] Buckhurst to Walsingham, June 13, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 96, MS.

the field and the important city of Sluis was besieged, for Prince Maurice to be appointed captain-general, until such time as the Earl of Leicester or some other should be sent by her Majesty. The second was to confer upon the state council the supreme government in civil affairs for the same period, and to repeal all limitations and restrictions upon the powers of the council made secretly by the earl.

Chancellor Leoninus, "that grave, wise old man," moved the propositions. The deputies of the states were requested to withdraw. The vote of each councilor was demanded. Buckhurst, who, as the queen's representative, together with Wilkes and John Norris, had a seat in the council, refused to vote. "It was a matter," he discreetly observed, "with which he had not been instructed by her Majesty to intermeddle." Norris and Wilkes also begged to be excused from voting, and, although earnestly urged to do so by the whole council, persisted in their refusal. Both measures were then carried.[1]

No sooner was the vote taken than an English courier entered the council-chamber with pressing despatches from Lord Leicester. The letters were at once read. The earl announced his speedy arrival, and summoned both the States-General and the council to meet him at Dort, where his lodgings were already taken. All were surprised, but none more than Buckhurst, Wilkes, and Norris; for no intimation of this sudden resolution had been received by them, nor any answer given to various propositions considered by her Majesty as indispensable preliminaries to the governor's visit.[2]

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, June 8, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Ibid.

The council adjourned till after dinner, and Buckhurst held conference meantime with various councilors and deputies. On the reassembling of the board, it was urged by Barneveldt, in the name of the states, that the election of Prince Maurice should still hold good. "Although by these letters," said he, "it would seem that her Majesty had resolved upon the speedy return of his Excellency, yet, inasmuch as the counsels and resolutions of princes are often subject to change upon new occasion, it does not seem fit that our late purpose concerning Prince Maurice should receive any interruption."

Accordingly, after brief debate, both resolutions voted in the morning were confirmed in the afternoon.

"So now," said Wilkes, "Maurice is general of all the forces, *et quid sequetur nescimus*."[1]

But whatever else was to follow, it was very certain that Wilkes would not stay. His great enemy had sworn his destruction, and would now take his choice, whether to do him to death himself, or to throw him into the clutch of the ferocious Hohenlo. "As for my own particular," said the councilor, "the word is go, whosoever cometh or cometh not,"[2] and he announced to Walsingham his intention of departing without permission, should he not immediately receive it from England. "I shall stay to be dandled with no love-days nor leave-takings," he observed.[3]

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, MS. last cited.

[2] Same to same, April 29, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Same to same, June 8, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

From the very moment of Leicester's arrival in England, he seems to have conceived a violent hatred to Councilor Wilkes. Yet a careful inspection of the correspondence shows that never was hatred more unjust. Wilkes had told the truth concerning the expenses incurred by England and the states during the earl's

But Leicester had delayed his coming too long. The country felt that it had been trifled with by his absence, at so critical a period, of seven months. It was known, too, that the queen was secretly treating with the enemy, and that Buckhurst had been privately sounding leading personages upon that subject, by her orders.

first term of administration. He could not have done less without dereliction of duty, and he forwarded certified vouchers for all his statements. He always did his best to sustain the governor's character and to carry out his legitimate views. As time wore on, he was obliged to state the disadvantages resulting from his protracted absence, and he was forced at last to admit the truth as to his great unpopularity. He even admitted privately, on one occasion, that, in consequence of that unpopularity, some other governor might be sent from England more acceptable to the provinces. This was the sum of his offenses in regard to Leicester. Toward the queen he manifested himself an intelligent, honest, and most assiduous servant, but he had incurred the hostility of the favorite, and for that there was no redress. Even so early as January he felt that he had lost Leicester's favor, although he protested he "would repurchase it with the loss of his two best fingers" (Wilkes to Leicester, January 27, 1587, S. P. Office MS.); and he wrote at the same time to the queen, complaining that he was in danger of his life, as recompense for his faithful service—a life which he hoped to venture in better sort for her Majesty's service. He was threatened at home, he said, and endangered abroad (Wilkes to the queen, January 30, 1587, S. P. Office MS.). A few months later, matters had grown much worse. Leicester was intending to wreak his vengeance upon him by means of third persons, who, by his malignant insinuations, had been made hostile to the councilor. "Whereunto is now added the danger of my poor life," he says, "and fortune, for that I am secretly given to understand, by a dear friend of mine, and inward with my great and heavy enemy, that he hath sworn and protested, even now of late, to take his revenge on me—how or in what sort I know not, but have good cause to doubt, considering the mind of my enemy, that he will not be satisfied with any mere offense to be done unto me, which I suppose he will never do of himself, nor by any of his

Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst.

This had caused a deep, suppressed indignation. Over and over again had the English government been warned as to the danger of delay. "Your length in resolving," Wilkes had said, "whatsoever your secret purposes may

own, but a third means, whereunto he hath a gap opened unto him by my own letters written unto him from hence, wherein I had touched some persons of quality here for their indirect proceeding against her Majesty and our nation. . . . Therefore I humbly beseech you to move her Majesty for my speedy return" (Wilkes to Hatton, April 19, 1587, S. P. Office MS.). In a letter to Walsingham of same date, he alluded to the "deadly revenge threatened against him by the earl with very bitter words," and indicates the same scheme by which third persons are to inflict it. "I would be loath to commit myself to his mercy," he says; "your Honor knoweth him better than I do. . . . God is my witness I have, since his departure from these countries, deserved as well of him as ever did any. . . . I will stand to my justification, and prove that I have done him with her Majesty as many good offices as any man that came from hence," and he then most urgently solicited permission to depart. This permission the government were most reluctant to grant, and Wilkes protested loudly against his continuance in office at such "hazard to his poor life, without means of defense, in the quality of his ruin or death." "'T is a hard reward for my faithful services," he said, "to be left to the mercy of such as have will and means by revenge to bereave her Majesty of a true and obedient servant, and me of my life, in an obscure sort, to my perpetual infamy, to the pleasing of mine enemies, and the discomforting of all honest men, by an example, from serving of her Majesty with sincerity," etc. (Wilkes to Walsingham, April 29, 1587, S. P. Office MS.). And he soon afterward declared to Walsingham (May 15, 1587, S. P. Office MS.) that, in case he should be left there to the mercy of his great enemy, if he returned, he would venture "to hazard her Majesty's favor in returning home without license." His alarm was no greater for his life than for his reputation, both which Leicester, in his belief, was sworn to destroy. "I do find that my very heavy and mighty adversary," he writes to the lord chancellor (June 3, 1587, S. P. Office MS.), "doth perpetually travail with

be, will put us to new plunges before long."[1] The mission of Buckhurst was believed to be "but a stale, having some other intent than was expressed." And at last the new plunge had been fairly taken. It seemed now impossible for Leicester to regain the absolute authority which he coveted, and which he had for a brief season possessed. The States-General, under able leaders, had become used to a government which had been forced upon them, and which they had wielded with success. Holland and Zealand, paying the whole expense of the war, were not likely to endure again the absolute sovereignty of a foreigner, guided by a back-stairs council of reckless politicians—most of whom were unprincipled, and some of whom had been proved to be felons—and established at Utrecht, which contributed nothing to the general purse. If Leicester were really coming, it seemed certain that he would be held to acknowledge the ancient constitution and to respect the sovereignty of the States-General. It was resolved that he should be well bridled. The sensations of Barneveldt and his party may therefore be imagined when a private letter of Leicester to his secretary,—

her Majesty to disgrace and undo me, and I have cause to doubt that he doth or shall prevail against me, considering the goodness of her Majesty's nature to be induced to believe whom she favoreth, and his subtlety to persuade. I have, therefore, no mean in respect of the great inequality between him and me, but either to be held up by my honorable friends, assisted with the wings of mine own integrity, or to fall to the ground with disgrace and infamy, to the discouragement of all that shall serve her Majesty in like places."

Such passages paint the condition of the civil service in England during the reign of Leicester and Elizabeth more vividly than could be done by a long dissertation.

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, May 17, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

"the fellow named Junius," as Hohenlo called him,—having been intercepted at this moment, gave them an opportunity of studying the earl's secret thoughts.

The earl informed his correspondent that he was on the point of starting for the Netherlands. He ordered him therefore to proceed at once to reassure those whom he knew well disposed as to the good intentions of her Majesty and of the governor-general. And if, on the part of Lord Buckhurst or others, it should be intimated that the queen was resolved to treat for peace with the King of Spain, and wished to have the opinion of the Netherlanders on that subject, *he was to say boldly that Lord Buckhurst never had any such charge*, and that her Majesty had not been treating at all. She had only been attempting to sound the king's intentions toward the Netherlands, in case of any accord. Having received no satisfactory assurance on the subject, her Majesty was determined to proceed with the defense of these countries. This appeared by the expedition of Drake against Spain, and by the return of the earl, with a good number of soldiers paid by her Majesty, over and above her ordinary subsidy.[1]

"You are also," said the earl, "to tell those who have the care of the people" (the ministers of the Reformed Church and others) "that I am returning, in the confidence that they will, in future, cause all past difficulties to cease, and that they will yield to me a legitimate authority, such as befits for administering the sovereignty of the provinces, without my being obliged to endure all the oppositions and counterminings of the states, as in

[1] Leicester to Junius, Greenwich, June 15, 1587, S. P. Office MS. Compare Meteren, xiv. 255; Hoofd, Vervolgh, 249, et mult. al.

times past. The states must content themselves with retaining the power which they claim to have exercised under the governors of the emperor and the king, without attempting anything further during my government, since I desire to do nothing of importance without the advice of the council, which will be composed legitimately of persons of the country. You will also tell them that her Majesty commands me to return unless I can obtain from the states the authority which is necessary, in order not to be governor in appearance only and on paper. And I wish that those who are good may be apprised of all this, in order that nothing may happen to their prejudice and ruin, and contrary to their wishes." [1]

There were two very obvious comments to be made upon this document. Firstly, the states—*de jure*, as they claimed, and *de facto* most unquestionably—were in the position of the emperor and king. They were the sovereigns. The earl wished them to content themselves with the power which they exercised under the emperor's governors. This was like requesting the emperor, when in the Netherlands, to consider himself subject to his own governor. The second obvious reflection was that the earl, in limiting his authority by a state council, expected, no doubt, to appoint that body himself, as he had done before, and to allow the members only the right of talking and of voting, without the power of enforcing their decisions. In short, it was very plain that Leicester meant to be more absolute than ever.

As to the flat contradiction given to Buckhurst's proceedings in the matter of peace, that statement could scarcely deceive any one who had seen her Majesty's letters and instructions to her envoy.

[1] Leicester to Junius, ubi sup.

It was also a singularly deceitful course to be adopted by Leicester toward Buckhurst and toward the Netherlands, because his own private instructions, drawn up at the same moment, expressly enjoined him to do exactly what Buckhurst had been doing. He was most strictly and earnestly commanded to deal privately with all such persons as had influence with the "common sort of people," in order that they should use their influence with those common people in favor of peace, bringing vividly before them the excessive burdens of the war, their inability to cope with so potent a prince as Philip, and the necessity the queen was under of discontinuing her contributions to their support. He was to make the same representations to the states, and he was further most explicitly to inform all concerned that, in case they were unmoved by these suggestions, her Majesty had quite made up her mind to accept the handsome offers of peace held out by the King of Spain, and to leave them to their fate.

It seemed scarcely possible that the letter to Junius and the instructions for the earl should have been dated the same week and should have emanated from the same mind; but such was the fact.

He was likewise privately to assure Maurice and Hohenlo, in order to remove their anticipated opposition to the peace, that such care should be taken in providing for them as that "they should have no just cause to dislike thereof, but to rest satisfied withal."

With regard to the nature of his authority, he was instructed to claim a kind of dictatorship in everything regarding the command of the forces and the distribution of the public treasure. All offices were to be at his disposal. Every florin contributed by the states was

to be placed in his hands, and spent according to his single will. He was also to have plenary power to prevent the trade in victuals with the enemy by death and confiscation.

If opposition to any of these proposals were made by the States-General, he was to appeal to the states of each province, to the towns and communities, and in case it should prove impossible for him "to be furnished with the desired authority," he was then instructed to say that it was "her Majesty's meaning to leave them to their own counsel and defense, and to withdraw the support that she had yielded to them, seeing plainly that the continuance of the confused government now reigning among them could not but work their ruin."[1]

Both these papers came into Barneveldt's hands, through the agency of Ortel, the states' envoy in England, before the arrival of the earl in the Netherlands.[2]

Of course they soon became the topics of excited conversation and of alarm in every part of the country. Buckhurst, touched to the quick by the reflection upon those proceedings of his which had been so explicitly enjoined upon him and so reluctantly undertaken, appealed earnestly to her Majesty. He reminded her, as delicately as possible, that her honor, as well as his own, was at stake by Leicester's insolent disavowals of her authorized ambassador. He besought her to remember

[1] Instructions for the Earl of Leicester, June 20, 1587, corrected by Lord Burghley and Secretary Walsingham, S. P. Office MS. Compare Bor, ii. xxii. 906, 907.

[2] Bor, ii. xxii. 906, 907. "By the way," writes Leicester to Burghley, "send away Ortel; he is a bad fellow."—Leicester to Burghley, August 17, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

"what even her own royal hand had written to the Duke of Parma," and how much his honor was interested "by the disavowing of his dealings about the peace begun by her Majesty's commandment." He adjured her with much eloquence to think upon the consequences of stirring up the common and unstable multitude against their rulers; upon the pernicious effects of allowing the clergy to inflame the passions of the people against the government. "Under the name of such as have charge over the people," said Buckhurst, "are understood the ministers and chaplains of the churches in every town, by the means of whom it seems that his Lordship tendeth his whole purpose to attain to his desire of the administration of the sovereignty." He assured the queen that this scheme of Leicester to seize virtually upon that sovereignty would be a disastrous one. "The states are resolved," said he, "since your Majesty doth refuse the sovereignty, to lay it upon no creature else, as a thing contrary to their oath and allegiance to their country." He reminded her also that the states had been dissatisfied with the earl's former administration, believing that he had exceeded his commission, and that they were determined therefore to limit his authority at his return. "Your sacred Majesty may consider," he said, "what effect all this may work among the common and ignorant people, by intimating that, unless they shall procure him the administration of such a sovereignty as he requireth, their ruin may ensue."[1] Buckhurst also informed her that he had despatched Councilor Wilkes to England, in order that he might give more ample information on

[1] Buckhurst to the queen, June 28, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, c. xi. p. 61, MS.

all these affairs by word of mouth than could well be written.

It need hardly be stated that Barneveldt came down to the states' house with these papers in his hand, and thundered against the delinquent and intriguing governor till the general indignation rose to an alarming height. False statements of course were made to Leicester as to the substance of the advocate's discourse. He was said to have charged upon the English government an intention to seize forcibly upon their cities, and to transfer them to Spain on payment of the sums due to the queen from the states, and to have declared that he had found all this treason in the secret instructions of the earl.[1] But Barneveldt had read the in-

[1] Memorial in Burghley's hand, September, 1587. Killigrew and Beale to the lords, September 11, 1587. Leicester to Burghley, August 17, 1587. Same to same, September 11, 1587. S. P. Office MSS.

"These persuasions of this fellow Barneveldt," says the earl in the last-cited letter, "wrought great impressions in many men that her Majesty had a former resolution in herself to make peace without these countries, and that my now sending was only to get authority here with the commandment of places and people, that, if these men would not agree to such peace as her Majesty would appoint, they should be compelled thereto by such forces as I should have at my disposition, alleging also that these few supplies which I brought was to augment my power the stronger for this only end. These informations, assisted with the report of the copy of my instructions and letters, for the verifying of which the party took new oath that they were the true copies which he had, and moved him to speak so plainly, which matters were very probable and greatly persuadable to the common sort; yet is the matter so used as, notwithstanding all his allegations both of instructions and letters, all men are satisfied; and I have not denied but such words are in my instructions and such a letter written, and yet we made all to agree with an honorable and gracious intention in her

structions to which the attention of the reader has just been called, and had strictly stated the truth, which was damaging enough, without need of exaggeration.

Majesty toward them all," etc. Compare Meteren, xiv. 255 seq.; Bor, ii. xxii. 906, 907; Hoofd, Vervolgh, 239; Wagenaer, viii. 223, 224.

CHAPTER XVI

Situation of Sluis—Its Dutch and English garrison—Williams writes from Sluis to the queen—Jealousy between the earl and states—Schemes to relieve Sluis, which are feeble and unsuccessful—The town capitulates—Parma enters—Leicester enraged—The queen angry with the anti-Leicestrians—Norris, Wilkes, and Buckhurst punished—Drake sails for Spain—His exploits at Cadiz and Lisbon—He is rebuked by Elizabeth.

When Dante had passed through the third circle of the Inferno—a desert of red-hot sand, in which lay a multitude of victims of divine wrath, additionally tortured by an ever-descending storm of fiery flakes—he was led by Virgil out of this burning wilderness along a narrow causeway. This path was protected, he said, against the showers of flame by the lines of vapor which rose eternally from a boiling brook. Even by such shadowy bulwarks, added the poet, do the Flemings between Cadsand and Bruges protect their land against the ever-threatening sea.[1]

[1] "Hora cen porta l' un de' duri margini
E il fumo del ruscel' di sopra aduggia
Si che dal fuoco salva l' acqua e gl' argini
Qual i Fiamminghi fra *Guzzante* e Bruggia
Temendo li fiotto che ver lor s' avventa
Fanno li schermi acciochè 'l mar si fuggia."
"Inferno," canto xv.

Compare Guicciardini, Descript. des Pays-Bas (ed. 1582), p. 379; Strada, ii. 487; Bentivoglio, p. ii. l. v. 313.

It was precisely among these slender dikes between Cadsand and Bruges that Alexander Farnese had now planted all the troops that he could muster in the field. It was his determination to conquer the city of Sluis; for the possession of that important seaport was necessary for him as a basis for the invasion of England, which now occupied all the thoughts of his sovereign and himself.

Exactly opposite the city was the island of Cadsand, once a fair and fertile territory, with a city and many flourishing villages upon its surface, but at that epoch diminished to a small, dreary sand-bank by the encroachments of the ocean.

A stream of inland water, rising a few leagues to the south of Sluis, divided itself into many branches just before reaching the city, converted the surrounding territory into a miniature archipelago,—the islands of which were shifting, treacherous sand-banks at low water, and submerged ones at flood,—and then widening and deepening into a considerable estuary, opened for the city a capacious harbor and an excellent although intricate passage to the sea. The city, which was well built and thriving, was so hidden in its labyrinth of canals and streamlets that it seemed almost as difficult a matter to find Sluis as to conquer it. It afforded safe harbor for five hundred large vessels, and its possession, therefore, was extremely important for Parma. Besides these natural defenses, the place was also protected by fortifications, which were as well constructed as the best of that period. There were a strong rampire and many towers. There was also a detached citadel of great strength, looking toward the sea, and there was a ravelin, called St. Anne's, looking in the direction of

Bruges. A mere riband of dry land in that quarter was all of solid earth to be found in the environs of Sluis.

The city itself stood upon firm soil, but that soil had been hollowed into a vast system of subterranean magazines, not for warlike purposes, but for cellars, as Sluis had been from a remote period the great entrepôt of foreign wines in the Netherlands.[1]

While the eternal disputes between Leicester and the states were going on both in Holland and in England, while the secret negotiations between Alexander Farnese and Queen Elizabeth were slowly proceeding at Brussels and Greenwich, the duke, notwithstanding the destitute condition of his troops and the famine which prevailed throughout the obedient provinces, had succeeded in bringing a little army of five thousand foot and something less than one thousand horse into the field.[2] A portion of this force he placed under the command of

[1] Authorities last cited. Meteren, xiv. 254vo, 255. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 254.

[2] Parma to Philip II., August 6, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS. This force was subsequently very much increased. It is impossible, however, to arrive at the exact numbers. They are not stated by Farnese in his letters to the king, preserved in the Archives of Simancas. Strada (ii. 489) gives the numbers as stated in the text. Roger Williams, however, in a letter to Queen Elizabeth, sent from Sluis at an early period of the siege, says that the Duke of Parma had come before the town, a week before, in person, with four regiments of Walloons, four of Germans, fifty-two companies of Spaniards, twenty-four cornets of horse, and forty-eight pieces of battery, and that the next day there arrived one regiment of Italians and one of Burgundians. This would give a total of at least 17,600 men, more than thrice as many as the historiographer of the duke allows. (R. Williams to the queen, June 9 (19), 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 40, MS.)

the veteran La Motte. That distinguished campaigner had assured the commander-in-chief that the reduction of the city would be an easy achievement.[1] Alexander soon declared that the enterprise was the most difficult one that he had ever undertaken.[2] Yet, two years before, he had carried to its triumphant conclusion the famous siege of Antwerp. He stationed his own division upon the isle of Cadsand, and strengthened his camp by additionally fortifying those shadowy bulwarks by which the island, since the age of Dante, had intrenched itself against the assaults of ocean.

On the other hand, La Motte, by the orders of his chief, had succeeded, after a sharp struggle, in carrying the fort of St. Anne. A still more important step was the surprising of Blankenburg, a small fortified place on the coast, about midway between Ostend and Sluis, by which the sea-communications with the former city for the relief of the beleaguered town were interrupted.[3]

Parma's demonstrations against Sluis had commenced in the early days of June. The commandant of the place was Arnold de Groenevelt, a Dutch noble of ancient lineage and approved valor. His force was, however, very meager, hardly numbering more than eight hundred, all Netherlanders, but counting among its officers several most distinguished personages—Nicholas de Maulde, Adolphus de Meetkerken and his younger brother, Captain Heraugiere, and other well-known partizans.

On the threatening of danger the commandant had

[1] Parma to Philip II., August 6, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Ibid.: "En mio poco juicio la mas dificultosa y laboriosa cosa que ho visto e acometido en Flandes."

[3] Strada, ii. 488. Meteren, ubi sup. Bor, ii. xxii. 984. Bentivoglio, Hoofd, ubi sup.

made application to Sir William Russell, the worthy successor of Sir Philip Sydney in the government of Flushing. He had received from him, in consequence, a reinforcement of eight hundred English soldiers, under several eminent chieftains, foremost among whom were the famous Welshman Roger Williams, Captain Huntley, Baskerville, Sir Francis Vere, Ferdinando Gorges, and Captain Hart. This combined force, however, was but a slender one, there being but sixteen hundred men to protect two miles and a half of rampart, besides the forts and ravelins.[1]

But, such as it was, no time was lost in vain regrets. The sorties against the besiegers were incessant and brilliant. On one occasion Sir Francis Vere—conspicuous in the throng in his red mantilla, and supported only by one hundred Englishmen and Dutchmen under Captain Baskerville—held at bay eight companies of the famous Spanish legion called the Tercio Viejo at push of pike, took many prisoners, and forced the Spaniards from the position in which they were intrenching themselves.[2] On the other hand, Farnese declared that he had never in his life witnessed anything so unflinching as the courage of his troops, employed as they were in digging trenches where the soil was neither land nor water, exposed to inundation by the suddenly opened sluices, to a plunging fire from the forts, and to perpetual hand-to-hand combats with an active and fearless foe, and yet pumping away in the coffer-dams—which they had invented by way of obtaining a standing-

[1] Strada, Meteren, Bor, Bentivoglio, Hoofd, ubi sup. Roger Williams, Discourse of War, apud Grimstone, Hist. Netherlands, l. xiii. 962.

[2] R. Williams, ubi sup.

ground for their operations—as steadily and sedately as if engaged in purely pacific employments.[1] The besieged were inspired by a courage equally remarkable. The regular garrison was small enough, but the burghers were courageous, and even the women organized themselves into a band of pioneers. This corps of amazons, led by two female captains, rejoicing in the names of "May in the Heart" and "Catherine the Rose," actually constructed an important redout between the citadel and the rampart, which received, in compliment to its builders, the appellation of "Fort Venus."[2]

The demands of the beleaguered garrison, however, upon the states and upon Leicester were most pressing. Captain Hart swam thrice out of the city with letters to the states, to the governor-general, and to Queen Elizabeth, and the same perilous feat was performed several times by a Netherland officer.[3] The besieged meant to sell their lives dearly, but it was obviously impossible for them, with so slender a force, to resist a very long time.

"Our ground is great and our men not so many," wrote Roger Williams to his sovereign, "but we trust in God and our valor to defend it. . . . We mean, with God's help, to make their downs red and black, and to let out every acre of our ground for a thousand of their lives, besides our own."[4]

The Welshman was no braggart, and had proved often

[1] Parma to Philip II., July 27 (August 6), 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS. Strada, ii. 491.

[2] Bor, iii. xxiii. 6 seq.

[3] Meteren, Bor, R. Williams, ubi sup.

[4] R. Williams to the queen, June 9 (19), 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 40, MS.

enough that he was more given to performances than promises. "We doubt not your Majesty will succor us," he said, "for our honest mind and plain-dealing toward your royal person and dear country," adding, as a bit of timely advice, "Royal Majesty, believe not overmuch your peacemakers. Had they their mind, they will not only undo your friends abroad, but, in the end, your royal estate."[1]

Certainly it was from no want of wholesome warning from wise statesmen and blunt soldiers that the queen was venturing into that labyrinth of negotiation which might prove so treacherous. Never had been so inopportune a moment for that princess to listen to the voice of him who was charming her so wisely, while he was at the same moment battering the place which was to be the basis of his operations against her realm. Her delay in sending forth Leicester, with at least a moderate contingent, to the rescue, was most pernicious. The states, ignorant of the queen's exact relations with Spain, and exaggerating her disingenuousness into absolute perfidy, became on their own part exceedingly to blame. There is no doubt whatever that both Hollanders and Englishmen were playing into the hands of Parma as adroitly as if he had actually directed their movements. Deep were the denunciations of Leicester and his partizans by the states party, and incessant the complaints of the English and Dutch troops shut up in Sluis against the inactivity or treachery of Maurice and Hohenlo.

"If Count Maurice and his base brother, the admiral [Justinus de Nassau], be too young to govern, must Holland and Zealand lose their countries and towns to

[1] R. Williams to the queen, MS. last cited.

make them expert men of war?" asked Roger Williams.[1] A pregnant question certainly, but the answer was that by suspicion and jealousy, rather than by youth and inexperience, the arms were paralyzed which should have saved the garrison. "If these base fellows [the states] will make Count Hollock their instrument," continued the Welshman, "to cover and maintain their folly and lewd dealing, is it necessary for her Royal Majesty to suffer it? These are too great matters to be rehearsed by me; but because I am in the town, and do resolve to sign with my blood my duty in serving my sovereign and country, I trust her Majesty will pardon me."[2] Certainly the gallant adventurer on whom devolved at least half the work of directing the defense of the city had a right to express his opinions. Had he known the whole truth, however, those opinions would have been modified. And he wrote amid the smoke and turmoil of daily and nightly battle.

"Yesterday was the fifth sally we made," he observed. "Since I followed the wars I never saw valianter captains nor willinger soldiers. At eleven o'clock the enemy entered the ditch of our fort, with trenches upon wheels, artillery-proof. We sallied out, recovered their trenches, slew the governor of Dam, two Spanish captains, with a number of others, repulsed them into their artillery, kept the ditch until yesternight, and will recover it, with God's help, this night, or else pay dearly for it. . . . I care not what may become of me in this world, so that her Majesty's honor, with the rest of honorable good friends, *will think me an honest man*."[3]

[1] Williams to Walsingham, June 29 (July 9), 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, c. xi. p. 102, MS.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

No one ever doubted the simple-hearted Welshman's honesty, any more than his valor; but he confided in the candor of others who were somewhat more sophisticated than himself. When he warned her Royal Majesty against the peacemakers, it was impossible for him to know that the great peacemaker was Elizabeth herself.

After the expiration of a month the work had become most fatiguing. The enemy's trenches had been advanced close to the ramparts, and desperate conflicts were of daily occurrence. The Spanish mines, too, had been pushed forward toward the extensive wine-caverns below the city, and the danger of a vast explosion or of a general assault from beneath their very feet seemed to the inhabitants imminent. Eight days long, with scarcely an intermission, amid those sepulchral vaults, dimly lighted with torches, Dutchmen, Englishmen, Spaniards, Italians, fought hand to hand, with pike, pistol, and dagger, within the bowels of the earth.[1]

Meantime the operations of the states were not commendable. The ineradicable jealousy between the Leicestrians and the Barneveldtians had done its work. There was no hearty effort for the relief of Sluis. There were suspicions that, if saved, the town would only be taken possession of by the Earl of Leicester, as an additional vantage-point for coercing the country into subjection to his arbitrary authority. Perhaps it would be transferred to Philip by Elizabeth as part of the price for peace. There was a growing feeling in Holland and Zealand that, as those provinces bore all the expense of the war, it was an imperative necessity that they should limit their operations to the defense of their own soil.

[1] Strada, ii. 486–512. Meteren, ubi sup. Bor, iii. xxiii. 5–9, 14–21. Haraeus, iii. 402–404.

The suspicions as to the policy of the English government were sapping the very foundations of the alliance, and there was small disposition on the part of the Hollanders, therefore, to protect what remained of Flanders, and thus to strengthen the hands of her whom they were beginning to look upon as an enemy.[1]

Maurice and Hohenlo made, however, a foray into Brabant, by way of diversion to the siege of Sluis, and thus compelled Farnese to detach a considerable force under Haultepenne into that country, and thereby to weaken himself. The expedition of Maurice was not unsuccessful. There was some sharp skirmishing between Hohenlo and Haultepenne, in which the latter, one of the most valuable and distinguished generals on the royal side, was defeated and slain; the fort of Engel, near Bois-le-Duc, was taken, and that important city itself endangered; but, on the other hand, the contingent on which Leicester relied from the states to assist in relieving Sluis was not forthcoming.[2]

For, meantime, the governor-general had at last been sent back by his sovereign to the post which he had so long abandoned. Leaving Leicester House on the 4th July (N. S.), he had come on board the fleet two days afterward at Margate. He was bringing with him to the Netherlands three thousand fresh infantry and thirty thousand pounds, of which sum fifteen thousand pounds had been at last wrung from Elizabeth as an extra loan, in place of the sixty thousand pounds which the states had requested. As he sailed past Ostend and toward Flushing, the earl was witness to the constant

[1] A Brief Report of the Proceedings of his Excellency for the Relief of Sluis, July 26, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Bentivoglio, Strada, ubi sup.

cannonading between the besieged city and the camp of Farnese, and saw that the work could hardly be more serious, for in one short day more shots were fired than had ever been known before in a single day in all Parma's experience.[1]

Arriving at Flushing, the governor-general was well received by the inhabitants; but the mischief which had been set afoot six months before had done its work. The political intrigues, disputes, and the conflicting party organizations have already been set in great detail before the reader, in order that their effect might now be thoroughly understood without explanation. The governor-general came to Flushing at a most critical moment. The fate of all the Spanish Netherlands, of Sluis, and with it the whole of Philip and Parma's great project, were, in Farnese's own language, hanging by a thread.[2]

It would have been possible, had the transactions of the past six months, so far as regarded Holland and England, been the reverse of what they had been, to save the city, and, by a cordial and united effort, for the two countries to deal the Spanish power such a blow, that summer, as would have paralyzed it for a long time to come, and have placed both commonwealths in comparative security.

Instead of all this, general distrust and mutual jealousy prevailed. Leicester had, previously to his departure from England, summoned the states to meet him at Dort upon his arrival. Not a soul appeared. Such of

[1] Authorities last cited. Lloyd to Walsingham, June 25, 1587, S. P. Office MS. Baudart, Polemog., ii. 96, "17,800 shots."

[2] Parma to Philip II., August 6, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.: "Colgados da un hilo todos los estados y todo lo dependiente," etc.

the state councilors as were his creatures came to him, and Count Maurice made a visit of ceremony. Discussions about a plan for relieving the siege became mere scenes of bickering and confusion. The officers within Sluis were desirous that a fleet should force its way into the harbor, while, at the same time, the English army, strengthened by the contingent which Leicester had demanded from the states, should advance against the Duke of Parma by land. It was, in truth, the only way to succor the place. The scheme was quite practicable. Leicester recommended it, the Hollanders seemed to favor it, Commandant Groenevelt and Roger Williams urged it.

"I do assure you," wrote the honest Welshman to Leicester, "if you will come afore this town with as many galiots and as many flat-bottomed boats as can cause two men-of-war to enter, they cannot stop their passage, if your mariners will do a quarter of their duty, as I saw them do divers times. Before they make their entrance, we will come with our boats, and fight with the greatest part, and show them there is no such great danger. Were it not for my wounded arm, I would be in your first boat to enter. Notwithstanding, I and other Englishmen will approach their boats in such sort that we will force them to give their saker of artillery upon us. If your Excellency will give ear unto those false, lewd fellows [the captain meant the States-General], you shall lose great opportunity. Within ten or twelve days the enemy will make his bridge from Cadsand unto St. Anne, and force you to hazard battle before you succor this town. Let my Lord Willoughby and Sir William Russell land at Terhoven, right against Cadsand, with four thousand, and intrench hard by the

waterside, where their boats can carry them victual and munition. They may approach by trenches without engaging any dangerous fight. . . . We dare not show the estate of this town more than we have done by Captain Herte. We must fight this night within our rampart in the fort. You may assure the world here are no Hamerts, but valiant captains and valiant soldiers, such as, with God's help, had rather be buried in the place than be disgraced in any point that belongs to such a number of men of war."[1]

But in vain did the governor of the place, stout Arnold Groenevelt, assisted by the rough and direct eloquence of Roger Williams, urge upon the Earl of Leicester and the States-General the necessity and the practicability of the plan proposed. The fleet never entered the harbor. There was no William of Orange to save Antwerp and Sluis, as Leyden had once been saved, and his son was not old enough to unravel the web of intrigue by which he was surrounded, or to direct the whole energies of the commonwealth toward an all-important end. Leicester had lost all influence, all authority, nor were his military abilities equal to the occasion, even if he had been cordially obeyed.

Ten days longer the perpetual battles on the ramparts and within the mines continued, the plans conveyed by the bold swimmer Captain Hart for saving the place were still unattempted, and the city was tottering to its fall. "Had Captain Hart's words taken place," wrote

[1] Williams to Leicester, June 29 (July 9), 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 152, MS.

It will be remembered that Baron Hemart was the unfortunate officer who so disgracefully surrendered Grave in the first year of Leicester's administration.

Williams, bitterly, "we had been succored, or, if my letters had prevailed, our pain had been no peril. All wars are best executed in sight of the enemy. . . . The last night of June [10th July, N. S.] the enemy entered the ditches of our fort in three several places, continuing in fight in mine and on rampart for the space of eight nights. The ninth he battered us furiously, made a breach of fivescore paces saultable for horse and man. That day he attempted us in all places with a general assault for the space of almost five hours." [1]

The citadel was now lost,—it had been gallantly defended,—and it was thenceforth necessary to hold the town itself, in the very teeth of an overwhelming force. "We were forced to quit the fort," said Sir Roger, "leaving nothing behind us but bare earth. But here we do remain resolutely to be buried, rather than to be dishonored in the least point." [2]

It was still possible for the fleet to succor the city. "I do assure you," said Williams, "that your captains and mariners do not their duty unless they enter with no great loss; but you must consider that *no wars may be made without danger*. What you mean to do, we beseech you to do with expedition, and persuade yourself that we will die valiant, honest men. Your Excellency will do well to thank the old President de Meetkerk for the honesty and valor of his son." [3]

[1] Williams to Leicester, July 9 (19), 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 179, MS. Compare Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Bentivoglio, Strada, Haraeus, ubi sup., et mult. al.

[2] Williams to Leicester, MS. last cited.

[3] R. Williams to Walsingham, July 6 (16), 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 179, MS.

Compare Discourse of War, apud Grimstone, xiii. 963. "Truly all the Dutch and Walloons," says Sir Roger, "showed themselves

Count Maurice and his natural brother, the admiral, now undertook the succor by sea; but, according to the Leicestrians, they continued dilatory and incompetent. At any rate, it is certain that they did nothing. At last Parma had completed the bridge whose construction was so much dreaded. The haven was now inclosed by a strong wooden structure resting on boats, on a plan similar to that of the famous bridge with which he had two years before bridled the Schelde, and Sluis was thus completely shut in from the sea. Fire-ships were now constructed, by order of Leicester,—feeble imitations of the floating volcanoes of Gianibelli,—and it was agreed that they should be sent against the bridge with the first flood-tide. The propitious moment never seemed to arrive, however, and meantime the citizens of Flushing, of their own accord, declared that they would themselves equip and conduct a fleet into the harbor of Sluis.[1] But the Nassaus are said to have expressed great disgust that low-born burghers should presume to meddle with so important an enterprise, which of right belonged to their family.[2] Thus, in the midst of these altercations

constant, resolute, and valiant, especially those brave and valiant captains Meetkerke and Heraugiere." He also especially commends the valor of Huntley, Udall, Scott, Ferdinando Gorges, St. Leger, and Nicholas Baskerville.

[1] A Brief Report of the Proceedings of his Excellency for the Relief of Sluis, July 26, 1587, S. P. Office MS. Willoughby, Russell, Pelham, and others, to the lords, August 12, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] "Burghers of Flushing proffered their services, which were accepted with thanks; but that upon Count Maurice and Admiral Nassau being applied to for necessaries, they seemed to be touched very much in reputation that a piece of service so respectable should have been left to persons of base quality instead of to themselves, who readily would adventure their best means.

and contradictory schemes, the month of July wore away, and the city was reduced to its last gasp.

For the cannonading had thoroughly done its work. Eighteen days long the burghers and what remained of the garrison had lived upon the ramparts, never leaving their posts, but eating, sleeping, and fighting day and night. Of the sixteen hundred Dutch and English but seven hundred remained. At last a swimming messenger was sent out by the besieged with despatches for the states, to the purport that the city could hold out no longer. A breach in the wall had been effected wide enough to admit a hundred men abreast. Sluis had, in truth, already fallen, and it was hopeless any longer to conceal the fact. If not relieved within a day or two, the garrison would be obliged to surrender; but they distinctly stated that they had all pledged themselves, soldiers and burghers, men, women, and all, unless the most honorable terms were granted, to set fire to the city in a hundred places, and then sally, in mass, from the gates, determined to fight their way through, or be slain in the attempt. The messenger who carried these despatches was drowned, but the letters were saved, and fell into Parma's hands.[1]

At the same moment Leicester was making, at last, an effort to raise the siege. He brought three or four thousand men from Flushing, and landed them at Ostend; thence he marched to Blankenburg. He sup-

His Excellency, fearing to offend them, gave his consent. . . . Maurice declared the enterprise to be impossible without better means, from which it appeared plainly that all had been devised on purpose of delay, until it should be too late to help the town." —Willoughby, Russell, et al., to the lords, MS. last cited.

[1] Strada, Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, R. Williams, in Grimstone, ubi sup., et al.

posed that if he could secure that little port, and thus cut the duke completely off from the sea, he should force the Spanish commander to raise, or at least suspend, the siege in order to give him battle. Meantime an opportunity would be afforded for Maurice and Hohenlo to force an entrance into the harbor of Sluis. In this conjecture he was quite correct, but unfortunately he did not thoroughly carry out his own scheme. If the earl had established himself at Blankenburg, it would have been necessary for Parma, as he himself subsequently declared, to raise the siege.[1] Leicester carried the outposts of the place successfully; but, so soon as Farnese was aware of this demonstration, he detached a few companies with orders to skirmish with the enemy until the commander-in-chief, with as large a force as he could spare, should come in person to their support. To the unexpected gratification of Farnese, however, no sooner did the advancing Spaniards come in sight than the earl, supposing himself invaded by the whole of the duke's army, under their famous general, and not feeling himself strong enough for such an encounter, retired with great precipitation to his boats, reëmbarked his troops with the utmost celerity, and set sail for Ostend.[2]

The next night had been fixed for sending forth the fire-ships against the bridge, and for the entrance of the fleet into the harbor. One fire-ship floated a little way toward the bridge and exploded ingloriously. Leicester rowed in his barge about the fleet, superintending the soundings and markings of the channel, and hastening the preparations; but, as the decisive moment approached, the pilots who had promised to conduct the

[1] Strada, ii. 508, 509 seq.

[2] Strada, Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Haraeus, Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

expedition came aboard his pinnace and positively refused to have aught to do with the enterprise, which they now declared an impossibility.[1] The earl was furious with the pilots, with Maurice, with Hohenlo, with Admiral de Nassau, with the states, with all the world. He stormed and raged and beat his breast, but all in vain. His ferocity would have been more useful the day before, in face of the Spaniards, than now, against the Zealand mariners. But the invasion by the fleet alone, unsupported by a successful land operation, was pronounced impracticable, and very soon the relieving fleet was seen by the distressed garrison sailing away from the neighborhood, and it soon disappeared beneath the horizon. Their fate was sealed. They entered into treaty with Parma, who, secretly instructed, as has been seen, of their desperate intentions in case any but the most honorable conditions were offered, granted those conditions. The garrison were allowed to go out with colors displayed, lighted matches, bullet in mouth, and with bag and baggage. Such of the burghers as chose to conform to the government of Spain and the Church of Rome were permitted to remain. Those who preferred to depart were allowed reasonable time to make their necessary arrangements.[2]

"We have hurt and slain very near eight hundred," said Sir Roger Williams. "We had not powder to fight

[1] Lloyd to Walsingham, July 27 (August 6), 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Brief Report, etc., MS. already cited. Lloyd to Walsingham, MS. already cited. Leicester to same, August 12, 1587. Willoughby and others to the lords, August 12, 1587. Leicester to same, August 12, 1587. Same to Burghley, July 27, 1587. Same to same, July 13, 1587. Same to the lords, July 27, 1587. Same to same, August 17, 1587. F. Needham to Walsingham, August 12,

two hours. There was a breach of almost four hundred paces, another of threescore, another of fifty, saultable for horse and men. We had lain continually eighteen nights all on the breaches. He gave us honorable composition. Had the state of England lain on it, our lives could not defend the place three hours, for half the rampires were his, neither had we any pioneers but ourselves. We were sold by their negligence who are now angry with us."[1]

On the 5th August Parma entered the city. Roger Williams, with his gilt morion rather battered, and his great plume of feathers much bedraggled, was a witness to the victor's entrance. Alexander saluted respectfully an officer so well known to him by reputation, and with some complimentary remarks urged him to enter the Spanish service and to take the field against the Turks.[2]

"My sword," replied the doughty Welshman, "belongs to her Royal Majesty Queen Elizabeth above and before all the world. When her Highness has no further use for it, it is at the service of the King of Navarre."[3]

Considering himself sufficiently answered, the duke then requested Sir Roger to point out Captain Baskerville,—very conspicuous by a greater plume of feathers than even that of the Welshman himself,—and embraced that officer, when presented to him, before all his staff. "There serves no prince in Europe a braver man than

1587. S. P. Office MSS. Compare Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Haraeus, Bentivoglio, Strada, R. Williams, ubi sup.; Wagenaer, viii. 225–227; Baudart, Polemog., ii. 96, et mult. al.

[1] Williams to Leicester, August 5, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 214, MS.

[2] Needham to Walsingham, August 12, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Ibid.

this Englishman," cried Alexander, who well knew how to appreciate high military qualities, whether in his own army or in that of his foes.[1]

The garrison then retired, Sluis became Spanish, and a capacious harbor just opposite the English coast was in Parma's hands. Sir Roger Williams was despatched by Leicester to bear the melancholy tidings to his government, and the queen was requested to cherish the honest Welshman, and at least to set him on horseback, for he was of himself not rich enough to buy even a saddle. It is painful to say that the captain did not succeed in getting the horse.[2]

The earl was furious in his invectives against Hohenlo, against Maurice, against the states, uniformly ascribing the loss of Sluis to negligence and faction. As for Sir

[1] R. Williams, in Grimstone, lxiii. 962.

[2] "I pray you be good to this bearer, Sir Roger Williams, for he is to be cherished. Her Majesty, I trust, will help him; and if these wars continue, return him with speed, but set him well on horseback, for he is not worth the saddle of a horse" (Leicester to Walsingham, August 12, 1587, S. P. Office MS.). Yet, according to the report of Captain Needham, even Williams had at last become an object of the earl's jealousy and suspicion, on account of the flattering offers made to him by Farnese. "The Duke of Parma had essayed," says Needham, "by all possible means to gain Sir Roger Williams, but could not prevail, although he thought the hard usage he had received from the Earl of Leicester would be an occasion to make him leave his party. Themistocles [Leicester] had hereupon conceived great jealousy, and hath not spared to give warning to Sir W. Russell to beware of Williams as of one who would be his undoing, and, as it seems, reported as much to the Lord North and Sir W. Pelham. . . . The gentleman [Williams] was wonderfully perplexed that for his faithful service he should reap his utter undoing, and to be accounted a traitor to his prince. He wished he were at home, upon condition he should never bear arms here, for he knew the nature of Themistocles,

John Norris, he protested that his misdeeds in regard to this business would, in King Henry VIII.'s time, have "cost him his pate." [1]

The loss of Sluis was the beginning and foreshadowed the inevitable end of Leicester's second administration. The inaction of the states was one of the causes of its loss. Distrust of Leicester was the cause of the inaction.

as he would leave no means unsought to overthrow his credit," etc. The conversation of the duke with the Welshman has been reported in the text.

"The Earl of Essex promises me," wrote Williams, subsequently, "that her Majesty will do something for me. For my part, I do hardly believe it, for I can get no countenance from her Highness. I humbly desire your Excellency to write this for me, either to give me something or discharge me away with nothing. . . . I fear things will not fall out here as well as you would wish. Were your Excellency here, her Majesty would do more. The more the merrier. Without your presence your friends dare not speak what they would, for the simplest that speaks of the peace is better here than the wisest that contraries it. I fear me it is passed so far that the King of Navarre is like to smart for it," etc.—R. Williams to Leicester, September 1, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. ii. p. 5, MS.

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, August 12, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

"As for this matter of Sluis," said the earl, "I may stand before the tribunal-seat of God for any fault in me. The greatest is that I did trust Count Maurice too much, but either I must have trusted him or not have had any means at all for shipping. As it is well known besides, he offered his service most frankly and willingly, and did take upon him and his bastard brother to attempt the bridge by such men as they had chosen, to whom I gave thirty pounds beforehand." And in the same vein he says to Burghley: "I am grieved to think, much more to speak, of the loss of Sluis. God knoweth we have done for our parts as much as if a kingdom had stood upon it. But these men have strange designs in their heads, which will in the end breed their own ruin. . . . The dregs of their dealing will, I fear, remain a good while, for the practice

Sir William Russell, Lord Willoughby, Sir William Pelham, and other English officers united in statements exonerating the earl from all blame for the great failure to relieve the place. At the same time, it could hardly be maintained that his expedition to Blankenburg and his precipitate retreat on the first appearance of the enemy were proofs of consummate generalship. He took no blame to himself for the disaster; but he and his partizans were very liberal in their denunciations of the Hollanders,[1] and Leicester was even ungrateful enough to censure Roger Williams, whose life had been passed, as it were, at push of pike with the Spaniards, and who was one of his own most devoted adherents.

The queen was much exasperated when informed of

and fashion continue. . . . I must beg you to bear with me, for I scarce know what I write, what with grief for the loss of this town, and with anger for the vile, lewd dealing of these men that have so naughtily carried themselves in this matter for Sluis: first, by letting me have no men of theirs, when I had but a few men furnished; then, their long deferring our men to be furnished; after, their lack of provisions of all sorts; lastly, vessels and barks to land our men. And these, with such like, hath brought this poor town to be lost. . . ." He then makes an insinuation against the brave and true-hearted Welshman, who had been fighting night and day, from the beginning of the siege to the end. "And yet I cannot, for many respects, how well soever I think of Sir William Rogers's valor and the other captains, give them countenance *or access to me*, before they do give some *good reason* for the delivery of the town without sending to me first."—Leicester to Burghley, July 27 (August 6), S. P. Office MS.

[1] "Your Honor may see," said Lloyd, "how Count Hohenlo's proceedings, and states' practices, and this late action, do concur as matters that have been hammered on one anvil and issued from one forge."—R. Lloyd to Walsingham, July 27 (August 6), 1587, S. P. Office MS.

the fall of the city. She severely denounced the Netherlanders, and even went so far as to express dissatisfaction with the great Leicester himself.[1] Meantime Farnese was well satisfied with his triumph, for he had been informed that "all England was about to charge upon him," in order to relieve the place.[2] All England, however, had been but feebly represented by three thousand raw recruits, with a paltry sum of fifteen thousand pounds to help pay a long bill of arrears.

Wilkes and Norris had taken their departure from the Netherlands before the termination of the siege, and immediately after the return of Leicester. They did not think it expedient to wait upon the governor before leaving the country,[3] for they had very good reason to believe that such an opportunity of personal vengeance would be turned to account by the earl. Wilkes had already avowed his intention of making his escape without being dandled with leave-takings, and no doubt he was right. The earl was indignant when he found that they had given him the slip, and denounced them with fresh acrimony to the queen, imploring her to wreak

[1] Essex to Leicester, July 31 (August 10), 1587, S. P. Office MS. Walsingham to same, August 2, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 234, MS. "The ill success of Sluis causeth her to pick some quarrel toward your Lordship in that action, as by her letters you may perceive."

[2] "Corria la voz que cargava toda Inglaterra."—Parma to Philip II., August 6, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[3] Wilkes to the lords, July 20, 1587, S. P. Office MS., explaining—what had been sufficiently explained before—why he left the Netherlands without greeting Leicester, "for that he was too terrified to come into his presence, knowing his animosity." He expresses the hope that "her Majesty, being the image of God on earth, will be like to him in mercy, and not suffer more to be laid upon him than flesh and blood can bear."

full measure of wrath upon their heads;[1] and he well knew that his entreaties would meet with the royal attention.

Buckhurst had a parting interview with the governor-general, at which Killigrew and Beale, the new English councilors who had replaced Wilkes and Clerk, were present. The conversation was marked by insolence on the part of Leicester, and by much bitterness on that of Buckhurst. The parting envoy refused to lay before the earl a full statement of the grievances between the States-General and the governor, on the ground that Leicester had no right to be judge in his own cause. The matter, he said, should be laid before the queen in council, and by her august decision he was willing to abide. On every other subject he was ready to give any information in his power. The interview lasted a whole forenoon and afternoon. Buckhurst, according to his own statement, answered freely all questions put to him by Leicester and his councilors, while, if the report of those personages is to be trusted, he passionately refused to make any satisfactory communication. Under the circumstances, however, it may well be believed that no satisfactory communication was possible.[2]

On arriving in England, Sir John Norris was forbidden to come into her Majesty's presence, Wilkes was thrown into the Fleet Prison, and Buckhurst was confined in his own country house.[3]

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, July 4, 1587. Same to queen, July 7, 1587. Same to Burghley, July 13, 1587. S. P. Office MSS.

[2] Killigrew and Beale to Walsingham, July 13, 1587. Buckhurst to Burghley, July 22, 1587. A True Declaration of the Proceedings of Lord Buckhurst and Dr. Clerk, July 24, 1587. S. P. Office MSS.

[3] Buckhurst to Walsingham, July 24, 1587. Same to Burghley,

Norris had done absolutely nothing which, even by implication, could be construed into a dereliction of duty; but it was sufficient that he was hated by Leicester, who had not scrupled, over and over again, to denounce this first general of England as a fool, a coward, a knave, and a liar.

As for Wilkes, his only crime was a most conscientious discharge of his duty, in the course of which he had found cause to modify his abstract opinions in regard to the origin of sovereignty, and had come reluctantly to the conviction that Leicester's unpopularity had made perhaps another governor-general desirable. But this admission had only been made privately and with extreme caution, while, on the other hand, he had constantly defended the absent earl with all the eloquence at his command. But the hatred of Leicester was sufficient to consign this able and painstaking public servant to a prison; and thus was a man of worth, honor, and talent, who had been placed in a position of grave responsibility and immense fatigue, and who had done his duty like an upright, straightforward Englishman, sacrificed to the wrath of a favorite. "Surely, Mr. Secretary," said the earl, "there was never a falser creature, a more seditious wretch, than Wilkes. He is a villain, a devil, without faith or religion."[1]

July 24, 1587. Same to same, July 28, 1587. Walsingham to Leicester, July 29, 1587. S. P. Office MSS.

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, August 4, 1587, S. P. Office MS. Buckhurst was of a different opinion.

"Mr. Wilkes, having had so long experience in these parts," he wrote, "and being so careful and diligent for the good preservation and furtherance of the cause, whereof in the late dangerous times and troubles here he made right good testimony, is able therein to do your Majesty most especial and notable service, being

As for Buckhurst himself, it is unnecessary to say a word in his defense. The story of his mission has been completely detailed from the most authentic and secret documents, and there is not a single line written to the queen, to her ministers, to the states, to any public body or to any private friend, in England or elsewhere, that does not reflect honor on his name. With sagacity, without passion, with unaffected sincerity, he had unraveled the complicated web of Netherland politics, and with

also otherwise so sufficiently practised in the estate of other countries and so well trained in your affairs at home, with such excellent gifts of *utterance, memory, wit, courage, and knowledge,* and *with so faithful and careful a heart* to serve your Majesty, as *it were a woeful case* if such a worthy servant should for any respect be discomforted and disgraced by your Majesty's displeasure."—Buckhurst to the queen, June 28, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, c. xi. p. 61, MS.

Yet such a eulogy from so illustrious a man, and fully borne out by the deeds and words of Wilkes himself, could not save the councilor from the jail. He had loved Sir John Norris, which was enough to secure him the hatred of Leicester, and consequently the unmitigated wrath of the queen.

But these pages have already illustrated the copiousness of the great earl's vocabulary in vituperation. Mr. P. B., Sir John Norris, Hollock, Wilkes, Buckhurst himself, the States-General, the States-Provincial, and, in brief, any one who crossed his schemes, were sure to draw down the full tempest of wrath. He was now very angry with those who surrounded young Maurice, especially with the minister Villiers, whom he pronounced to be "a condemned man, not only among all honest and godly men, but also with all the churches through all the provinces." Sainte-Aldegonde, too, whom before and after this point of time he seemed to appreciate and applaud, was now held up as an object of suspicion. "I have found cause of late," he says, "to fear Sainte-Aldegonde to be an unsound and hollow man. There are great presumptions that he is dealing in secret with Parma. He is lately married. All men condemn him for it, and his best friends did greatly dissuade him from it, but it would not be.

clear vision had penetrated the designs of the mighty enemy whom England and Holland had to encounter in mortal combat. He had pointed out the errors of the earl's administration; he had fearlessly, earnestly, but respectfully deplored the misplaced parsimony of the queen; he had warned her against the delusions which had taken possession of her keen intellect; he had done his best to place the governor-general upon good terms with the states and with his sovereign; but it had been impossible for him to further his schemes for the acquisition of a virtual sovereignty over the Netherlands, or to extinguish the suspicions of the states that the queen

And now is he to return again for two or three months, being known to be greatly favored on the other side, and can enjoy no penny but by that favor. I see he takes no course to please the Church. The young count is directed by both him and Villiers, albeit the one, Sainte-Aldegonde, doth make less show than the other. O God, what a world it is! Both these hot men heretofore are become less than lukewarm now, and wholly given to policy."—Leicester to Walsingham, MS. above cited.

Yet before the end of the year Sainte-Aldegonde was violently abused by others for opposite tendencies. "The Count of Hollock, being drunk the other day," says Sir Robert Sydney, "took a quarrel to M. de Sainte-Aldegonde, saying he was wont to be a lover of the house of Nassau, but now he was grown altogether a Leicestrian, the which he repeated sundry times upon him before the Count Maurice and many other gentlemen. In truth, I think Sainte-Aldegonde very well affected unto your Excellency. Surely he mislikes the proceedings here, and meddles nothing with them."—Sydney to Leicester, December 31, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. ii. p. 288.

Nothing could be more unscrupulous than the denunciations of Leicester whenever he was offended. They would seem almost risible, were it not that the capricious wrath of the all-powerful favorite was often sufficient to blast the character, the career, the hopes, and even take away the lives, of honest men.

was secretly negotiating with the Spaniard, when he knew those suspicions to be just.

For deeds such as these the able and high-minded ambassador, the accomplished statesman and poet, was forbidden to approach his sovereign's presence, and was ignominiously imprisoned in his own house until the death of Leicester. After that event Buckhurst emerged from confinement, received the order of the Garter and the earldom of Dorset, and on the death of Burghley succeeded that statesman in the office of lord treasurer. Such was the substantial recognition of the merits of a man who was now disgraced for the conscientious discharge of the most important functions that had yet been confided to him.

It would be a thankless and superfluous task to give the details of the renewed attempt, during a few months, made by Leicester to govern the provinces. His second administration consisted mainly of the same altercations with the states on the subject of sovereignty, the same mutual recriminations and wranglings, that had characterized the period of his former rule. He rarely met the states in person, and almost never resided at The Hague, holding his court at Middelburg, Dort, or Utrecht, as his humor led him.

The one great feature of the autumn of 1587 was the private negotiation between Elizabeth and the Duke of Parma.

Before taking a glance at the nature of those secrets, however, it is necessary to make a passing allusion to an event which might have seemed likely to render all pacific communications with Spain, whether secret or open, superfluous.

For while so much time had been lost in England

and Holland by misunderstandings and jealousies, there was one Englishman who had not been losing time. In the winter and early spring of 1587 the Devonshire skipper had organized that expedition which he had come to the Netherlands, the preceding autumn, to discuss. He meant to aim a blow at the very heart of that project which Philip was shrouding with so much mystery, and which Elizabeth was attempting to counteract by so much diplomacy.

On the 2d April Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth with four ships belonging to the queen, and with twenty-four furnished by the merchants of London and other private individuals. It was a bold bucaneering expedition, combining chivalrous enterprise with the chance of enormous profit, which was most suited to the character of English adventurers at that expanding epoch. For it was by England, not by Elizabeth, that the quarrel with Spain was felt to be a mortal one. It was England, not its sovereign, that was instinctively arming, at all points, to grapple with the great enemy of European liberty. It was the spirit of self-help, of self-reliance, which was prompting the English nation to take the great work of the age into its own hands. The mercantile instinct of the nation was flattered with the prospect of gain; the martial quality of its patrician and of its plebeian blood was eager to confront danger; the great Protestant mutiny against a decrepit superstition in combination with an aggressive tyranny, all impelled the best energies of the English people against Spain, as the embodiment of all which was odious and menacing to them, and with which they felt that the life-and-death struggle could not long be deferred.

And of these various tendencies there were no more

fitting representatives than Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Essex, Cavendish and Grenfell, and the other privateersmen of the sixteenth century. The same greed for danger, for gold, and for power, which, seven centuries before, had sent the Norman race forth to conquer all Christendom, was now sending its Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman kindred to take possession of the Old World and the New.

"The wind commands me away," said Drake on the 2d April, 1587; "our ship is under sail. God grant that we may so live in his fear that the enemy may have cause to say that God doth fight for her Majesty abroad as well as at home."[1]

But he felt that he was not without enemies behind him, for the strong influence brought to bear against the bold policy which Walsingham favored was no secret to Drake. "If we deserve ill," said he, "let us be punished. If we discharge our duty, in doing our best, it is a hard measure to be reported ill by those who will either keep their fingers out of the fire, or who too well affect that alteration in our government which I hope in God they shall never live to see."[2] In latitude 40° he spoke two Zealand ships, homeward bound, and obtained information of great warlike stores accumulating in Cadiz and Lisbon. His mind was instantly made up. Fortunately, the pinnace which the queen despatched with orders to stay his hand[3] in the very act of smiting her great adversary did not sail fast enough to overtake the swift corsair and his fleet. Sir Francis had too

[1] Drake to Walsingham, in Barrow's Life of Drake (Murray, 1843), p. 223. [2] Ibid.

[3] Walsingham to Leicester, April 17, 1587. Same to same, April 11, 1587. Brit. Museum, Galba, c. xi. pp. 327–344, MSS.

promptly obeyed the wind, when it "commanded him away," to receive the royal countermand. On the 19th April the English ships entered the harbor of Cadiz, and destroyed ten thousand tons of shipping, with their contents, in the very face of a dozen great galleys, which the nimble English vessels soon drove under their forts for shelter. Two nights and a day Sir Francis, that "hater of idleness," was steadily doing his work; unloading, rifling, scuttling, sinking, and burning those transport-ships which contained a portion of the preparations painfully made by Philip for his great enterprise. Pipe-staves and spikes, horseshoes and saddles, timber and cutlasses, wine, oil, figs, raisins, biscuits, and flour, a miscellaneous mass of ingredients long brewing for the trouble of England, were emptied into the harbor, and before the second night the blaze of a hundred and fifty burning vessels played merrily upon the grim walls of Philip's fortresses. Some of these ships were of the largest size then known. There was one belonging to Marquis Santa Cruz of fifteen hundred tons, there was a Biscayan of twelve hundred, there were several others of one thousand, eight hundred, and of nearly equal dimensions.

Thence sailing for Lisbon, Sir Francis captured and destroyed a hundred vessels more, appropriating what was portable of the cargoes, and annihilating the rest. At Lisbon, Marquis Santa Cruz, lord high admiral of Spain and generalissimo of the invasion, looked on, mortified and amazed, but offering no combat, while the Plymouth privateersman swept the harbor of the great monarch of the world. After thoroughly accomplishing his work, Drake sent a message to Santa Cruz, proposing to exchange his prisoners for such Englishmen as might

then be confined in Spain. But the marquis denied all prisoners. Thereupon Sir Francis decided to sell his captives to the Moors, and to appropriate the proceeds of the sale toward the purchase of English slaves out of the same bondage.[1] Such was the fortune of war in the sixteenth century.

Having dealt these great blows, Drake set sail again from Lisbon, and twenty leagues from St. Michaels fell in with one of those famous Spanish East-Indiamen, called caracks, then the great wonder of the seas. This vessel, *San Felipe* by name, with a cargo of extraordinary value, was easily captured, and Sir Francis now determined to return. He had done a good piece of work in a few weeks, but he was by no means of opinion that he had materially crippled the enemy. On the contrary, he gave the government warning as to the enormous power and vast preparations of Spain. "There would be forty thousand men under way ere long," he said, "well equipped and provisioned"; and he stated, as the result of personal observation, that England could not be too energetic in its measures of resistance. He had done something with his little fleet, but he was no braggart, and had no disposition to underrate the enemy's power. "God make us all thankful again and again," he observed, "that we have, *although it be little, made a beginning upon the coast of Spain.*"[2] And modestly as he spoke of what he had accomplished, so with quiet self-reliance did he allude to the probable consequences. It was certain, he intimated, that the enemy would soon seek revenge with all his strength, and "with all the devices and traps he could devise." This was a matter which could not be doubted.

[1] Barrow, 232, 233. [2] Ibid., 233.

"But," said Sir Francis, "I thank them much that they have stayed so long, and when they come they *shall be but the sons of mortal men.*" [1]

Perhaps the most precious result of the expedition was the lesson which the Englishmen had thus learned in handling the great galleys of Spain. It might soon stand them in stead. The little war-vessels which had come from Plymouth had sailed round and round these vast, unwieldy hulks, and had fairly driven them off the field, with very slight damage to themselves. Sir Francis had already taught the mariners of England, even if he had done nothing else by this famous Cadiz expedition, that an armada of Spain might not be so invincible as men imagined.

Yet when the conqueror returned from his great foray he received no laurels. His sovereign met him, not with smiles, but with frowns and cold rebukes. He had done his duty and helped to save her endangered throne, but Elizabeth was now the dear friend of Alexander Farnese, and in amicable correspondence with his royal master. This "little" beginning on the coast of Spain might not seem to his Catholic Majesty a matter to be thankful for, nor be likely to further a pacification, and so Elizabeth hastened to disavow her Plymouth captain.[2]

[1] Barrow, 233. Compare Camden, iii. 396; Meteren, xiv. 253, 254; Bor, ii. xxi. 753–768, xxii. 981, xxiii. 77.

[2] "True it is, and I avow it on my faith, her Majesty did send a ship expressly before he went to Cadiz with a message by letters charging Sir Francis Drake *not to show any act of hostility*, which messenger by contrary winds could never come to the place where he was, but was constrained to come home; *and hearing of Sir F. Drake's actions*, her Majesty commanded the party that returned to have been punished, but that he acquitted himself by the oaths of himself and all his company. *And so unwitting, yea, unwilling to*

her Majesty, those actions were committed by Sir F. Drake, for the which her Majesty *is as yet greatly offended with him.*"—Burghley to Andrea de Loo, July 18, 1587, Flanders Correspondence, S. P. Office MS.

"There are letters written to Sir Francis Drake," said Walsingham, "sent unto him by a pinnace sent forth especially for that purpose, to command him not to attempt anything by land, nor to enter into the ports to distress the ships. This resolution proceedeth altogether upon a hope of peace which I fear will draw a dangerous war upon her Majesty, by the alienation of the hearts of the well-affected people in the Low Countries."—Walsingham to Leicester, April 11, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, c. xi. p. 344, MS.

And again, a week later: "As for Spain," says the secretary, "they are so far off from any intention to assail England, as they stand now upon their own guard for fear of Sir Francis Drake. There are letters written from certain of my lords, by her Majesty's effectual commandment, to inhibit him to attempt anything by land, or within the ports of the kingdom of Spain. He is at liberty to take any of the king's fleets, either going out of Spain or returning into Spain. There is a bruit given out, upon the despatch of these letters, that there is order given for his revocation."—Same to same, April 17, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, c. xi. p. 327, MS.

It is somewhat amusing, on the other hand, to find Leicester claiming credit for her Majesty for this demonstration against Spain, and using it in his communications with the states as a proof of her hostile intentions toward that power. "There is no such meaning in her Majesty to abuse you," he observed, "as you might perceive both by the sending of Sir Francis Drake into Spain and by the return of myself hither, to have prosecuted the war if I had found any means here."—Leicester to the states, September 6, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

CHAPTER XVII

Secret treating between queen and Parma—Excitement and alarm in the states—Religious persecution in England—Queen's sincerity toward Spain—Language and letters of Parma—Negotiations of De Loo—English commissioners appointed—Parma's affectionate letter to the queen—Philip at his writing-table—His plots with Parma against England—Parma's secret letters to the king—Philip's letters to Parma—Wonderful duplicity of Philip—His sanguine views as to England—He is reluctant to hear of the obstacles, and imagines Parma in England—But Alexander's difficulties are great—He denounces Philip's wild schemes—Walsingham aware of the Spanish plot, which the states well understand—Leicester's great unpopularity—The queen warned against treating—Leicester's schemes against Barneveldt—Leicestrian conspiracy at Leyden—The plot to seize the city discovered—Three ringleaders sentenced to death—Civil war in France—Victory gained by Navarre, and one by Guise—Queen recalls Leicester, who retires on ill terms with the states—Queen warned as to Spanish designs—Results of Leicester's administration.

The course of Elizabeth toward the provinces in the matter of the peace was certainly not ingenuous, but it was not absolutely deceitful. She concealed and denied the negotiations, when the Netherland statesmen were perfectly aware of their existence, if not of their tenor; but she was not prepared, as they suspected, to sacrifice their liberties and their religion as the price of her own reconciliation with Spain. Her attitude toward the

states was imperious, overbearing, and abusive. She had allowed the Earl of Leicester to return, she said, because of her love for the poor and oppressed people, but in many of her official and in all her private communications she denounced the men who governed that people as ungrateful wretches and impudent liars.[1]

These were the corrosives and vinegar which she thought suitable for the case; and the earl was never weary in depicting the same statesmen as seditious, pestilent, self-seeking, mischief-making traitors. These

[1] *E. g.*, "Nous avons renvoyé notre cousin de Leycestre—nonobstant que nous fussions à peu pres degoutés . . . vus les desordres et confusions depuis son partement de là . . . les traverses ingrates de quelques uns mal affectés par de là, dont nous memes avons en occasion de bien fort nous repentir. Toutefois la consideration que nous avons eu de l'innocence d'un si bon peuple, et le desir qu'avons eu de leur bien, jointe la prompte volunté de notre cousin, ont eu plus de force a nous retenir en notre première affection . . . et attendons que ce qu'est passé sera reparé à l'avenir. . . . (Queen to state council, June 20, 1587, S. P. Office MS.). A letter to the states, of nearly the same date, is likewise filled with expressions of her disgust at the "étrange et ingrate maniere de vos deportements envers notre cousin, votre ingratitude et traverses," and of praise of the cousin, who, "nonobstant toutes ces discourtesies et ingratitudes, ne voudra espargner pour le bien de vous tous de hasarder ni sa vie ni sa fortune," etc.—Queen to the states, June 22, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

And three months later: "How the town of Sluis was lost, we will spare to write. That which thousands of your native people did affirm, how traitorously this town was lost, or rather betrayed, the world knoweth, and we do not think that yourselves can deny it, from want of supply from you and your chieftains, . . . and yet not without the honor and reputation of ours that defended it. . . . Our lieutenant [Leicester] could not have convenient time to deal with you [about the peace], for that he was so entangled with your overthwart dealing against him, with sundry false reports of us and himself, that we had agreed to a peace with the King of

secret, informal negotiations had been carried on during most of the year 1587. It was the "controller's peace," as Walsingham contemptuously designated the attempted treaty; for it will be recollected that Sir James Croft, a personage of very mediocre abilities, had always been more busy than any other English politician in these transactions. He acted, however, on the inspiration of Burghley, who drew his own from the fountainhead.

But it was in vain for the queen to affect concealment. The states knew everything which was passing before Leicester knew. His own secret instructions reached the Netherlands before he did. His secretary, Junius, was thrown into prison, and his master's letter taken from him, before there had been any time to act upon its treacherous suggestions.[1] When the earl wrote letters with his own hand to his sovereign, of so secret a nature that he did not even retain a single copy for himself, for fear of discovery, he found, to his infinite disgust, that the states were at once provided with an authentic transcript of every line that he had written.[2]

Spain, without regard to you; . . . that the Earl of Leicester was by us directed to surprise divers towns, to yield to the king, if you would not assent to peace, with many more such false and slanderous bruits spread—yea, believed and maintained for some time by some of your own number, all which we affirm, on the word of a prince, most false and maliciously devised with devilish minds, abhorring, as it seemeth, all liking of godly peace and quietness," etc.—Queen to the states, September 20, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[1] Meteren, xiv. 255. "This letter they have taken perforce from him, and committed first my man to prison, which I think was never durst to be attempted before, and puts me past my patience, I assure you."—Leicester to Walsingham, July 4, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] "I am credibly informed by an honest man," says Leicester, "who says he saw it, that the states have a copy of my last instru-

It was therefore useless, almost puerile, to deny facts which were quite as much within the knowledge of the Netherlanders as of himself. The worst consequence of the concealment was that a deeper treachery was thought possible than actually existed. "The fellow they call Barneveldt,"[1] as Leicester was in the habit of designating one of the first statesmen in Europe, was perhaps justified, knowing what he did, in suspecting more. Being furnished with a list of commissioners, already secretly agreed upon between the English and Spanish governments, to treat for peace, while at the same time the earl was beating his breast and flatly denying that there was any intention of treating with Parma at all, it was not unnatural that he should imagine a still wider and deeper scheme than really existed against the best interests of his country. He may have expressed, in private conversation, some suspicions of this nature, but there is direct evidence that he never stated in public anything which was not afterward proved to be matter of fact, or of legitimate infer-

ment, as also of the letter of her Majesty written lately privately to me, touching the dealing in the peace. Yea, further, that they are thoroughly and particularly made acquainted with a late letter of mine to her Majesty, written with my own hand, whereof I would have no copy taken, because I would have no man acquaint with it. In which letter I informed her Majesty at length of all things here, and gave her also, in some sort, my private advice. They have, by some means, got knowledge of the contents thereof, and have intimated the same secretly to the provinces, intending thereby to draw me into hatred and suspicion of the people, as though this dealing for peace were procured for me. But for this matter, I shall hope to deal well enough, for this treacherous usage of her Majesty's secrets," etc.—Leicester to Walsingham, August 28, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[1] Leicester to Burghley, September 10–11, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

ence from the secret document which had come into his hands. The queen exhausted herself in opprobrious language against those who dared to impute to her a design to obtain possession of the cities and strong places of the Netherlands, in order to secure a position in which to compel the provinces into obedience to her policy. She urged, with much logic, that as she had refused the sovereignty of the whole country when offered to her, she was not likely to form surreptitious schemes to make herself mistress of a portion of it. On the other hand, it was very obvious that to accept the sovereignty of Philip's rebellious provinces was to declare war upon Philip, whereas, had she been pacifically inclined toward that sovereign, and treacherously disposed toward the Netherlands, it would be a decided advantage to her to have those strong places in her power. But the suspicions as to her good faith were exaggerated. As to the intentions of Leicester, the states were justified in their almost unlimited distrust. It is very certain that both in 1586, and again at this very moment, when Elizabeth was most vehement in denouncing such aspersions on her government, he had unequivocally declared to her his intention of getting possession, if possible, of several cities, and of the whole island of Walcheren, which, together with the cautionary towns already in his power, would enable the queen to make good terms for herself with Spain, "if *the worst came to the worst.*"[1] It will also soon be shown that he

[1] "I will go to Medemblik (the next town to Enkhuizen), which is at your Majesty's devotion, as the governor thereof [Sonoy] is, and will do my best to recover Enkhuizen ere I depart thence. Then, indeed, your Majesty, *having Flushing, Brill, and Utrecht*, as you have, and these, ye shall be able to bring the peace

did his best to carry these schemes into execution. There is no evidence, however, and no probability, that he had received the royal commands to perpetrate such a crime.

The states believed, also, that in those secret negotiations with Parma the queen was disposed to sacrifice the religious interests of the Netherlands. In this they were mistaken. But they had reason for their mistake, because the negotiator De Loo had expressly said that, in her overtures to Farnese, she had abandoned that point altogether.[1] If this had been so, it would have simply been a consent, on the part of Elizabeth, that the

to better conditions, *and bridle these states of Holland at your pleasure.* . . . They are full of shifts, and yet *such as for this matter* may ask toleration, for *how hateful a matter peace hath been to the generality* almost of all these countries is *well known to all persons,* and how *loathsome* a thing *it is to all* but to such as for love and trust in your Majesty will conform themselves, I can sufficiently testify; and it is the only cause of the world for them to be careful in their dealing, for it doth confirm them and their posterity both in their lives and liberties, and therefore to be borne withal, if they take deliberation."—Leicester to the queen, October 9, 1587, S. P. Office MS. Yet the earl, notwithstanding this admission, avows his determination of *bridling* the states by gaining possession of their cities.

And again a month later: "I will not be idle to do all that in me shall lie to make this island of *Walcheren assured,* whatsoever shall fall out; which, if it may be, *your Majesty shall the less fear to make a good bargain for yourself,* when the worst shall come." —Leicester to the queen, November 5, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[1] "I have sent her Majesty another letter from De Loo, whereby it seemeth that now very lately her Majesty hath given him to understand that she will not insist upon the matter of religion further than shall be with the king's honor and conscience. Whereupon De Loo taketh no small hold, and if she keep that course, all will go to ruin, as I have written to her Majesty." —Buckhurst to Walsingham, June 18, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

Catholic religion and the Inquisition should be reëstablished in the provinces, to the exclusion of every other form of worship or polity. In truth, however, the position taken by her Majesty on the subject was as fair as could be reasonably expected. Certainly she was no advocate for religious *liberty*. She chose that her own subjects should be Protestants, because she had chosen to be a Protestant herself, and because it was an incident of her supremacy to dictate uniformity of creed to all beneath her scepter. No more than her father, who sent to the stake or gallows heretics to transubstantiation as well as believers in the pope, had Elizabeth the faintest idea of religious freedom. Heretics to the English Church were persecuted, fined, imprisoned, mutilated, and murdered, by sword, rope, and fire. In some respects the practice toward those who dissented from Elizabeth was more immoral and illogical, even if less cruel, than that to which those were subjected who rebelled against Sixtus. The Act of Uniformity required papists to assist at the Protestant worship, but wealthy papists could obtain immunity by an enormous fine. The Roman excuse to destroy bodies in order to save souls could scarcely be alleged by a church which might be bribed into connivance at heresy, and which derived a revenue from the very nonconformity for which humbler victims were sent to the gallows. It would, however, be unjust in the extreme to overlook the enormous difference in the amount of persecution exercised respectively by the Protestant and the Roman Church. It is probable that not many more than two hundred Catholics[1] were executed as such in Elizabeth's

[1] "Dod reckons them at 191; Milner has raised the list to 204. Fifteen of these, according to him, suffered for denying the queen's

reign, and this was tenscore too many. But what was this against eight hundred heretics burned, hanged, and drowned in one Easter week by Alva, against the eighteen thousand two hundred sent to stake and scaffold, as he boasted, during his administration, against the vast numbers of Protestants, whether they be counted by tens or by hundreds of thousands, who perished by the edicts of Charles V. in the Netherlands, or in the single St. Bartholomew massacre in France? Moreover, it should never be forgotten, from undue anxiety for impartiality, that most of the Catholics who were executed in England suffered as conspirators rather than as heretics. No foreign potentate, claiming to be vicegerent of Christ, had denounced Philip as a bastard and usurper, or had, by means of a blasphemous fiction, which then was a terrible reality, severed the bonds of allegiance by which his subjects were held, cut him off from all communion with his fellow-creatures, and promised temporal rewards and a crown of glory in heaven to those who should succeed in depriving him of throne

supremacy, 126 for exercising their ministry, and the rest for being reconciled to the Romish Church. Many others died of hardships in prison, and many were deprived of their property. There seems, nevertheless, to be good reason for doubting whether any one who was executed might not have saved his life by explicitly denying the pope's power to depose the queen. This certainly furnishes a distinction between the persecution under Elizabeth (which, unjust as it was in its operation, yet, so far as it extended to capital inflictions, had in view the security of the government) and that which the Protestants had sustained in her sister's reign, springing from mere bigotry and vindictive rancor."—Hallam's Constitutional History, 5th edition (Murray, 1846), i. 163. Compare Lingard, viii. 356, 513; Strype, iii. iv.; and see, in particular, chapters iii. and iv. of Hallam, in which the dealings of Elizabeth in religious matters are profoundly investigated.

and life. Yet this was the position of Elizabeth. It was war to the knife between her and Rome, declared by Rome itself; nor was there any doubt whatever that the seminary priests—seedlings transplanted from foreign nurseries, which were as watered gardens for the growth of treason—were a perpetually organized band of conspirators and assassins, with whom it was hardly an act of excessive barbarity to deal in somewhat summary fashion. Doubtless it would have been a more lofty policy, and a far more intelligent one, to extend toward the Catholics of England, who as a body were loyal to their country, an ample toleration. But it could scarcely be expected that Elizabeth Tudor, as imperious and absolute by temperament as her father had ever been, would be capable of embodying that great principle.

When, in the preliminaries to the negotiations of 1587, therefore, it was urged, on the part of Spain, that the queen was demanding a concession of religious liberty from Philip to the Netherlanders which she refused to English heretics, and that he only claimed the same right of dictating a creed to his subjects which she exercised in regard to her own, Lord Burghley replied that the statement was correct. The queen permitted, it was true, no man to profess any religion but the one which she professed. At the same time it was declared to be unjust that those persons in the Netherlands who had been for years in the habit of practising Protestant rites should be *suddenly* compelled, *without instruction*, to abandon that form of worship. It was well known that many would rather die than submit to such oppression, and it was affirmed that the exercise of this cruelty would be resisted by her to the uttermost. There was no hint of the propriety, on any logical basis,

of leaving the question of creed as a matter between man and his Maker, with which any dictation on the part of crown or state was an act of odious tyranny. There was not even a suggestion that the Protestant doctrines were true and the Catholic doctrines false. The matter was merely taken up on the *uti possidetis* principle, that they who had acquired the fact of Protestant worship had a right to retain it, and could not justly be deprived of it, except by instruction and persuasion. It was also affirmed that it was not the English practice to inquire into men's consciences. It would have been difficult, however, to make that very clear to Philip's comprehension, because, if men, women, and children were scourged with rods, imprisoned, and hanged if they refused to conform publicly to a ceremony at which their consciences revolted,—unless they had money enough to purchase nonconformity,—it seemed to be the practice to inquire very effectively into their consciences.[1]

[1] "And when De Loo reporteth an objection made to him that there is no more reason for the king to yield to any of his subjects liberty of religion contrary to the one he professeth no more than her Majesty doth to any of hers, indeed, at the first appearance, this objection seemeth of good moment to be allowed, and, until it be answered, ought to be taken by the Duke of Parma; but if the diversities of the comparison shall be marked, the case also will therein be changed. The queen's Majesty, *indeed, never did permit*, either publicly or privately, that any persons for these seven years should use any exercise of religion contrary to that form received and established by public authority; so as none can challenge that they were by any liberty suffered to use any other, which is contrary to the Low Countries, for the space of about six years. But if her Majesty had so permitted, surely reason would move her not to constrain, otherwise than by instruction, any that by reason of her permission had governed their consciences to the contrary. And because it may be also further objected, as most

But if there was a certain degree of disingenuousness on the part of Elizabeth toward the states, her attitude toward Parma was one of perfect sincerity. A perusal of the secret correspondence leaves no doubt whatever on that point. She was seriously and fervently desirous of peace with Spain. On the part of Farnese and his master there was the most unscrupulous mendacity, while the confiding simplicity and truthfulness of the queen in these negotiations were almost pathetic. Especially she declared her trust in the royal and upright character of Parma, in which she was sure of never being disappointed. It is only doing justice to Alexander to say that he was as much deceived by her frankness as she by his falsehood. It never entered his head that a royal personage and the trusted councilors of a great kingdom could be telling the truth in a secret international transaction, and he justified the industry with which his master and himself piled fiction upon

falsely is divulged, to more offense against her Majesty from Catholic places, that she doth so severely punish them that are in conscience contrarily affected, it is to be avowed for a certain truth that her Majesty never did allow that any person was by inquisition urged to show his conscience in any matter of faith, nor ever was punished for professing only of his opinion in his conscience, but what any have beside their profession of their conscience, moved by others by open acts to break the law, or have, under color of encouraging others to change their form of religion, persuaded them also to alter their obedience in all worldly duties, to practise rebellion in the realm, to solicit invasions, and flatly to deny the queen's Majesty to be their lawful queen. In those cases, her Majesty and all her ministers of justice had cause to withstand such violent courses under colors of religion; and otherwise than to withstand these most dangerous attempts, her Majesty did never allow any should lose their lives and shed their blood."—Rough draft of Burghley, March 9, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, c. ix. p. 122, MS.

fiction by their utter disbelief in every word which came to them from England.

The private negotiations had been commenced, or rather had been renewed, very early in February of this year. During the whole critical period which preceded and followed the execution of Mary, in the course of which the language of Elizabeth toward the states had been so shrewish, there had been the gentlest diplomatic cooing between Farnese and herself. It was: "Dear cousin, you know how truly I confide in your sincerity, how anxious I am that this most desirable peace should be arranged"; and it was: "Sacred Majesty, you know how much joy I feel in your desire for the repose of the world, and for a solid peace between your Highness and the king my master; how much I delight in concord; *how incapable I am by ambiguous words of spinning out these transactions or of deceiving your Majesty*, and what a hatred I feel for steel, fire, and blood."[1]

Four or five months rolled on, during which Leicester had been wasting time in England, Farnese wasting none before Sluis, and the states doing their best to

[1] Parma to Queen Elizabeth, February 18, 1587. Same to same, April 5, 1587. Queen to Parma, April 13, 1587. Arch. de Sim. MSS. And even later still:

"Such is the good opinion conceived of the Duke of Parma," wrote Burghley, "for his own nature and worthiness in all places, that he is a prince of honor in keeping his promise, without respect of any gain or benefit. And, to tell you true, it is the only foundation which her Majesty maketh to proceed in this treaty, against the opinion of very many, in that she esteemeth the duke to have great regard to his word and promise, and also an opinion that she hath, though he be a great man of war, that he is Christianly disposed rather to maintain peace than to raise war, whereof her Majesty looketh to make proof by this treaty," etc.—Burghley to A. de Loo, October 10, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

counteract the schemes both of their enemy and of their ally. De Loo made a visit, in July, to the camp of the Duke of Parma, and received the warmest assurances of his pacific dispositions. "I am much pained," said Alexander, "with this procrastination. I am so full of sincerity myself that it seems to me a very strange matter, this hostile descent by Drake upon the coasts of Spain. The result of such courses will be that the king will end by being exasperated, and I shall be touched in my honor, so great is the hopes I have held out of being able to secure a peace. I have ever been and I still am most anxious for concord, from the affection I bear to her sacred Majesty. I have been obliged, much against my will, to take the field again. I could wish now that our negotiations might terminate before the arrival of my fresh troops, namely, nine thousand Spaniards and nine thousand Italians, which, with Walloons, Germans, and Lorrainers, will give me an effective total of thirty thousand soldiers. Of this I give you my word as a gentleman. Go, then, Andrew de Loo," continued the duke, "write to her sacred Majesty that I desire to make peace and to serve her faithfully, and that I shall not change my mind, even in case of any great success, for I like to proceed rather by the ways of love than of rigor and effusion of blood."[1]

"I can assure you, O most serene Duke," replied Andrew, "that the most serene queen is in the very same dispositions with yourself."

"Excellent well, then," said the duke; "we shall come to an agreement at once, and the sooner the deputies on both sides are appointed the better."

A feeble proposition was then made, on the part of

[1] De Loo to Burghley, July 11, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

the peace-loving Andrew, that the hostile operations against Sluis should be at once terminated. But this did not seem so clear to the most serene duke. He had gone to great expense in that business, and he had not built bridges, erected forts, and dug mines, only to abandon them for a few fine words. Fine words were plenty, but they raised no sieges. Meantime these pacific and gentle murmurings from Farnese's camp had lulled the queen into forgetfulness of Roger Williams and Arnold Groenevelt and their men, fighting day and night in trench and mine during that critical midsummer. The wily tongue of the duke had been more effective than his batteries in obtaining the much-coveted city. The queen obstinately held back her men and money, confident of effecting a treaty whether Sluis fell or not. Was it strange that the states should be distrustful of her intentions, and, in their turn, become neglectful of their duty?[1]

And thus summer wore into autumn, Sluis fell, the states and their governor-general were at daggers drawn, the Netherlanders were full of distrust with regard to England, Alexander hinted doubts as to the queen's sincerity; the secret negotiations, though fertile in suspicions, jealousies, delays, and such foul weeds, had produced no wholesome fruit, and the excellent De Loo became very much depressed. At last a letter from Burghley relieved his drooping spirits. From the most disturbed and melancholy man in the world, he protested, he had now become merry and quiet.[2] He

[1] Burghley to De Loo, July 18, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] "Da turbato e melancolico m' ha del tutto quietato e fatto star allegro," etc.—De Loo to Burghley, September 26, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

straightway went off to the Duke of Parma, with the letter in his pocket, and translated it to him by candle-light, as he was careful to state, as an important point in his narrative. And Farnese was fuller of fine phrases than ever.

"There is no cause whatever," said he, in a most loving manner, "to doubt my sincerity. Yet the lord treasurer intimates that the most serene queen is disposed so to do. But if I had not the very best intentions and desires for peace, I should never have made the first overtures. If I did not wish a pacific solution, what in the world forced me to do what I have done? On the contrary, it is I that have reason to suspect the other parties, with their long delays, by which they have made me lose the best part of the summer."[1]

He then commented on the strong expressions in the English letters as to the continuance of her Majesty in her pious resolutions, observed that he was thoroughly advised of the disputes between the Earl of Leicester and the states, and added that it was very important for the deputies to arrive at the time indicated by the queen.

"Whatever is to be done," said he, in conclusion, "let

[1] "Con dire amorevolmente lo che sigue—non e (disse), causa alcuna di dubitare della mia sincera mente—si come sullo fine della l^ra si fa menzione che la ser^ma regina lo potrebbe fare—perche se non avessi havuto boniss^ma disposizione e desiderio della pace non sarei gia ito a farne la prima apertura mi medesimo, e condescendere alle cose che sapete (disse a me) se non si fosse stata intenzione di volerne venir a una conclusione (agiongendo) che cosa mi forzava di farlo? Anzi piuttosto avrei occasione io di suspettar loro con tante sorte di dilazioni e haver mi fatto perdere la meglior parte de l' estate," etc.—De Loo to Burghley, MS. last cited.

it be done quickly"; and with that he said he would go and eat a bit of supper.

"And may I communicate Lord Burghley's letter to any one else?" asked De Loo.

"Yes, yes, to the Seigneur de Champagny, and to my secretary Cosimo," answered his Highness.

So the merchant negotiator proceeded at once to the mansion of Champagny, in company with the secretary Cosimo. There was a long conference, in which De Loo was informed of many things which he thoroughly believed and faithfully transmitted to the court of Elizabeth. Alexander had done his best, they said, to delay the arrival of his fresh troops. He had withdrawn from the field on various pretexts, hoping, day after day, that the English commissioners would arrive, and that a firm and perpetual peace would succeed to the miseries of war. But as time wore away, and there came no commissioners, the duke had come to the painful conclusion that he had been trifled with.[1] His forces would now be sent into Holland to find something to eat, and this would insure the total destruction of all that territory. He had also written to command all the officers of the coming troops to hasten their march, in order that he might avoid incurring still deeper censure. He was much ashamed, in truth, to have been wheedled into passing the whole fine season in idleness.[2] He had been sacrificing himself for her sacred Majesty, and to serve her best interests; and now he found himself the object of her mirth.[3] Those who ought to be well informed

[1] "Ma a l' ultimo il Duca vedendo la continua dilazione, con giudicare che si burlasse," etc.—De Loo to Burghley, MS. last cited.

[2] "Trovandosi vergogniato davere, lasciato scorrere si bella stagione in ozio," etc.—Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

had assured him that the queen was only waiting to see how the King of Navarre was getting on with the auxiliary force just going to him from Germany, that she had no intention whatever to make peace, and that, before long, he might expect all these German mercenaries upon his shoulders in the Netherlands. Nevertheless, he was prepared to receive them with forty thousand good infantry, a splendid cavalry force, and plenty of money.[1]

All this and more did the credulous Andrew greedily devour, and he lost no time in communicating the important intelligence to her Majesty and the lord treasurer. He implored her, he said, upon his bare knees, prostrate on the ground, and from the most profound and veritable center of his heart, and with all his soul and all his strength,[2] to believe in the truth of the matters thus confided to him. He would pledge his immortal soul, which was of more value to him, as he correctly observed, than even the crown of Spain, that the king, the duke, and his counselors were most sincerely desirous of peace, and actuated by the most loving and benevolent motives. Alexander Farnese was "the antidote to the Duke of Alva," kindly sent by Heaven, *ut contraria contrariis curenter;* and if the entire security of the sacred queen were not now obtained, together with a perfect reintegration of love between her Majesty and the King of Spain, and with the assured tranquillity and perpetual prosperity of the Netherlands, it would be the fault of England, not of Spain.[3]

And no doubt the merchant believed all that was told

[1] De Loo to Burghley, MS. last cited.

[2] "Flexis nudisque genibus humi prostratus, dal piu profondo e vero centro del mio cuore et ex corde et ex tota anima," etc. —Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

him, and—what was worse—that he fully impressed his own convictions upon her Majesty and Lord Burghley, to say nothing of the controller, who, poor man, had great facility in believing anything that came from the court of the Most Catholic King. Yet it is painful to reflect that in all these communications of Alexander and his agents there was not one single word of truth. It was all false from beginning to end, as to the countermanding of the troops, as to the pacific intentions of the king and duke, and as to the proposed campaign in Friesland in case of rupture, and all the rest. But this will be conclusively proved a little later.

Meantime the conference had been most amicable and satisfactory. And when business was over, Champagny —not a whit the worse for the severe jilting which he had so recently sustained from the widow De Bours, now Mrs. Aristotle Patton—invited De Loo and Secretary Cosimo to supper. And the three made a night of it, sitting up late, and draining such huge bumpers to the health of the Queen of England that, as the excellent Andrew subsequently informed Lord Burghley, his head ached most bravely next morning.[1]

And so, amid the din of hostile preparation not only in Cadiz and Lisbon, but in Ghent and Sluis and Antwerp, the import of which it seemed difficult to mistake, the comedy of negotiation was still rehearsing, and the principal actors were already familiar with their respective parts. There were the Earl of Derby, Knight of the

[1] "Con sommo contentamento del uno e l' altro, a tal segno, che tenendoci il S[r] de Champagny a cena, con far li ragione di buon cuore d' un gran brindisi che fece alla sanitá di sua sacra Maesta, mi dolse (con licenza per dirlo come va) la mattina seguente bravamente la testa."—A. de Loo to Burghley, September 26, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

Garter, and my Lord Cobham, and puzzling James Croft, and other Englishmen, actually believing that the farce was a solemn reality; there was Alexander of Parma, thoroughly aware of the contrary; there was Andrew de Loo, more talkative, more credulous, more busy than ever, and more fully impressed with the importance of his mission; and there was the white-bearded lord treasurer, turning complicated paragraphs, shaking his head, and waving his wand across the water, as if, by such expedients, the storm about to burst over England could be dispersed.

The commissioners should come, if only the Duke of Parma would declare, on his word of honor, that these hostile preparations, with which all Christendom was ringing, were not intended against England; or, if that really were the case, if he would request his master to abandon all such schemes, and if Philip in consequence would promise, on the honor of a prince, to make no hostile attempts against that country.[1]

[1] "If you can possibly, I require you to obtain of the duke, in writing under his hand, an assurance either of his knowledge that these preparations are not nor shall be meant against any of her Majesty's dominions, or otherwise, if he be not able to assure the same, then, at the least, that he will, by his writing, assure her Majesty that he will, upon his honor, with all expedition, send to the king his advice to stay all hostile actions, or to have the king's answer, like a prince of honor, whether he intendeth or no to employ these forces against her Majesty, which, though in some construction may seem hard to require of a king intending hostility, yet, as the case is, when her Majesty yieldeth to a cessation of arms, and to a treaty of peace with the king, is a request most reasonable to make, and honorable for the king to grant. . . . Such are the frequent reports out of Spain of these preparations, and *yet her Majesty will stand to the duke's answer*, if the army shall not be known to be actually prepared against England—

There would really seem an almost Arcadian simplicity in such demands, coming from so practised a statesman as the lord treasurer, and from a woman of such brilliant intellect as Elizabeth unquestionably possessed. But we read the history of 1587 not only by the light of subsequent events, but by the almost microscopic revelations of sentiments and motives which a full perusal of the secret documents in those ancient cabinets affords. At that moment it was not ignorance nor dullness which was leading England toward the pitfall so artfully dug by Spain. There was trust in the plighted word of a chivalrous soldier like Alexander Farnese,[1] of a most religious and anointed monarch like Philip II. English frankness, playing cards upon the table, was no match for Italian and Spanish legerdemain—a system according to which, to defraud the antagonist by every kind of falsehood and trickery was the legitimate end of diplomacy and statesmanship. It was well known that there were great preparations in Spain, Portugal, and the obedient Netherlands, by land and sea. But Sir Robert Sydney[2] was persuaded that the expedition was

which if it shall be, no man will think it meet that her commissioners should come."—Burghley to A. de Loo, October 10, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[1] As early as August the duke had proposed a cessation of arms, to grant which, as has been abundantly shown by his private correspondence, was never in his thoughts. "The Duke of Parma, to the end the treaty may proceed with better success, hath made offer unto us to yield to a cessation of arms, having put us also in hope that such forces as are now preparing in Italy, amounting to fifteen thousand footmen at the least, shall be stayed."—Queen to Leicester, August 9, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 293, MS.

[2] "There came some out of Spain very lately, that say the preparations there are for a certain place in Africk, which greatly imports the passage of both the Indies. The admiral of the Turks

intended for Africa; even the pope was completely mystified,—to the intense delight of Philip,—and Burghley, enlightened by the sagacious De Loo, was convinced that, even in case of a rupture, the whole strength of the Spanish arms was to be exerted in reducing Friesland and Overyssel. But Walsingham was never deceived; for he had learned from Demosthenes a lesson with which William the Silent, in his famous "Apology," had made the world familiar, that *the only citadel against a tyrant and a conqueror was distrust.*

Alexander, much grieved that doubts should still be felt as to his sincerity, renewed the most exuberant expressions of that sentiment, together with gentle complaints against the dilatoriness which had proceeded from the doubt. Her Majesty had long been aware, he said, of his anxiety to bring about a perfect reconciliation; but he had waited, month after month, for her commissioners, and had waited in vain. His hopes had been dashed to the ground. The affair had been indefinitely spun out, and he could not resist the conviction that her Majesty had changed her mind. Nevertheless, as Andrew de Loo was again proceeding to England, the duke seized the opportunity once more to kiss her hand, and, although he had well-nigh resolved to think no more on the subject, to renew his declarations that if the much-coveted peace were not concluded, the blame could not be imputed to him, and that he should stand guiltless before God and the world. He had done, and was still ready to do, all which became a Christian and a man desirous of the public welfare and tranquillity.[1]

was to leave it last year with sixty galleys."—Sir R. Sydney to Leicester, December 31, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. ii. p. 288, MS.

[1] "E cosi da canto mio haveva preparato gli affari di manera, e

When Burghley read these fine phrases, he was much impressed, and they were pronounced at the English court to be "very princely and Christianly." An elaborate comment, too, was drawn up by the controller on every line of the letter. "These be very good words," said the controller.[1]

But the queen was more pleased with the last proof of the duke's sincerity than even Burghley and Croft had been. Disregarding all the warnings of Walsingham, she renewed her expressions of boundless confidence in the wily Italian. "We do assure you," wrote the lords, "and so you shall do well to avow it to the duke upon our honors, that her Majesty saith she thinketh both their minds to accord upon one good and Christian meaning, though their ministers may perchance sound upon a discord."[1]

messo il tutto in termine, che V^ra^ Ma^ta^ haveva potuto conoscere qual zelo ch' io abbraciara questa occasione, e quanto io desiderava di veder rivertire la buona e mutua intelligenza fra il Re mio signore et la V^ra^ M^ta^. Ma vedendo che non obstante le tante speranze che m' eravano state date della venuta dei commissarii di V^ra^ M^ta^, la cosa si va tuttavia tirando al lungo, io non posso se non dubitaire ch' ella habbia mutato d' opinione, e se ben io ero quasi resoluto di non ci pensar piu, tuttavia ritornandosene per di la il detto Andrea mi parse di scriver ancor questi pochi versi, tanto per non perder l' occasione di baciar humil^te^ le mani a V^ra^ M^ta^ quanto per assigurarla che non restara per me, che la risoluzione presa, non passi avanti, e che succedendo altrimente ne saro scusato inanzi a Dio et al mondo, e havero almeno satisfatto a me medesimo, d' haver fatto quello che l' obligo Christiano, et di persona desiderosa del bene e riposo publico m' obligara."—Parma to Queen Elizabeth, October 30 (November 9), 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[1] The lords to A. de Loo, November 11, 1587, S. P. Office MS. And if blunt Sir Roger Williams had been standing by when the remark was made, he might have exclaimed, with his countryman, honest Hugh Evans, "Good worts, good worts—good cabbage!"

[2] Ibid.

And she repeated her resolution to send over her commissioners so soon as the duke had satisfied her as to the hostile preparations.

We have now seen the good faith of the English queen toward the Spanish government. We have seen her boundless trust in the sincerity of Farnese and his master. We have heard the exuberant professions of an honest intention to bring about a firm and lasting peace which fell from the lips of Farnese and of his confidential agents. It is now necessary to glide for a moment into the secret cabinet of Philip, in order to satisfy ourselves as to the value of all those professions. The attention of the reader is solicited to these investigations, because the year 1587 was a most critical period in the history of English, Dutch, and European liberty. The coming year 1588 had been long spoken of in prophecy as the year of doom, perhaps of the destruction of the world; but it was in 1587, the year of expectation and preparation, that the materials were slowly combining out of which that year's history was to be formed.

And there sat the patient letter-writer in his cabinet, busy with his schemes. His gray head was whitening fast. He was sixty years of age. His frame was slight, his figure stooping, his digestion very weak, his manner more glacial and sepulchral than ever; but if there were a hard-working man in Europe, that man was Philip II. And there he sat at his table, scrawling his apostils. The fine, innumerable threads which stretched across the surface of Christendom, and covered it as with a net, all converged in that silent, cheerless cell. France was kept in a state of perpetual civil war; the Netherlands had been converted into a shambles; Ireland was maintained in a state of chronic rebellion; Scotland was torn

with internal feuds, regularly organized and paid for by Philip, and its young monarch—"that lying King of Scots," as Leicester called him—was kept in a leash ready to be slipped upon England when his master should give the word; and England herself was palpitating with the daily expectation of seeing a disciplined horde of brigands let loose upon her shores: and all this misery, past, present, and future, was almost wholly due to the exertions of that gray-haired letter-writer at his peaceful library table.

At the very beginning of the year the King of Denmark had made an offer to Philip of mediation. The letter, intrusted to a young Count de Rantzan, had been intercepted by the states, the envoy not having availed himself in time of his diplomatic capacity, and having in consequence been treated, for a moment, like a prisoner of war. The states had immediately addressed earnest letters of protest to Queen Elizabeth, declaring that nothing which the enemy could do in war was half so horrible to them as the mere mention of peace. Life, honor, religion, liberty, their all, were at stake, they said, and would go down in one universal shipwreck if peace should be concluded; and they implored her Majesty to avert the proposed intercession of the Danish king.[1] Wilkes wrote to Walsingham,[2] denouncing that monarch and his ministers as stipendiaries of Spain, while, on the other hand, the Duke of Parma, after courteously thanking the king for his offer of mediation, described him to Philip as such a dogged heretic[3] that no good was to be

[1] Bor, ii. xxii. 945–948. Meteren, xii. 247.

[2] Wilkes to Walsingham, December 3, 1586, S. P. Office MS.

[3] "Emperrado erege," etc.—Parma to Philip, January 10, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

derived from him, except by meeting his fraudulent offers with an equally fraudulent response. There will be nothing lost, said Alexander, by affecting to listen to his proposals, and meantime your Majesty must proceed with the preparations against England.[1] This was in the first week of the year 1587.

In February, and almost on the very day when Parma was writing those affectionate letters to Elizabeth, breathing nothing but peace, he was carefully conning Philip's directions in regard to the all-important business of the invasion. He was informed by his master that one hundred vessels, forty of them of largest size, were quite ready, together with twelve thousand Spanish infantry, including three thousand of the old legion, and that there were volunteers more than enough. Philip had also taken note, he said, of Alexander's advice as to choosing the season when the crops in England had just been got in, as the harvest of so fertile a country would easily support an invading force; but he advised, nevertheless, that the army should be thoroughly victualed at starting.[2] Finding that Alexander did not quite approve of the Irish part of the plan, he would reconsider the point, and think more of the Isle of Wight; but perhaps still some other place might be discovered, a descent upon which might inspire that enemy with still greater terror and confusion. It would be difficult for him, he said, to grant the six thousand men asked for by the Scotch malcontents without seriously weakening his Armada; but there must be no positive refusal, for a concerted action with the Scotch lords and their adherents was indispensable. The secret, said the king,

[1] Parma to Philip, MS. last cited.

[2] Philip to Parma, February 28, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

had been profoundly kept, and neither in Spain nor in Rome had anything been allowed to transpire. Alexander was warned, therefore, to do his best to maintain the mystery, for the enemy was trying very hard to penetrate their actions and their thoughts.[1]

And certainly Alexander did his best. He replied to his master by transmitting copies of the letters he had been writing with his own hand to the queen, and of the pacific messages he had sent her through Champagny and De Loo.[2] She is just now somewhat confused, said he, and those of her councilors who desire peace are more eager than ever for negotiation. She is very much afflicted with the loss of Deventer, and is quarreling with the French ambassador about the new conspiracy for her assassination. The opportunity is a good one, and if she writes an answer to my letter, said Alexander, we can keep the negotiation alive, while, if she does not,'t will be a proof that she has contracted leagues with other parties. But, in any event, the duke fervently implored Philip not to pause in his preparations for the great enterprise which he had conceived in his royal breast.[3] So urgent for the invasion was the peace-loving general.

He alluded also to the supposition that the quarrel between her Majesty and the French envoy was a mere fetch, and only one of the results of Bellièvre's mission. Whether that diplomatist had been sent to censure, or in reality to approve, in the name of his master, of the Scottish queen's execution, Alexander would leave to be discussed by Don Bernardino de Mendoza, the Spanish

[1] Philip to Parma, MS. last cited.
[2] Parma to Philip, March 22, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.
[3] Ibid.

ambassador in Paris; but he was of opinion that the anger of the queen with France was a fiction, and her supposed league with France and Germany against Spain a fact.[1] Upon this point, as it appears from Secretary Walsingham's lamentations, the astute Farnese was mistaken. In truth, he was frequently led into error by attributing to the English policy the same serpentine movement and venomous purpose which characterized his own; and we have already seen that Elizabeth was ready, on the contrary, to quarrel with the states, with France, with all the world, if she could only secure the good will of Philip.

The French matter, indissolubly connected, in that monarch's schemes, with his designs upon England and Holland, was causing Alexander much anxiety. He foresaw great difficulty in maintaining that indispensable civil war in France, and thought that a peace might, some fine day, be declared between Henry III. and the Huguenots, when least expected. In consequence, the Duke of Guise was becoming very importunate for Philip's subsidies. "Mucio comes begging to me," said Parma, "with the very greatest earnestness, and utters nothing but lamentations and cries of misery.[2] He asked for twenty-five thousand of the one hundred and fifty thousand ducats promised him. I gave them. Soon afterward he writes, with just as much anxiety, for twenty-five thousand more. These I did not give; firstly, because I had them not" (which would seem a sufficient reason), "and, secondly, because I wished to protract matters as much as possible. He is constantly

Parma to Philip, MS. last cited.

[2] "Con grandissima instancia y de clarandome lastimas y miserias."—Ibid.

reminding me of your Majesty's promise of three hundred thousand ducats in case he comes to a rupture with the King of France, and I always assure him that your Majesty will keep all promises."[1]

Philip, on his part, through the months of spring, continued to assure his generalissimo of his steady preparations by sea and land. He had ordered Mendoza to pay the Scotch lords the sum demanded by them, but not till after they had done the deed agreed upon; and as to the six thousand men, he felt obliged, he said, to defer that matter for the moment, and to leave the decision upon it to the duke.[2] Farnese kept his sovereign minutely informed of the negotiations carried on through Champagny and De Loo, and expressed his constant opinion that the queen was influenced by motives as hypocritical as his own. She was only seeking, he said, to deceive, to defraud, to put him to sleep, by those feigned negotiations, while she was making her combinations with France and Germany for the ruin of Spain. There was no virtue to be expected from her, except she was compelled thereto by pure necessity.[3] The English, he said, were hated and abhorred by the natives of Holland and Zealand,[4] and it behooved Philip to seize so favorable an opportunity for urging on his great plan with all the speed in the world. It might be that the queen, seeing these mighty preparations, even although not suspecting that she herself was to be

[1] Parma to Philip, MS. last cited.

[2] Philip to Parma, April 15, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[3] "No es aguardar de ella ninguna virtud, sino fuesse forzada de la pura necesidad."—Parma to Philip, April 12, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[4] "Odiados y aborrecidos de los naturales de Olanda y Zelanda." —Ibid.

invaded, would tremble for her safety if the Netherlands should be crushed. But if she succeeded in deceiving Spain and putting Philip and Parma to sleep, she might well boast of having made fools of them all.[1] The negotiations for peace and the preparations for the invasion should go simultaneously forward, therefore, and the money would, in consequence, come more sparingly to the provinces from the English coffers, and the disputes between England and the states would be multiplied. The duke also begged to be informed whether any terms could be laid down upon which the king really would conclude peace, in order that he might make no mistake for want of instructions or requisite powers. The condition of France was becoming more alarming every day, he said. In other words, there was an ever-growing chance of peace for that distracted country. The Queen of England was cementing a strong league between herself, the French king, and the Huguenots, and matters were looking very serious. The impending peace in France would never do, and Philip should prevent it in time, by giving Mucio his money. Unless the French are entangled and at war among themselves, it is quite clear, said Alexander, that we can never think of carrying out our great scheme of invading England.[2]

The king thoroughly concurred in all that was said and done by his faithful governor and general. He had no intention of concluding a peace on any terms whatever, and therefore could name no conditions; but he

[1] "Se podria jactar de haber nos burlado."—Parma to Philip, MS. last cited.

[2] "Sin quedar embarazados los franceses entre si es claro que no se podria pensar a la efectuacion del negocio."—Ibid.

quite approved of a continuance of the negotiations. The English, he was convinced, were utterly false on their part, and the King of Denmark's proposition to mediate was part and parcel of the same general fiction. He was quite sensible of the necessity of giving Mucio the money to prevent a pacification in France, and would send letters of exchange on Agostino Spinola for the three hundred thousand ducats. Meantime Farnese was to go on steadily with his preparations for the invasion.[1]

The secretary of state, Don Juan de Idiaquez, also wrote most earnestly on the great subject to the duke. "It is not to be exaggerated," he said, "how set his Majesty is in the all-important business. If you wish to manifest toward him the most flattering obedience on earth, and to oblige him as much as you could wish, give him this great satisfaction *this year*. Since you have money, prepare everything out there, conquer all difficulties, and do the deed so soon as the forces of Spain and Italy arrive, according to the plan laid down by your Excellency last year. *Make use of the negotiations for peace for this one purpose, and no more*, and do the business like the man you are. Attribute the liberty of this advice to my desire to serve you more than any other, to my knowledge of how much you will thereby gratify his Majesty, and to my fear of his resentment toward you in the contrary case."[2]

[1] Philip to Parma, April 15, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] "No se puede encarecer quan puesto está su Mag^{d} en el negocio principal [the invasion of England]. Si V^{ra} Ex^{ca} le quiere hazer la mayor lisonja de la tierra, y obligarla a quanto quisiere, dé le este contentam^{to} este año, y pues tiene dinero prepare todo lo de allá, y venca las dificultades y haga el efeto que a tiempo

And, on the same day, in order that there might be no doubt of the royal sentiments, Philip expressed himself at length on the whole subject. The dealings of Farnese with the English, and his feeding them with hopes of peace, would have given him more satisfaction, he observed, if it had caused their preparations to slacken; but, on the contrary, their boldness had increased. They had perpetrated the inhuman murder of the Queen of Scots, and, moreover, not content with their piracies at sea and in the Indies, they had dared to invade the ports of Spain, as would appear in the narrative transmitted to Farnese of the late events at Cadiz. *And although that damage was small*, said Philip, there resulted a very great obligation to take them seriously in hand.[1] He *declined sending full powers* for treating; but in order to make use of the same arts employed by the English, he preferred that Alexander should not undeceive them, but desired him to express, as out of his own head, to the negotiators his astonishment that while they were holding such language they should commit such actions. Even their want of prudence in thus provoking the king, when their strength was compared to his, should be spoken of by Farnese as wonderful, and he was to express the opinion that his Majesty would think him much want-

llegará lo de España y Italia, para el q V^ra^ Ex^ca^ dezia el año pasado, y sirva se de los tratos de paz para este mismo fin, no mas, y haga esto hecho tan de quien es, y atribuya V^ra^ Ex^ca^ la libertad desto aviso a lo q deseo servirle mas que nadie, y a lo que veo que obligara a su Mag^d^ con ello, y lo que temo que sentiria lo contrario."—Don Juan de Idiaquez to Parma, May 13, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[1] "Y aunque el daño fue poco es ya mucha la obligacion de yr les muy de veras a la mano."—Philip to Parma, May 13, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

ing in circumspection should he go on negotiating while they were playing such tricks. "You must show yourself very sensitive about this event," continued Philip, "and you must give them to understand that I am quite as angry as you. You must try to draw from them some offer of satisfaction, however false it will be in reality, such as a proposal to recall the fleet, or an assertion that the deeds of Drake in Cadiz were without the knowledge and contrary to the will of the queen, and that she very much regrets them, or something of that sort."[1]

It has already been shown that Farnese was very successful in eliciting from the queen, through the mouth of Lord Burghley, as ample a disavowal and repudiation of Sir Francis Drake as the king could possibly desire. Whether it would have the desired effect of allaying the wrath of Philip might have been better foretold could the letter with which we are now occupied have been laid upon the Greenwich council-board.

"When you have got such a disavowal," continued his Majesty, "you are to act as if entirely taken in and imposed upon by them, and, pretending to believe everything they tell you, you must renew the negotiations, proceed to name commissioners, and propose a meeting upon neutral territory.[2] As for powers, say that you, as my governor-general, will intrust them to your deputies, in regard to the Netherlands. For all other matters, say that you have had full powers for many months, but that you cannot exhibit them until conditions worthy of my acceptance have been offered. Say

[1] Philip to Parma, May 13, 1587, MS. last cited.

[2] "Y entonces hazer vos del engañado y que creyendo lo que os diren de nuevo volvays a la platica," etc.—Ibid

this only for the sake of appearance.[1] This is the true way to take them in, and so the peace commissioners may meet. But to you only do I declare that my *intention is that this shall never lead to any result, whatever conditions may be offered by them.* On the contrary, all this is done, just as they do, to deceive them, and to cool them in their preparations for defense, by inducing them to believe that such preparations will be unnecessary.[2] *You are well aware that the reverse of all this is the truth,* and that on our part there is to be no slackness, but the greatest diligence in our efforts for the invasion of England, for which we have already made the most abundant provision in men, ships, and money, of which you are well aware."[3]

Is it strange that the Queen of England was deceived? Is it matter of surprise, censure, or shame that no English statesman was astute enough or base enough to contend with such diplomacy, which seemed inspired only by the very father of lies?

"Although we thus enter into negotiations," continued the king, unveiling himself with a solemn indecency not agreeable to contemplate, "without any intention of concluding them, you can always get out of them with great honor, by taking umbrage about the point of religion and about some other of the outrageous propositions which they are like to propose, and of which there are plenty in the letters of Andrew de Loo.[4] Your

[1] "Que es camino disimulado."—Philip to Parma, MS. last cited.

[2] "Pero con vos solo me aclaro que mia intencion no es de que aquello llegué a effeto con ningunas condiciones, sino que todo esto se tome por medio, como lo hazen ellos, de entretenerlos y enfriarlos," etc.—Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

[4] "Con mucha honra, desconcertandovos sobre el punto de la

commissioners must be instructed to refer all important matters to your personal decision. The English will be asking for damages for money spent in assisting my rebels; your commissioners will contend that damages are rather due to me. Thus, and in other ways, time will be spent. Your own envoys are not to know the secret any more than the English themselves. I tell it to you only. Thus you will proceed with the negotiations, now yielding on one point, and now insisting on another, but directing all to the same object—to gain time while proceeding with the preparation for the invasion, according to the plan already agreed upon." [1]

Certainly the Most Catholic King seemed in this remarkable letter to have outdone himself; and Farnese —that sincere Farnese, in whose loyal, truth-telling, chivalrous character the queen and her councilors placed such implicit reliance—could thenceforward no longer be embarrassed as to the course he was to adopt. To lie daily, through thick and thin, and with every variety of circumstance and detail which a genius fertile in fiction could suggest, such was the simple rule prescribed by his sovereign. And the rule was implicitly obeyed and the English sovereign thoroughly deceived. The secret confided only to the faithful breast of Alexander was religiously kept. Even the pope was outwitted. His Holiness proposed to Philip the invasion of England, and offered a million to further the plan. He was most desirous to be informed if the project was resolved upon,

religion o otro de los desaforados, que ellos han de proponer, que harto lo son los del papel de Andrea de Loo."—MS. last cited.

[1] "Podreys yr afloxando en unos puntos, y afirmando en otros, todo enderezado al mismo fin por ganar tiempo, preparando todo con diligenza segun la traza concebida," etc.—Ibid.

and, if so, when it was to be accomplished. The king took the pope's million, but refused the desired information. He answered evasively. He had a very good will to invade the country, he said, but there were great difficulties in the way.[1] After a time the pope again tried to pry into the matter,[2] and again offered the million, which Philip had only accepted for the time when it might be wanted, giving him at the same time to understand that it was not necessary at that time, because there were then great impediments. "Thus he is pledged to give me the subsidy, and I am not pledged for the time," said Philip, "and I keep my secret, which is the most important of all."[3]

Yet, after all, Farnese did not see his way clear toward the consummation of the plan. His army had woefully dwindled, and before he could seriously set about ulterior matters it would be necessary to take the city of Sluis. This was to prove, as already seen, a most arduous enterprise. He complained to Philip[4] of his inadequate supplies both in men and money. The project conceived in the royal breast was worth spending millions for, he said, and although by zeal and devotion he could accomplish something, yet, after all, he was no more than a man, and without the necessary means the scheme could not succeed.[5] But Philip, on the contrary, was in the highest possible spirits. He had collected more money, he declared, than had ever been seen before in the world.[6]

[1] Philip to Parma, June 5, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] "Se ha venido de rodear."—Ibid.

[3] "Por tenirlo prendado en la ayuda, y de no prendarme yo en lo tiempo, y *mas por el secreto* que es la cosa principal."—Ibid.

[4] Parma to Philip, May 31, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS. [5] Ibid.

[6] He had sent, he said, besides the regular remittances, seven hundred thousand ducats, and there were then coming two million

He had two million ducats in reserve, besides the pope's million, the French were in a most excellent state of division, and the invasion should be made this year without fail. The fleet would arrive in the English Channel by the end of the summer, which would be exactly in conformity with Alexander's ideas. The invasion was to be threefold: from Scotland, under the Scotch earls and their followers, with the money and troops furnished by Philip; from the Netherlands, under Parma; and by the great Spanish Armada itself, upon the Isle of Wight. Alexander must recommend himself to God, in whose cause he was acting, and then do his duty, which lay very plain before him. If he ever wished to give his sovereign satisfaction in his life, he was to do the deed that year, whatever might betide.[1] Never could there be so fortunate a conjunction of circumstances again. France was in a state of revolution, the German levies were weak, the Turk was fully occupied in Persia, an enormous mass of money, over and above the pope's million, had been got together, and although the season was somewhat advanced, it was certain that the duke would conquer all impediments, and be the instrument by which his royal master might render to God that service which he was so anxious to perform. Enthusiastic, though gouty, Philip grasped the pen in order to scrawl a few words with his own royal hand. "This business is of such importance," he said, "and it is so necessary that it should not be

three hundred thousand ducats additional, three hundred thousand of which were for Mucio, in case of rupture with the French king. Otherwise not a penny was to be diverted from the great cause. (Philip to Farnese, June 5, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.)

[1] Ibid.

delayed, that I cannot refrain from urging it upon you as much as I can. I should do it even more amply if this hand would allow me, which has been crippled with gout these several days, and my feet as well, and although it is unattended with pain, yet it is an impediment to writing."[1]

Struggling thus against his own difficulties, and triumphantly accomplishing a whole paragraph with disabled hand, it was natural that the king should expect Alexander, then deep in the siege of Sluis, to vanquish all his obstacles as successfully, and to effect the conquest of England so soon as the harvests of that kingdom should be garnered.

Sluis was surrendered at last, and the great enterprise seemed ripening from hour to hour. During the months of autumn, upon the very days when those loving messages, mixed with gentle reproaches, were sent by Alexander to Elizabeth, and almost at the selfsame hours in which honest Andrew de Loo was getting such headaches by drinking the queen's health with Cosimo and Champagny, the duke and Philip were interchanging detailed information as to the progress of the invasion. The king calculated that by the middle of September Alexander would have thirty thousand men in the Netherlands ready for embarkation. Marquis Santa Cruz was announced as nearly ready to sail for the English Channel with twenty-two thousand more, among whom were to be sixteen thousand seasoned Spanish infantry.

[1] "Importa tanto esse negocio, y que no se dilate, que no puedo dexar de encargarosle todo quanto puedo y hiziera lo aun mas largamente si me diera lugar esta mano que he tenido con la gota estos dias y los pies, y aunque esta ya sin dolor, esta impedida para esto."—Philip to Parma, MS. last cited.

The marquis was then to extend the hand to Parma, and protect that passage to England which the duke was at once to effect. The danger might be great for so large a fleet to navigate the seas at so late a season of the year; but Philip was sure that God, whose cause it was, would be pleased to give good weather.[1] The duke was to send, with infinite precautions of secrecy, information which the marquis would expect off Ushant, and be quite ready to act so soon as Santa Cruz should arrive. Most earnestly and anxiously did the king deprecate any thought of deferring the expedition to another year. If delayed, the obstacles of the following summer—a peace in France, a peace between the Turk and Persia, and other contingencies—would cause the whole project to fail; and Philip declared, with much iteration, that money, reputation, honor, his own character and that of Farnese, and God's service, were all at stake.[2] He was impatient at suggestions of difficulties occasionally ventured by the duke, who was reminded that he had been appointed chief of the great enterprise by the spontaneous choice of his master, and that all his plans had been minutely followed. "You are the author of the whole scheme," said Philip, "and if it is all to vanish into space, what kind of a figure shall we cut the coming year?"[3] Again and again he referred to the immense sum collected,—such as never before had been seen since

[1] "Aunque no dexa de ver lo que se aventura en navegar con gruessa armada in invierno, y por esse canal, sin tener puerto cierto; y el tiempo plazera a Dios cuya es la causa darle bueno." —Philip to Parma, September 4, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "De que vos solo seys autor. Veed si hubiesse de caer todo en vacio, quel es que quedariamos el año que viene," etc.—Philip to Parma, September 14, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

the world was made,—four million eight hundred thousand ducats, with two million in reserve, of which he was authorized to draw for five hundred thousand in advance, to say nothing of the pope's million.[1]

But Alexander, while straining every nerve to obey his master's wishes about the invasion and to blind the English by the fictitious negotiations, was not so sanguine as his sovereign. In truth, there was something puerile in the eagerness which Philip manifested. He had made up his mind that England was to be conquered that autumn, and had endeavored, as well as he could, to comprehend the plans which his illustrious general had laid down for accomplishing that purpose. Of course, to any man of average intellect, or, in truth, to any man outside a madhouse, it would seem an essential part of the conquest that the Armada should arrive. Yet, wonderful to relate, Philip, in his impatience, absolutely suggested that the duke might take possession of England *without waiting for Santa Cruz and his Armada.* As the autumn had been wearing away, and there had been unavoidable delays about the shipping in Spanish ports, the king thought it best not to defer matters till the winter. "You are doubtless ready," he said to Farnese. "If you think you can make the passage to England before the fleet from Spain arrives, go at once. You may be sure that it will come ere long to support you. But if you prefer to wait, wait. The dangers of winter to the fleet and to your own person are to be regretted, but God, whose cause it is, will protect you."[2]

It was easy to sit quite out of harm's way, and to

[1] Philip to Parma, MS. last cited.

[2] Same to same, November 4, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

make such excellent arrangements for smooth weather in the wintry Channel, and for the conquest of a maritime and martial kingdom by a few flat bottoms. Philip had little difficulty on that score, but the affairs of France were not quite to his mind. The battle of Coutras, and the entrance of the German and Swiss mercenaries into that country, were somewhat perplexing. Either those auxiliaries of the Huguenots would be defeated, or they would be victorious, or both parties would come to an agreement. In the first event, the duke, after sending a little assistance to Mucio, was to effect his passage to England *at once*. In the second case, those troops, even though successful, would doubtless be so much disorganized that it might be still safe for Farnese to go on. In the third contingency, that of an accord, it would be necessary for him to wait till the foreign troops had disbanded and left France. He was to maintain all his forces in perfect readiness, on pretext of the threatening aspect of French matters, and so soon as the Swiss and Germans were dispersed he was to proceed to business without delay.[1] The fleet would be ready in Spain in all November, but as sea affairs were so doubtful, particularly in winter, and as the Armada could not reach the Channel till midwinter, the *duke was not to wait for its arrival*. "Whenever you see a favorable opportunity," said Philip, "you must take care not to lose it, even if the fleet has not made its appearance. For you may be sure that it will soon come to give you assistance, in one way or another."[2]

[1] Philip to Parma, November 14, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] "Viendo buena ocasion procurays de no perderla, aunque no aya llegado la armada—siendo cierto que luego llegará a hazer espaldas y ayudaros de una mano o otra."—Ibid.

Farnese had also been strictly enjoined to deal gently with the English after the conquest, so that they would have cause to love their new master. His troops were not to forget discipline after victory. There was to be no pillage or rapine. The Catholics were to be handsomely rewarded, and all the inhabitants were to be treated with so much indulgence that, instead of abhorring Parma and his soldiers, they would conceive a strong affection for them all, as the source of so many benefits.[1] Again the duke was warmly commended for the skill with which he had handled the peace negotiation. It was quite right to appoint commissioners, but it was never for an instant to be forgotten that the sole object of treating was to take the English unawares. "And therefore do you guide them to this end," said the king, with pious unction, "which is what you owe to God, in whose service I have engaged in this enterprise, and to whom I have dedicated the whole."[2] The King of France, too,—that unfortunate Henry III., against whose throne and life Philip maintained in constant pay an organized band of conspirators,—was affectionately adjured, through the Spanish envoy in Paris, Mendoza, to reflect upon the advantages to France of a Catholic king and kingdom of England, in place of the heretics now in power.[3]

But Philip, growing more and more sanguine as those visions of fresh crowns and conquered kingdoms rose

[1] Philip to Parma, October 25, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] "Por tomarlos desapercibidos. Assi lo guiad a esta fin que es el que deve a Dios, por cuyo servicio hago lo principal, y se lo ofresco."—Ibid.

[3] Philip to Don Bernardino de Mendoza, November 4, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

before him in his solitary cell, had even persuaded himself that the deed was already done. In the early days of December he expressed a doubt whether his 14th November letter had reached the duke, who *by that time was probably in England*.[1] One would have thought the king addressing a tourist just starting on a little pleasure-excursion. And this was precisely the moment when Alexander had been writing those affectionate phrases to the queen which had been considered by the councilors at Greenwich so "princely and Christianly," and which Croft had pronounced such "very good words."

If there had been no hostile fleet to prevent, it was to be hoped, said Philip, that, in the name of God, the passage had been made. "Once landed there," continued the king, "I am persuaded that you will give me a good account of yourself, and, with the help of our Lord, that you will do that service which I desire to render to him, and that he will guide our cause, which is his own, and of such great importance to his Church."[2] A part of the fleet would soon after arrive and bring six thousand Spaniards, the pope's million, and other good things which might prove useful to Parma, presupposing that they would find him established on the enemy's territory.[3]

This conviction that the enterprise had been already accomplished grew stronger in the king's breast every

[1] Philip to Parma, December 11, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] "Y aviendo pasado estoy muy per suadido de vos que con ayuda de N^ro^ Señor me dareys la buena cuenta que dezio que sareys cierto de hazerle el servicio que yo en esto pretendo—el io guia como causa suya y tan importante a su yglesia."—Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

day. He was only a little disturbed lest Farnese should have misunderstood that 14th November letter. Philip, as his wont was, had gone into so many petty and puzzling details, and had laid down rules of action suitable for various contingencies, so easy to put comfortably upon paper, but which might become perplexing in action, that it was no wonder he should be a little anxious. The third contingency suggested by him had really occurred. There had been a composition between the foreign mercenaries and the French king. Nevertheless, they had also been once or twice defeated, and this was contingency number two. Now which of the events would the duke consider as having really occurred? It was to be hoped that he would have not seen cause for delay, for in truth number three was not exactly the contingency which existed. France was still in a very satisfactory state of discord and rebellion. The civil war was by no means over. There was small fear of peace that winter. Give Mucio his pittance with frugal hand, and that dangerous personage would insure tranquillity for Philip's project, and misery for Henry III. and his subjects for an indefinite period longer. The king thought it improbable that Farnese could have made any mistake.[1] He expressed therefore a little anxiety at having received no intelligence from him, but great confidence that, with the aid of the Lord and of his own courage, he *had accomplished the great exploit.* Philip had only recommended delay in event of a general peace in France—Huguenots, royalists, Leaguers, and all. This had not happened. "Therefore I trust," said the king, "that you, perceiving that this is not contingency number three which was to justify a pause,

[1] Philip to Parma, December 24, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

will have already executed the enterprise and fulfilled my desire. I am confident that the deed is done, and that God has blessed it, and I am now expecting the news from hour to hour."[1]

But Alexander had not yet arrived in England. The preliminaries for the conquest caused him more perplexity than the whole enterprise occasioned to Philip. He was very short of funds. The five millions were not to be touched, except for the expenses of the invasion. But as England was to be subjugated in order that rebellious Holland might be recovered, it was hardly reasonable to go away leaving such inadequate forces in the Netherlands as to insure not only independence to the new Republic, but to hold out temptation for revolt to the obedient provinces. Yet this was the dilemma in which the duke was placed. So much money had been set aside for the grand project that there was scarcely anything for the regular military business. The customary supplies had not been sent. Parma had leave to draw for six hundred thousand ducats, and he was able to get that draft discounted on the Antwerp Exchange by consenting to receive five hundred thousand, or sacrificing sixteen per cent. of the sum.[2] A good number of transports and scows had been collected, but there had been a deficiency of money for their proper equipment, as the five millions had been very slow in coming, and were still upon the road. The whole enterprise was on the point of being sacrificed, according to

[1] "Y asi creo, que conociendo que no es este el caso tercero, en que aviades de parar, avreys executado la empresa, y cumplido mio deseo . . . de que quedo aguardando el aviso de ora en ora." —Philip to Parma, MS. last cited.

[2] Parma to Philip, September 18, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

Farnese, for want of funds. The time for doing the deed had arrived, and he declared himself incapacitated by poverty. He expressed his disgust and resentment in language more energetic than courtly, and protested that he was not to blame. "I always thought," said he, bitterly, "that your Majesty would provide all that was necessary even in superfluity, and not limit me beneath the ordinary. I did not suppose, when it was most important to have ready money, that I should be kept short, and not allowed to draw certain sums by anticipation, which I should have done had you not forbidden."[1]

This was, through life, a striking characteristic of Philip. Enormous schemes were laid out with utterly inadequate provision for their accomplishment, and a confident expectation entertained that wild visions were, in some indefinite way, to be converted into substantial realities, without fatigue or personal exertion on his part, and with a very trifling outlay of ready money.

Meantime the faithful Farnese did his best. He was indefatigable night and day in getting his boats together and providing his munitions of war. He dug a canal from Sas de Gand, which was one of his principal depots, all the way to Sluis, because the water-communication between those two points was entirely in the hands of the Hollanders and Zealanders. The rebel cruisers swarmed in the Schelde, from Flushing almost to Antwerp, so that it was quite impossible for Parma's forces to venture forth at all, and it also seemed hopeless to hazard putting to sea from Sluis.[2] At the same

[1] Parma to Philip, MS. last cited.

[2] Same to same, December 21, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.: "Pues de razon Olandeses y Zelandeses solos estan siempre a la mira y asi

time he had appointed his commissioners [1] to treat with the English envoys already named by the queen. There had been much delay in the arrival of those deputies, on account of the noise raised by Barneveldt and his followers; but Burghley was now sanguine that the exposure of what he called the advocate's seditious, false, and perverse proceedings would enable Leicester to procure the consent of the states to a universal peace.

And thus, with these parallel schemes of invasion and negotiation, spring, summer, and autumn had worn away. Santa Cruz was still with his fleet in Lisbon, Cadiz, and the Azores; and Parma was in Brussels, when Philip fondly imagined him established in Greenwich Palace. When made aware of his master's preposterous expectations, Alexander would have been perhaps amused, had he not been half beside himself with indignation. Such folly seemed incredible. There was not the slightest appearance of a possibility of making a passage without the protection of the Spanish fleet, he observed. His vessels were mere transport-boats, without the least power of resisting an enemy. The Hollanders and Zealanders, with one hundred and forty cruisers, had shut him up in all directions. He could neither get out from Antwerp nor from Sluis. There were large English ships, too, cruising in the Channel, and they were getting ready in the Netherlands and in England "most furiously." [2] The delays had been so great that their secret had been poorly kept, and the

como tienen medio de estorbarnos la junta y salida de nuestros baxeles lo ternan cada dia mayor para hazer lo mismo en el pasage."

[1] Aremberg, Champagny, Richardot, Maas, Garnier (Parma to Philip, September 18, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.).

[2] Same to same, December 21, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

enemy was on his guard. If Santa Cruz had come, Alexander declared that he should have already been in England. When he did come he should still be prepared to make the passage; but to talk of such an attempt without the Armada was senseless, and he denounced the madness of that proposition to his Majesty in vehement and unmeasured terms.[1] His army, by sickness and other causes, had been reduced to one half the number considered necessary for the invasion, and the rebels had established regular squadrons in the Schelde, in the very teeth of the forts at Lillo, Liefkenshoek, Saftingen, and other points close to Antwerp. There were so many of these war-vessels, and all in such excellent order, that they were a most notable embarrassment to him, he observed, and his own flotilla would run great risk of being utterly destroyed. Alexander had been personally superintending matters at Sluis, Ghent, and Antwerp, and had strengthened with artillery the canal which he had constructed between Sas and Sluis. Meantime his fresh troops had been slowly arriving, but much sickness prevailed among them. The Italians were dying fast, almost all the Spaniards were in hospital, and the others were so crippled and worn out that it was most pitiable to behold them; yet it was absolutely necessary that those who were in health should accompany him to England,[2] since otherwise his Spanish force would be altogether too weak to do the service expected. He had got together a good number of transports. Not counting his Antwerp fleet,—which could not stir from port, as he bitterly complained, nor be of any use, on account of the rebel blockade,—he had between Dunkirk and Nieu-

[1] Parma to Philip, MS. last cited.

[2] Ibid.

Sir Francis Vere.

port seventy-four vessels of various kinds fit for sea-service, one hundred and fifty flat bottoms (pleytas), and seventy river-hoys, all which were to be assembled at Sluis, whence they would, so soon as Santa Cruz should make his appearance, set forth for England.[1] This force of transports he pronounced sufficient, when properly protected by the Spanish Armada, to carry himself and his troops across the Channel. If, therefore, the matter did not become publicly known, and if the weather proved favorable, it was probable that his Majesty's desire would soon be fulfilled according to the plan proposed. The companies of light horse and of harquebusmen, with which he meant to make his entrance into London, had been clothed, armed, and mounted, he said, in a manner delightful to contemplate, and those soldiers, at least, might be trusted—if they could only effect their passage—to do good service and make matters quite secure.[2]

But craftily as the king and duke had been dealing, it had been found impossible to keep such vast preparations entirely secret. Walsingham was in full possession of their plans down to the most minute details. The misfortune was that he was unable to persuade his sovereign, Lord Burghley, and others of the peace party as to the accuracy of his information. Not only was he thoroughly instructed in regard to the number of men, vessels, horses, mules, saddles, spurs, lances, barrels of beer and tons of biscuit, and other particulars of the

[1] Parma to Philip, MS. last cited.

[2] "Se han vestido, armado, y encabalgado, que es placer de verlas, y la soldadesca de ellas es tal que, si pueden pasar, haran a V. M. buen servizio y asegurararan mucho el servizio." —Ibid.

contemplated invasion, but he had even received curious intelligence as to the gorgeous equipment of those very troops with which the duke was just secretly announcing to the king his intention of making his triumphal entrance into the English capital. Sir Francis knew how many thousand yards of cramoisie velvet, how many hundredweight of gold and silver embroidery, how much satin and feathers, and what quantity of pearls and diamonds, Farnese had been providing himself withal. He knew the tailors, jewelers, silversmiths, and haberdashers with whom the great Alexander, as he now began to be called, had been dealing;[1] but when he spoke at the council-board, it was to ears wilfully deaf.

[1] "There is provided for lights a great number of torches, and so tempered that no water can put them out. A great number of little mills for grinding corn, great store of biscuit baked and oxen salted, great number of saddles and boots; also there is made five hundred pair of velvet shoes, red, crimson velvet, and in every cloister throughout the country great quantity of roses made of silk, white and red, which are to be badges for divers of his gentlemen. By reason of these roses it is expected he is going for England. There is sold to the prince by John Angel, pergaman, ten hundredweight of velvet, gold and silver to embroider his apparel withal. The covering to his mules is most gorgeously embroidered with gold and silver, which carry his baggage. There is also sold to him by the Italian merchants at least 670 pieces of velvet to apparel him and his train. Every captain has received a gift from the prince to make himself brave, and for Captain Corralini, an Italian, who hath one cornet of horse, I have seen with my eyes a saddle with the trappings of his horse, his *coat* and *rapier* and *dagger*, *which cost 3500 French crowns* (! !). All their lances are painted of divers colors, blue and white, green and white, and most part blood-red—so there is as great preparation for a triumph as for war. A great number of English priests come to Antwerp from all places. The commandment is given to all the churches to read the Litany daily for the prosperity of the

Nor was much concealed from the Argus-eyed politicians in the Republic. The states were more and more intractable. They knew nearly all the truth with regard to the intercourse between the queen's government and Farnese, and they suspected more than the truth. The list of English commissioners privately agreed upon between Burghley and De Loo was known to Barneveldt, Maurice, and Hohenlo before it came to the ears of Leicester. In June Buckhurst had been censured by Elizabeth for opening the peace matter to members of the states, according to her bidding, and in July Leicester was rebuked for exactly the opposite delinquency. She was very angry that he had delayed the communication of

prince in his enterprise."—John Giles to Walsingham, December 4, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

The same letter conveyed also very detailed information concerning the naval preparations by the duke, besides accurate intelligence in regard to the progress of the Armada in Cadiz and Lisbon.

Sir William Russell wrote also from Flushing concerning these preparations in much the same strain, but it is worthy of note that he considered Farnese to be rather intending a movement against France.

"The Prince of Parma," he said, "is making great preparations for war, and with all expedition means to march a great army, and for a triumph the coats and costly apparel for his own body doth exceed for embroidery, and beset with jewels; for all the *embroiderers and diamond-cutters work both night and day*, such haste is made. Five hundred velvet coats of one sort for lances, and a great number of brave new coats made for horsemen; thirty thousand men are ready, and gather in Brabant and Flanders. It is said that there shall be in two days ten thousand to do some great exploit in these parts, and twenty thousand *to march with the prince into France*, and for certain it is not known what way or how they shall march, but all are ready at an hour's warning—four thousand saddles, four thousand lances, six thousand pairs of boots,

her policy so long, but she expressed her anger only when that policy had proved so transparent as to make concealment hopeless. Leicester, as well as Buckhurst, knew that it was idle to talk to the Netherlanders of peace, because of their profound distrust in every word that came from Spanish or Italian lips; but Leicester, less frank than Buckhurst, preferred to flatter his sovereign rather than to tell her unwelcome truths. More fortunate than Buckhurst, he was rewarded for his flattery by boundless affection, and promotion to the very highest post in England when the hour of England's greatest peril had arrived, while the truth-telling councilor was consigned to imprisonment and disgrace. When the queen complained sharply that the states were mocking her, and that she was touched in honor at the prospect of not keeping her plighted word to Farnese, the earl assured her that the Netherlanders were fast changing their views; that although the very name of peace had till then been odious and loathsome,[1] yet now, as coming from her Majesty, they would accept it with thankful hearts.[2] The states or the leading members of

two thousand barrels of beer, biscuit sufficient for a camp of twenty thousand men, etc. The prince hath received a marvelous costly garland or crown from the pope, and is chosen chief of the Holy League, and now puts in his arms two cross-keys. The King of France hath written for the prince with expedition, and 't is *said he marches thither*, and on the way will besiege Cambray," etc.—Occurrences, from the Governor of Flushing, November 9, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

Thus Sir William seems to have been less accurately acquainted with the movements of Farnese than was John Giles, and the mysterious precautions of the king and his general had been far from fruitless.

[1] Leicester to the queen, October 9, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Same to same, October 1, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

that assembly, factious fellows, pestilent and seditious knaves,[1] were doing their utmost and were singing sirens' songs[2] to enchant and delude the people, but they were fast losing their influence, so warmly did the country desire to conform to her Majesty's pleasure. He expatiated, however, upon the difficulties in his path. The knowledge possessed by the pestilent fellows as to the actual position of affairs was very mischievous. It was honey to Maurice and Hohenlo,[3] he said, that the queen's secret practices with Farnese had thus been discovered. Nothing could be more marked than the jollity with which the ringleaders hailed these preparations for peacemaking,[4] for they now felt certain that the government of their country had been fixed securely in their own hands. They were canonized, said the earl, for their hostility to peace.[5]

Should not this conviction, on the part of men who had so many means of feeling the popular pulse, have given the queen's government pause? To serve his sovereign in truth, Leicester might have admitted a possibility at least of honesty on the part of men who were so ready to offer up their lives for their country. For in a very few weeks he was obliged to confess that the people were no longer so well disposed to acquiesce in her Majesty's policy. The great majority, both of the states and the people, were in favor, he agreed, of continuing the war. The inhabitants of the little province of Hol-

[1] Leicester to the queen, November 5, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Same to Burghley, October 30, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. ii. p. 57, MS.

[3] Same to same, August 17, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[4] Same to same, October 30, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. ii. p. 57, MS.

[5] Same to Walsingham, October 9, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

land alone, he said, had avowed their determination to maintain their rights, even if obliged to fight single-handed, and to shed the last drop in their veins rather than to submit again to Spanish tyranny.[1] This seemed a heroic resolution, worthy the sympathy of a brave Englishman, but the earl's only comment upon it was that it proved the ringleaders "either to be traitors or else *the most blindest asses in the world.*"[2] He never scrupled, on repeated occasions, to insinuate that Barneveldt, Hohenlo, Buys, Roorda, Sainte-Aldegonde, and the Nassaus had organized a plot to sell their country to Spain.[3] Of this there was not the faintest evidence, but it was the only way in which he chose to account for their persistent opposition to the peace negotiations, and for their reluctance to confer absolute power on himself. "'T is a crabbed, sullen, proud kind of people," said he, "and bent on establishing a popular government"[4]—a purpose which seemed somewhat inconsistent with the plot for selling their country to Spain, which he charged in the same breath on the same persons.

Early in August, by the queen's command, he had sent a formal communication respecting the private negotiations to the states, but he could tell them no secret. The names of the commissioners, and even the supposed articles of a treaty already concluded, were flying from town to town, from mouth to mouth, so that the earl

[1] Leicester to Burghley, October 30, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. ii. p. 57, MS. Same to the queen, October 11, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Leicester to the queen, November 17, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Leicester to the queen, November 5, 1587, S. P. Office MS. Same to Burghley, November 6, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. ii. p. 176, MS.

[4] Same to same, October 11, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

pronounced it impossible for one not on the spot to imagine the excitement which existed.

He had sent a state councilor, one Bardesius, to The Hague to open the matter; but that personage had only ventured to whisper a word to one or two members of the states, and was assured that the proposition, if made, would raise such a tumult of fury that he might fear for his life. So poor Bardesius came back to Leicester, fell on his knees, and implored him at least to pause in these fatal proceedings.[1] After an interval he sent two eminent statesmen, Falck and Menin, to lay the subject before the assembly. They did so, and it was met by fierce denunciation. On their return, the earl, finding that so much violence had been excited, pretended that they had misunderstood his meaning, and that he had never meant to propose peace negotiations. But Falck and Menin were too old politicians to be caught in such a trap, and they produced a brief, drawn up in Italian, —the foreign language best understood by the earl,— with his own corrections and interlineations, so that he was forced to admit that there had been no misconception.[2]

Leicester at last could no longer doubt that he was universally odious in the provinces. Hohenlo, Barneveldt, and the rest, who had "championed the country against the peace," were carrying all before them. They had persuaded the people that the "queen

[1] Leicester to Burghley, September 30, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. ii. p. 34, MS.

[2] Bor, iii. xxiii. 34. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 276. Wagenaer, viii. 236. Meteren, xiv. 260. Compare Reyd, vi. 109, who says, however, that Falck and Menin could produce no written instructions from Leicester, but that the characters of such well-known statesmen carried conviction of the truth of their statements.

was but a tickle stay for them," and had inflated young Maurice with vast ideas of his importance, telling him that he was "a natural patriot, the image of his noble father, whose memory was yet great among them, as good reason, dying in their cause, as he had done."[1] The country was bent on a popular government and on maintaining the war. There was no possibility, he confessed, that they would ever confer the authority on him which they had formerly bestowed.[2] The queen had promised, when he left England the second time, that his absence should be for but three months,[3] and he now most anxiously claimed permission to depart. Above all things, he deprecated being employed as a peace commissioner. He was, of all men, the most unfit for such a post. At the same time he implored the statesmen at home to be wary in selecting the wisest persons for that arduous duty, in order that the peace might be made for Queen Elizabeth as well as for King Philip. He strongly recommended for that duty Beale, the councilor, who with Killigrew had replaced the hated Wilkes and the pacific Bartholomew Clerk. "Mr. Beale, brother-in-law to Walsingham, is in my books a prince," said the earl. "He was *drowned* in England, but most useful in the Netherlands. Without him I am naked."[4]

And at last the governor told the queen what Buckhurst and Walsingham had been perpetually telling her, that the Duke of Parma meant mischief; and he sent the same information as to hundreds of boats preparing,

[1] Leicester to the lords, November 21, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Leicester to Walsingham, October 13, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Leicester to Burghley, September 30, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[4] Leicester to Walsingham, August 4, 1587. Same to same, September 16, 1587. S. P. Office MSS.

with six thousand shirts for camisadoes, seven thousand pairs of wading-boots, and saddles, stirrups, and spurs enough for a choice band of three thousand men.[1] A shrewd troop, said the earl, of the first soldiers in Christendom, to be landed some fine morning in England. And he, too, had heard of the jeweled suits of cramoisie velvet, and all the rest of the finery with which the triumphant Alexander was intending to astonish London. "Get horses enough and muskets enough in England," exclaimed Leicester, "and then our people will not be beaten, I warrant you, if well led."[2]

And now the governor, who, in order to soothe his sovereign and comply with her vehement wishes, had so long misrepresented the state of public feeling, not only confessed that papists and Protestants, gentle and simple, the states and the people, throughout the Republic, were all opposed to any negotiation with the enemy, but lifted up his own voice and in earnest language expressed his opinion of the queen's infatuation.

"Oh, my lord, what a treaty is this for peace," said he to Burghley, "that we must treat altogether disarmed and weakened, and the king having made his forces stronger than ever he had known in these parts, besides what is coming out of Spain, and yet we will presume of good conditions! It grieveth me to the heart. But I fear you will all smart for it, and I pray God her Majesty feel it not, if it be his blessed will. She meaneth well and sincerely to have peace, but God knows that this is not the way. Well, God Almighty defend us and the realm, and especially her Majesty. But look for a

[1] Leicester to Burghley, November 5, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Ibid.

sharp war, or a miserable peace, *to undo others and ourselves after.*"[1]

Walsingham, too, was determined not to act as a commissioner. If his failing health did not serve as an excuse, he should be obliged to refuse, he said, and so forfeit her Majesty's favor, rather than be instrumental in bringing about her ruin and that of his country. Never for an instant had the secretary of state faltered in his opposition to the timid policy of Burghley. Again and again he had detected the intrigues of the lord treasurer and Sir James Croft, and ridiculed the "controller's peace."[2]

[1] Leicester to Burghley, November 7, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

And to Walsingham he wrote most earnestly in the same vein. "Our enemies have dealt more like politic men than we have," he said, "for it was always agreed heretofore among us that there was no way to make a good peace but by a strong war. . . . Now is the difference put in experience, for we see the Prince of Parma did not weaken himself to trust upon peace, but hath increased his forces in the highest degree whilst we talked of peace; that if we break off, he might either compel us to his peace or be beforehand with us by the readiness of his forces. *This was told and foretold,* but yet no ear given nor care taken. . . . Surely you shall find the *prince meaneth no peace.* I see *money doth undo all*—the care to keep it, and not upon just cause to spend it. Her Majesty doth still blame me for the expense of her treasure here, *which doth make me weary of my life;* but her Majesty *will rue the sparing counsel* at such times."

He then sent information as to Parma's intentions, derived from an intercepted letter of a man in Sir William Stanley's regiment to a priest in England, "bidding his friend be sure they are shortly to be in England." "It were better to her Majesty," added Leicester, "than a million pounds sterling that she had done as the Duke of Parma hath done."—Leicester to Walsingham, November 7, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Walsingham to Leicester, September 21, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. ii. p. 78, MS.

And especially did Walsingham bewail the implicit confidence which the queen placed in the sugary words of Alexander, and the fatal parsimony which caused her to neglect defending herself against Scotland;[1] for he was as well informed as was Farnese himself of Philip's arrangements with the Scotch lords, and of the subsidies in men and money by which their invasion of England was to be made part of the great scheme. "No one thing," sighed Walsingham, "doth more prognosticate an alteration of this estate than that a prince of her Majesty's judgment should neglect, in respect of a little charges, the stopping of so dangerous a gap. . . . The manner of our cold and careless proceeding here, in this time of peril, maketh me to take no comfort of my recovery of health, for that I see, unless it shall please God in mercy and miraculously to preserve us, *we cannot long stand.*"[2]

Leicester, finding himself unable to counteract the policy of Barneveldt and his party by expostulation or argument, conceived a very dangerous and criminal project before he left the country. The facts are somewhat veiled in mystery; but he was suspected, on weighty evidence, of a design to kidnap both Maurice and Barneveldt, and carry them off to England. Of this

[1] Walsingham to Leicester, November 12, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. ii. p. 178, MS.

[2] "A letter from the Duke of Parma," says the secretary, "bred in her Majesty such a dangerous security, as all advertisements of danger are neglected, and great expedition used in despatching of the commissioners. I was fully resolved in no sort to have accepted the charge, had not my sickness prevented, for that I would be loath to be engaged in a service that all men of judgment may see cannot but work her Majesty's ruin. I pray God I and others of my opinion prove in this false prophets."—Ibid.

intention, which was foiled, at any rate, before it could be carried into execution, there is perhaps not conclusive proof; but it has already been shown, from a deciphered letter, that the queen had once given Buckhurst and Wilkes peremptory orders to seize the person of Hohenlo, and it is quite possible that similar orders may have been received at a later moment with regard to the young count and the advocate. At any rate, it is certain that late in the autumn some friends of Barneveldt entered his bedroom, at The Hague, in the dead of night, and informed him that a plot was on foot to lay violent hands upon him, and that an armed force was already on its way to execute this purpose of Leicester before the dawn of day. The advocate, without loss of time, took his departure for Delft, a step which was followed, shortly afterward, by Maurice.[1]

Nor was this the only daring stroke which the earl had meditated. During the progress of the secret negotiations with Parma, he had not neglected those still more secret schemes to which he had occasionally made allusion. He had determined, if possible, to obtain possession of the most important cities in Holland and Zealand. It was very plain to him that he could no longer hope by fair means for the great authority once conferred upon him by the free will of the states. It was his purpose, therefore, by force and stratagem to recover his lost power. We have heard the violent terms in which both the queen and the earl denounced the men who accused the English government of any such intention. It had been formally denied by the States-General that Barneveldt had ever used the lan-

[1] Bor, iii. xxiii. 51. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 287. Wagenaer, viii. 240. Van Wyn op Wagenaer, viii. 68, 69.

guage in that assembly with which he had been charged. He had only revealed to them the exact purport of the letter to Junius, and of the queen's secret instructions to Leicester.[1] Whatever he may have said in private conversation, and whatever deductions he may have made among his intimate friends from the admitted facts in the case, could hardly be made matters of record. It does not appear that he, or the statesmen who acted with him, considered the earl capable of a deliberate design to sell the cities thus to be acquired to Spain, as the price of peace for England. Certainly Elizabeth would have scorned such a crime, and was justly indignant at rumors prevalent to that effect; but the wrath of the queen and of her favorite were, perhaps, somewhat simulated, in order to cover their real mortification at the discovery of designs on the part of the earl which could not be denied. Not only had they been at last compelled to confess these negotiations, which for several months had been concealed and stubbornly denied, but the still graver plots of the earl to regain his much-coveted authority had been, in a startling manner, revealed. The leaders of the States-General had a right to suspect the English earl of a design to reënact the part of the Duke of Anjou, and were justified in taking stringent measures to prevent a calamity which, as they believed, was impending over their little commonwealth. The high-handed dealings of Leicester in the city of Utrecht have been already described. The most respectable and influential burghers of the place had been imprisoned and banished, the municipal government wrested from the hands to which it legitimately belonged,

[1] Resol. Holl., September 15, 16, 18, 1587, bl. 253, 254, 258, cited in Van Wyn, ubi sup.

and confided to adventurers, who wore the cloak of Calvinism to conceal their designs, and a successful effort had been made, in the name of democracy, to eradicate from one ancient province the liberty on which it prided itself.

In the course of the autumn an attempt was made to play the same game at Amsterdam. A plot was discovered, before it was fairly matured, to seize the magistrates of that important city, to gain possession of the arsenals, and to place the government in the hands of well-known Leicestrians. A list of fourteen influential citizens, drawn up in the writing of Burgrave, the earl's confidential secretary, was found, all of whom, it was asserted, had been doomed to the scaffold.[1]

The plot to secure Amsterdam had failed, but, in North Holland, Medemblik was held firmly for Leicester, by Diedrich Sonoy, in the very teeth of the states.[2] The important city of Enkhuizen, too, was very near being secured for the earl, but a still more significant movement was made at Leyden. That heroic city, ever since the famous siege of 1574, in which the Spaniard had been so signally foiled, had distinguished itself by great

[1] Hoofd, xxvi. 1199, 1200. Wagenaer, viii. 243–246.

Among them was the name of Burgomaster Hoofd, father of the illustrious historian of the Netherlands. Much caution should be observed, however, in accepting to their full extent charges made in times of such violent party spirit. Leicester would have hardly ventured to hang fourteen such men as Hoofd and his compeers, although he would willingly have brought Barneveldt and Buys to the gibbet. He would have imprisoned and banished, no doubt, as many Amsterdam burghers of the states party as he could lay hands on.

[2] Bor, iii. xxiii. 7; xxiv. 179–204, 208–233, 279–290. Reyd, vi. 101. Wagenaer, 209, 210, 270–278.

liberality of sentiment in religious matters. The burghers were inspired by a love of country and a hatred of oppression, both civil and ecclesiastical; and papists and Protestants, who had fought side by side against the common foe, were not disposed to tear each other to pieces now that he had been excluded from their gates. Meanwhile, however, refugee Flemings and Brabantines had sought an asylum in the city, and being, as usual, of the strictest sect of the Calvinists, were shocked at the latitudinarianism which prevailed. To the honor of the city, as it seems to us now, but to their horror, it was even found that one or two papists had seats in the magistracy.[1] More than all this, there was a school in the town kept by a Catholic, and Adrian van der Werf himself—the renowned burgomaster, who had sustained the city during the dreadful leaguer of 1574, and who had told the famishing burghers that they might eat him if they liked, but that they should never surrender to the Spaniards while he remained alive—even Adrian van der Werf had sent his son to this very school.[2] To the clamor made by the refugees against this spirit of toleration, one of the favorite preachers in the town, of Arminian tendencies, had declared in the pulpit that he would as lief see the Spanish as the Calvinistic inquisition established over his country, using an expression in regard to the Church of Geneva more energetic than decorous.[3]

It was from Leyden that the chief opposition came to a synod by which a great attempt was to be made toward subjecting the new commonwealth to a masked

[1] Bor, xxiii. 93–105. [2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid.: "Liever de Spaense Inquisitie dan de Geneefse discipline, die pockige hoere" (p. 98).

theocracy—a scheme which the states of Holland had resisted with might and main. The Calvinistic party, waxing stronger in Leyden, although still in a minority, at last resolved upon a strong effort to place the city in the hands of that great representative of Calvinism, the Earl of Leicester. Jacques Volmar, a deacon of the Church, Cosmo de Pescarengis, a Genoese colonel of much experience in the service of the Republic, Adolphus de Meetkerken, former president of Flanders, who had been, by the states, deprived of the seat in the great council to which the earl had appointed him, Dr. Saravia, professor of theology in the university, with other deacons, preachers, and captains, went at different times from Leyden to Utrecht, and had secret interviews with Leicester.

A plan was at last agreed upon, according to which, about the middle of October, a revolution should be effected in Leyden. Captain Nicholas de Maulde, who had recently so much distinguished himself in the defense of Sluis, was stationed with two companies of states' troops in the city. He had been much disgusted, not without reason, at the culpable negligence through which the courageous efforts of the Sluis garrison had been set at naught and the place sacrificed, when it might so easily have been relieved, and he ascribed the whole of the guilt to Maurice, Hohenlo, and the states, although it could hardly be denied that at least an equal portion belonged to Leicester and his party. The young captain listened, therefore, to a scheme propounded to him by Colonel Cosmo and Deacon Volmar, in the name of Leicester. He agreed, on a certain day, to muster his company, to leave the city by the Delft Gate, as if by command of superior authority,

to effect a junction with Captain Heraugiere, another of the distinguished malcontent defenders of Sluis, who was stationed, with his command, at Delft, and then to reënter Leyden, take possession of the town hall, arrest all the magistrates, together with Adrian van der Werf, ex-burgomaster, and proclaim Lord Leicester, in the name of Queen Elizabeth, legitimate master of the city.[1] A list of burghers who were to be executed was likewise agreed upon at a final meeting of the conspirators in a hostelry, which bore the ominous name of "The Thunderbolt." A desire had been signified by Leicester, in the preliminary interviews at Utrecht, that all bloodshed, if possible, should be spared;[2] but it was certainly an extravagant expectation, considering the temper, the political convictions, and the known courage of the Leyden burghers, that the city would submit without a struggle to this invasion of all their rights. It could hardly be doubted that the streets would run red with blood, as those of Antwerp had done when a similar attempt on the part of Anjou had been foiled.

Unfortunately for the scheme, a day or two before the great stroke was to be hazarded, Cosmo de Pescarengis had been accidentally arrested for debt.[3] A subordinate accomplice, taking alarm, had then gone before the magistrates and revealed the plot. Volmar and De Maulde fled at once, but were soon arrested in the neighborhood. President de Meetkerken, Professor Saravia, the preacher Van der Wouw, and others most compromised, effected their escape.[4] The matter was instantly laid before the

[1] Bor, ubi sup. Reyd, vii. 133, 134. Meteren, xiv. 261.
[2] Bor, Reyd, Meteren, ubi sup.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid.

states of Holland by the magistracy of Leyden, and seemed of the gravest moment. In the beginning of the year, the fatal treason of Yorke and Stanley had implanted a deep suspicion of Leicester in the hearts of almost all the Netherlanders, which could not be eradicated. The painful rumors concerning the secret negotiations with Spain, and the design falsely attributed to the English queen of selling the chief cities of the Republic to Philip as the price of peace and of reimbursement for expenses incurred by her, increased the general excitement to fever. It was felt by the leaders of the states that as mortal a combat lay before them with the Earl of Leicester as with the King of Spain, and that it was necessary to strike a severe blow in order to vindicate their imperiled authority.

A commission was appointed by the high court of Holland, acting in conjunction with the States of the Provinces, to try the offenders. Among the commissioners were Adrian van der Werf, John van der Does, who had been military commandant of Leyden during the siege, Barneveldt, and other distinguished personages, over whom Count Maurice presided.[1] The accused were subjected to an impartial trial. Without torture, they confessed their guilt.[2] It is true, however, that Cosmo was placed within sight of the rack. He avowed that his object had been to place the city under the authority of Leicester, and to effect this purpose, if possible, without bloodshed. He declared that the attempt was to be made with the full knowledge and approbation of the earl, who had promised him the command of

[1] Bor, Reyd, Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] So say Bor and Meteren; but Reyd says that they were put to the torture (p. 153): "Nae pijnlijke ondervraeginge."

a regiment of twelve companies, as a recompense for his services, if they proved successful. Leicester, said Cosmo, had also pledged himself, in case the men thus executing his plans should be discovered and endangered, to protect and rescue them, even at the sacrifice of all his fortune and of the office he held. When asked if he had any written statement from his Excellency to that effect, Cosmo replied no, nothing but his princely word which he had voluntarily given.[1]

Volmar made a similar confession. He, too, declared that he had acted throughout the affair by express command of the Earl of Leicester. Being asked if he had any written evidence of the fact, he likewise replied in the negative. "Then his Excellency will unquestionably deny your assertion," said the judges. "Alas! then am I a dead man," replied Volmar, and the unfortunate deacon never spoke truer words. Captain de Maulde also confessed his crime. He did not pretend, however, to have had any personal communication with Leicester, but said that the affair had been confided to him by Colonel Cosmo, on the express authority of the earl, and that he had believed himself to be acting in obedience to his Excellency's commands.[2]

On the 26th October, after a thorough investigation, followed by a full confession on the part of the culprits,

[1] Bor, Meteren, ubi sup. Reyd declares that Killigrew (who, with Beale, was member of the state council as representative of the queen) notified the commissioners that the attempt had been made with the knowledge and consent of Leicester, and warned them not to be precipitate in the trial, but that the earl, who was then at Alkmaar, denied all complicity in the affair. Cosmo, according to the same authority, called out, when upon the rack, "Oh, Excellence, a quoi employez vous les gens!" (p. 134).

[2] Bor, Meteren, Reyd, ubi sup.

the three were sentenced to death.[1] The decree was surely a most severe one. They had been guilty of no actual crime, and only in case of high treason could an intention to commit a crime be considered, by the laws of the state, an offense punishable with death. But it was exactly because it was important to make the crime high treason that the prisoners were condemned. The offense was considered as a crime not against Leyden, but as an attempt to levy war upon a city which was a member of the states of Holland and of the United States. If the states were sovereign, then this was a lesion of their sovereignty. Moreover, the offense had been aggravated by the employment of United States troops against the commonwealth of the United States itself. To cut off the heads of these prisoners was a sharp practical answer to the claims of sovereignty by Leicester, as representing the people, and a terrible warning to all who might, in future, be disposed to revive the theories of Deventer and Burgrave.

In the case of De Maulde the punishment seemed especially severe. His fate excited universal sympathy, and great efforts were made to obtain his pardon. He was a universal favorite; he was young; he was very handsome; his manners were attractive; he belonged to an ancient and honorable race. His father, the Seigneur de Mansart, had done great services in the war of independence, had been an intimate friend of the great Prince of Orange, and had even advanced large sums of money to assist his noble efforts to liberate the country. Two brothers of the young captain had fallen in the service of the Republic. He, too, had distinguished himself

[1] Bor, Meteren, Reyd, ubi sup. The sentences are given in full by Bor.

at Ostend, and his gallantry during the recent siege of Sluis had been in every mouth, and had excited the warm applause of so good a judge of soldiership as the veteran Roger Williams. The scars of the wounds received in the desperate conflicts of that siege were fresh upon his breast. He had not intended to commit treason, but, convinced by the sophistry of older soldiers than himself, as well as by learned deacons and theologians, he had imagined himself doing his duty while obeying the Earl of Leicester. If there were ever a time for mercy, this seemed one, and young Maurice of Nassau might have remembered that, even in the case of the assassins who had attempted the life of his father, that great-hearted man had lifted up his voice, which seemed his dying one, in favor of those who had sought his life.

But the authorities were inexorable. There was no hope of a mitigation of punishment, but a last effort was made, under favor of a singular ancient custom, to save the life of De Maulde. A young lady of noble family in Leyden, Uytenbroek by name, claimed the right of rescuing the condemned malefactor from the ax by appearing upon the scaffold and offering to take him for her husband.[1]

Intelligence was brought to the prisoner in his dungeon that the young lady had made the proposition, and he was told to be of good cheer. But he refused to be comforted. He was slightly acquainted with the gentlewoman, he observed, and doubted much whether her request would be granted. Moreover, if contemporary chronicle can be trusted, he even expressed a preference for the scaffold, as the milder fate of the

[1] Bor, iii. xxiii. 97. Van Wyn op Wagenaer, viii. 72.

two.[1] The lady, however, not being aware of those uncomplimentary sentiments, made her proposal to the magistrates, but was dismissed with harsh rebukes. She had need be ashamed, they said, of her willingness to take a condemned traitor for her husband. It was urged, in her behalf, that even in the cruel Alva's time the ancient custom had been respected, and that victims had been saved from the executioners on a demand in marriage made even by women of abandoned character.[2] But all was of no avail. The prisoners were executed on the 26th October, the same day on which the sentence had been pronounced. The heads of Volmar and Cosmo were exposed on one of the turrets of the city. That of Maulde was interred with his body.[3]

The earl was indignant when he heard of the event. As there had been no written proof of his complicity in the conspiracy, the judges had thought it improper to mention his name in the sentences. He, of course, denied any knowledge of the plot, and its proof rested, therefore, only on the assertion of the prisoners themselves, which, however, was circumstantial, voluntary, and generally believed.[4]

France, during the whole of this year of expectation,

[1] "Maer hy hoerende de selve noemen, en in haer geselschap wel geweest zijnde, hadde weynig moeds dat hy door verlost worden zoude, of *ook de selve ten huwelijke niet begeerende*, koude hem niet te vreden stellen," etc.—Bor, iii. xxiii. 97.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Bor, Meteren, Reyd, ubi sup. Le Petit, ii. xiv. 551.

[4] Ibid.

The only passage bearing on the subject which I have found in Leicester's secret correspondence is this extract from a letter to the queen: "The states have used great cruelty of late in Leyden against three persons that favored your Majesty, whom they put

was plowed throughout its whole surface by perpetual civil war. The fatal edict of June, 1585, had drowned the unhappy land in blood. Foreign armies, called in by the various contending factions, ravaged its fair territory, butchered its peasantry, and changed its fertile plains to a wilderness. The unhappy creature who wore the crown of Charlemagne and of Hugh Capet was but the tool in the hands of the most profligate and design-

to death, and banished twenty others, whereof their devoted head was one, old Count Meetkerke another. This gentleman can inform you of it, and I will send it, shortly, at more length." —Leicester to the queen, October 27, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

This very meager allusion to so important an event is almost suspicious in itself, when coupled with the fact that the details were intrusted to a special messenger to communicate by word of mouth. The earl knew very well that his most secret despatches were read by his antagonists, and he might not be unwilling to deceive them by the slighting tone of these allusions in his private letters.

Of course it is unfair to place implicit reliance on the confessions of prisoners anxious to save their lives by implicating the powerful governor. Yet it is difficult to know why they should expect his intercession if they knew themselves to be blasting his character by an impudent falsehood. Moreover, an elaborate pamphlet, published in defense of those persons who had effected their escape, was dedicated to the earl himself, and contained a statement of the interview of the ringleaders with the earl, although a strong attempt was made by the writer to deprive the plot of any criminal character. (Bor, iii. xxiii. 95 seq., gives the document.) But the pamphlet was denounced and prohibited in Leyden, as an infamous libel and a tissue of falsehoods, and it is hardly just, therefore, to put it in as good evidence either for or against the earl.

The secret intention of Leicester to obtain possession of certain cities, in order to bridle the states and to make a good bargain for the queen, should the worst come to the worst, has been already shown from his private letters.

ing of his own subjects, and of foreigners. Slowly and surely the net spread by the hands of his own mother, of his own prime minister,[1] of the Duke of Guise, all obeying the command and receiving the stipend of Philip, seemed closing over him. He was without friends, without power to know his friends, if he had them. In his hatred to the Reformation he had allowed himself to be made the enemy of the only man who could be his friend, or the friend of France. Allied with his mortal foe, whose armies were strengthened by contingents from Parma's forces and paid for by Spanish gold, he was forced to a mock triumph over the foreign mercenaries who came to save his crown, and to submit to the defeat of the flower of his chivalry by the only man who could rescue France from ruin, and whom France could look up to with respect.

For, on the 20th October, Henry of Navarre had at last gained a victory. After twenty-seven years of perpetual defeat, during which they had been growing stronger and stronger, the Protestants had met the picked troops of Henry III., under the Duc de Joyeuse, near the burgh of Coutras. His cousins Condé and Soissons each commanded a wing in the army of the Béarnese. "You are both of my family," said Henry, before the engagement, "and the Lord so help me, but I will show you that I am the eldest born."[2] And during that bloody day the white plume was ever tossing where the battle was fiercest. "I choose to show myself. They

[1] In October of this year, 1587, Epergnon called Villeroy, in the king's presence, "un petit coquin," accused him of being a stipendiary of Philip II. and the League, and threatened to spur him as he would an obstinate horse. (L'Estoile, Registre Journal de Henri III., ed. 1587, p. 32.)

[2] Péréfixe, 73.

shall see the Béarnese," was his reply to those who implored him to have a care for his personal safety. And at last, when the day was done, the victory gained, and more French nobles lay dead on the field, as Catherine de' Medici bitterly declared, than had fallen in a battle for twenty years; when two thousand of the king's best troops had been slain, and when the bodies of Joyeuse and his brother had been laid out in the very room where the conqueror's supper, after the battle, was served, but where he refused, with a shudder, to eat, he was still as eager as before, had the wretched Valois been possessed of a spark of manhood or of intelligence, to shield him and his kingdom from the common enemy.[1]

For it could hardly be doubtful, even to Henry III., at that moment, that Philip II. and his jackal, the Duke of Guise, were pursuing him to the death, and that, in his breathless doublings to escape, he had been forced to turn upon his natural protector. And now Joyeuse was defeated and slain. "Had it been my brother's son," exclaimed Cardinal de Bourbon, weeping and wailing, "how much better it would have been!" It was not easy to slay the champion of French Protestantism; yet, to one less buoyant, the game, even after the brilliant but fruitless victory of Coutras, might have seemed desperate. Beggared and outcast, with literally scarce a shirt to his back, without money to pay a corporal's guard, how was he to maintain an army?

But Mucio was more successful than Joyeuse had been, and the German and Swiss mercenaries who had come across the border to assist the Béarnese were adroitly handled by Philip's great stipendiary. Henry

[1] De Thou, x. l. lxxxvii. Péréfixe, 75–78. L'Estoile, 232.

of Valois, whose troops had just been defeated at Coutras, was now compelled to participate in a more fatal series of triumphs. For, alas! the victim had tied himself to the apron-string of "Madam League," and was paraded by her, in triumph, before the eyes of his own subjects and of the world. The passage of the Loire by the auxiliaries was resisted, a series of petty victories was gained by Guise, and, at last, after it was obvious that the leaders of the legions had been corrupted with Spanish ducats, Henry allowed them to depart, rather than give the Balafré opportunity for still further successes.[1]

Then came the triumph in Paris,—hosannas in the churches, huzzas in the public places,—not for the king, but for Guise. Paris, more madly in love with her champion than ever, prostrated herself at his feet. For him pæans as to a deliverer. Without him the ark would have fallen into the hands of the Philistines. For the Valois, shouts of scorn from the populace, thunders from the pulpit, anathemas from monk and priest, elaborate invectives from all the pedants of the Sorbonne, distant mutterings of excommunication from Rome—not the toothless beldam of modern days, but the avenging divinity of priest-rid monarchs. Such were the results of the edict of June. Spain and the pope had trampled upon France, and the populace in her capital clapped their hands and jumped for joy. "Miserable country, miserable king," sighed an illustrious patriot, "whom his own countrymen wish rather to survive than to die to defend him! Let the name of Huguenot and of papist be never heard of more. Let us think only of the counter-league. Is France to be

[1] De Thou, ubi sup. L'Estoile, 232, 234.

saved by opening all its gates to Spain? Is France to be turned out of France, to make a lodging for the Lorrainer and the Spaniard?" Pregnant questions, which could not yet be answered, for the end was not yet. France was to become still more and more a wilderness. And well did that same brave and thoughtful lover of his country declare that he who should suddenly awake from a sleep of twenty-five years and revisit that once beautiful land would deem himself transplanted to a barbarous island of cannibals.[1]

It had now become quite obvious that the game of Leicester was played out. His career, as it has now been fully exhibited, could have but one termination. He had made himself thoroughly odious to the nation whom he came to govern. He had lost forever the authority once spontaneously bestowed, and he had attempted in vain, both by fair means and foul, to recover that power. There was nothing left him but retreat. Of this he was thoroughly convinced.[2] He was anxious to be gone, the Republic most desirous to be rid of him, her Majesty impatient to have her favorite back again. The indulgent queen, seeing nothing to blame in his conduct, while her indignation at the attitude maintained by the provinces was boundless, permitted him, accordingly, to return, and in her letter to the states announcing this decision she took a fresh opportunity of emptying her wrath upon their heads.

She told them that, notwithstanding her frequent messages to them, signifying her evil contentment with

[1] Duplessis-Mornay, Mémoires, iv. 1–34.

[2] "'T is time for me now to look after my own head" ("Sta tempo ch' io guardi la mia testa"), he is said to have exclaimed when the Leyden plot was discovered. (Reyd, vii. 134.)

their unthankfulness for her exceeding great benefits, and with their gross violations of their contract with herself and with Leicester, whom they had, of their own accord, made absolute governor without her instigation, she had never received any good answer to move her to commit their sins to oblivion, nor had she remarked any amendment in their conduct. On the contrary, she complained that they daily increased their offenses most notoriously in the sight of the world, and in so many points that she lacked words to express them in one letter. She, however, thought it worth while to allude to some of their transgressions. She declared that their sinister, or rather barbarous, interpretation of her conduct had been notorious in perverting and falsifying her princely and Christian intentions, when she imparted to them the overtures that had been made to her for a treaty of peace for herself and for them with the King of Spain. Yet although she had required their allowance before she would give her assent, she had been grieved that the world should see what impudent untruths had been forged upon her, not only by their sufferance, but by their special permission, for her Christian good meaning toward them. She denounced the statements as to her having concluded a treaty, not only without their knowledge, but with the sacrifice of their liberty and religion, as utterly false, either for anything done in act, or intended in thought, by her. She complained that upon this most false ground had been heaped a number of like untruths and malicious slanders against her cousin Leicester, who had hazarded his life, spent his substance, left his native country, absented himself from her, and lost his time, only for their service. It had been falsely stated among them, she said,

that the earl had come over the last time knowing that peace had been secretly concluded. It was false that he had intended to surprise divers of their towns and deliver them to the King of Spain. All such untruths contained matter so improbable that it was most strange that any person having any sense could imagine them correct. Having thus slightly animadverted upon their wilfulness, unthankfulness, and bad government, and having, in very plain English, given them the lie eight distinct and separate times upon a single page, she proceeded to inform them that she had recalled her cousin Leicester, having great cause to use his services in England, and not seeing how by his tarrying there he could either profit them or herself. Nevertheless, she protested herself not void of compassion for their estate, and for the pitiful condition of the great multitude of kind and godly people, subject to the miseries which, by the states' government, were like to fall upon them, unless God should specially interpose; and she had therefore determined, for the time, to continue her subsidies, according to the covenant between them. If, meantime, she should conclude a peace with Spain, she promised to them the same care for their country as for her own.[1]

Accordingly, the earl, after despatching an equally ill-tempered letter to the states, in which he alluded at unmerciful length to all the old grievances, and blamed them for the loss of Sluis, for which place he protested that they had manifested no more interest than if it had been San Domingo in Hispaniola, took his departure for Flushing.[2] After remaining there, in a very moody

[1] Queen to the states, November 8, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Bor, iii. xxiii. 141. Meteren, xiv. 262.

frame of mind, for several days, expecting that the states would, at least, send a committee to wait upon him and receive his farewells, he took leave of them by letter. "God send me shortly a wind to blow me from them all,"[1] he exclaimed—a prayer which was soon granted, and before the end of the year he was safely landed in England. "These legs of mine," said he, clapping his hands upon them as he sat in his chamber at Margate, "shall never go again into Holland. Let the states get others to serve their mercenary turn, for me they shall not have."[2] Upon giving up the government, he caused a medal to be struck in his own honor. The device was a flock of sheep watched by an English mastiff. Two mottoes—"Non gregem sed ingratos," and "Invitus desero"—expressed his opinion of Dutch ingratitude and his own fidelity. The Hollanders, on their part, struck several medals to commemorate the same event, some of which were not destitute of invention. Upon one of them, for instance, was represented an ape smothering her young ones to death in her embrace, with the device, "Libertas ne ita chara ut simiæ catuli," while upon the reverse was a man avoiding smoke and falling into the fire, with the inscription, "Fugiens fumum, incidit in ignem."[3]

Leicester found the usual sunshine at Greenwich. All the efforts of Norris, Wilkes, and Buckhurst had been insufficient to raise even a doubt in Elizabeth's mind as to the wisdom and integrity by which his administration of the provinces had been characterized from beginning to end. Those who had appealed from his hatred

[1] Leicester to Atye, December 4, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Stow, Chronicle, 713.

[3] Bor, iii. xxiii. 153. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 210. Meteren, xiii. 238.

to the justice of their sovereign had met with disgrace and chastisement. But for the great earl the queen's favor was a rock of adamant. At a private interview he threw himself at her feet, and with tears and sobs implored her not to receive him in disgrace whom she had sent forth in honor. His blandishments prevailed, as they had always done. Instead, therefore, of appearing before the council, kneeling, to answer such inquiries as ought surely to have been instituted, he took his seat boldly among his colleagues, replying haughtily to all murmurs by a reference to her Majesty's secret instructions.[1]

The unhappy English soldiers who had gone forth under his banner in midsummer had been returning, as they best might, in winter, starving, half-naked wretches, to beg a morsel of bread at the gates of Greenwich Palace, and to be driven away as vagabonds, with threats of the stocks.[2] This was not the fault of the earl, for he had fed them with his own generous hand in the Netherlands, week after week, when no money for their necessities could be obtained from the paymasters. Two thousand pounds had been sent by Elizabeth to her soldiers when sixty-four thousand pounds' arrearage was due,[3] and no language could exaggerate the misery to

[1] Camden, iii. 400. Baker, 375.

[2] Memorial, in Burghley's own hand, November, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

[3] "She would by no means yield to send over any greater sum than two thousand pounds, though the lord treasurer, Sir Thomas Shirley, and myself did let her understand that there was due unto the soldiers serving there the 1st of July last forty-four thousand pounds, and before it could arrive there, at the least sixty-four thousand pounds."—Walsingham to Leicester, August 14, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 253, MS.

which these outcasts, according to eye-witnesses of their own nation, were reduced.

Lord Willoughby was appointed to the command of what remained of these unfortunate troops upon the earl's departure. The sovereignty of the Netherlands remained undisputed with the states. Leicester resigned his commission by an instrument dated December 17 (27), which, however, never reached the Netherlands till April of the following year.[1] From that time forth the government of the Republic maintained the same forms which the assembly had claimed for it in the long controversy with the governor-general, and which have been sufficiently described.

Meantime the negotiations for a treaty, no longer secret, continued. The queen, infatuated as ever, still believed in the sincerity of Farnese, while that astute personage and his master were steadily maturing their schemes. A matrimonial alliance was secretly projected between the King of Scots and Philip's daughter, the Infanta Isabella, with the consent of the pope and the whole college of cardinals; and James, by the whole force of the Holy League, was to be placed upon the throne of Elizabeth. In the case of his death without issue, Philip was to succeed quietly to the crowns of England, Scotland, and Ireland.[2] Nothing could be simpler or more rational, and accordingly these arrangements were the table-talk at Rome, and met with general approbation.

Communications to this effect, coming straight from

[1] Bor, iii. xxiii. 143 seq. Meteren, xiv. 262. Reyd, vii. 137, 138.

[2] Le Sieur to Walsingham, December 3, 1587. Maurice de Nassau to same, December 9, 1587. S. P. Office MSS.

the Colonna palace, were thought sufficiently circumstantial to be transmitted to the English government. Maurice of Nassau wrote with his own hand to Walsingham, professing a warm attachment to the cause in which Holland and England were united, and perfect personal devotion to the English queen.[1] His language was not that of a youth who, according to Leicester's repeated insinuations, was leagued with the most distinguished soldiers and statesmen of the Netherlands to sell their country to Spain.

But Elizabeth was not to be convinced. She thought

[1] "Je ne vous escrirai rien sur les propos d'Odo Colonna," wrote Maurice, "car vous les entendrez bien par la lecture du sommaire que je vous envoie, mais bien je vous assure qu'il est un jeune homme d'esprit vif et prompt, qui parle bien et a été bien nourri. Toutefois monstrant par ses propos qu'il ne sçait gueres de choses hors la cour de Rome, de la connoissance des bonnes maisons, et a paru a aulcuns des miens plus sages et experimentés que moi, qu'il y avoit fondement en ce qu'il disait, et que j'en devois advertir Sa M. tant pour la qualité de son dire, que pour faire connaitre a Sa M. quand l'occasion se presentoit que je lui suis tres affectionné serviteur, ce qu'il convient par ma qualité et maison de monstrer par effet et non par parolles. Et en cette intention je me suis trouvé en ceste armée assemblée par ma diligence de tous les endroits de mes gouvernements, en intention, si Dieu m'en fait la grace, de combattre la puissance des plus grands ennemis de Sa Majesté, et de toute la Chretienté, ce sont le Roi d'Espagne et le Prince de Parme, lequel de tout mon cœur, je désire trouver en personne où j'espère avec l'aide de Dieu lui faire connaitre qu'il n'est pas si bon soldat ou il trouve resistance, que quand les hommes mal conseillés lui mettent les victoires en main de concevoir par leur lacheté de tant de prises de belles villes. Je vous supplie me tenir en la bonne grace de Sa M., de me continuer l'amitie que vous avez porté à monseigneur mon père, car j'espère que Dieu me fait grace de l'ensuivre promptement en constance et ferme resolution. Jusqu'à je prierai Dieu," etc.—Maurice de Nassau to Walsingham, December 9, 1587, S. P. Office MS.

it extremely probable that the provinces would be invaded, and doubtless felt some anxiety for England. It was unfortunate that the possession of Sluis had given Alexander such a point of vantage, and there was, moreover, a fear that he might take possession of Ostend. She had, therefore, already recommended that her own troops should be removed from that city, that its walls should be razed, its marine bulwarks destroyed, and that the ocean should be let in to swallow the devoted city forever, the inhabitants having been previously allowed to take their departure. For it was assumed by her Majesty that to attempt resistance would be idle, and that Ostend could never stand a siege.[1]

The advice was not taken, and before the end of her reign Elizabeth was destined to see this indefensible city —only fit, in her judgment, to be abandoned to the waves—become memorable throughout all time for the longest and, in many respects, the most remarkable siege which modern history has recorded, the famous leaguer in which the first European captains of the coming age were to take their lessons, year after year, in the school of the great Dutch soldier, who was now but a "solemn, sly youth," just turned of twenty.

The only military achievement which characterized the close of the year, to the great satisfaction of the provinces and the annoyance of Parma, was the surprise of the city of Bonn. The indefatigable Martin Schenck —in fulfilment of his great contract with the States-General, by which the war on the Rhine had been farmed out to him on such profitable terms—had led his mercenaries against this important town. He had found

[1] Queen to Leicester, November 8, 1587, in Burghley's hand, S. P. Office MS.

one of its gates somewhat insecurely guarded, placed a mortar under it at night, and occupied a neighboring pigsty with a number of his men, who, by chasing, maltreating, and slaughtering the swine, had raised an unearthly din, sufficient to drown the martial operations at the gate. In brief, the place was easily mastered and taken possession of by Martin, in the name of the deposed elector, Gerard Truchses—the first stroke of good fortune which had for a long time befallen that melancholy prelate.[1]

The administration of Leicester has been so minutely pictured that it would be superfluous to indulge in many concluding reflections. His acts and words have been made to speak for themselves. His career in the country has been described with much detail, because the period was a great epoch of transition. The Republic of the Netherlands, during those years, acquired consistency and permanent form. It seemed possible, on the earl's first advent, that the provinces might become part and parcel of the English realm. Whether such a consummation would have been desirable or not is a fruitless inquiry. But it is certain that the selection of such a man as Leicester made that result impossible. Doubtless there were many errors committed by all parties. The queen was supposed by the Netherlanders to be secretly desirous of accepting the sovereignty of the provinces, provided she were made sure, by the earl's experience, that they were competent to protect themselves. But

[1] Bor, iii. xxii. 143. Meteren, xiv. 262. Wagenaer, viii. 266. Parma to Philip II., December 29, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

"According to this, Schenck is not dead yet, as reported" ("Segun esto no es muerto como habian dicho"), was Philip's judicious marginal observation on the letter in which Parma communicated this clever exploit of Martin.

this suspicion was unfounded. The result of every investigation showed the country so full of resources, of wealth, and of military and naval capabilities, that, united with England, it would have been a source of great revenue and power, not a burden and an expense. Yet, when convinced of such facts by the statistics which were liberally laid before her by her confidential agents, she never manifested, either in public or private, any intention of accepting the sovereignty. This being her avowed determination, it was an error on the part of the states, before becoming thoroughly acquainted with the man's character, to confer upon Leicester the almost boundless authority which they granted on his first arrival. It was a still graver mistake, on the part of Elizabeth, to give way to such explosions of fury, both against the governor and the states, when informed of the offer and acceptance of that authority. The earl, elevated by the adulation of others and by his own vanity into an almost sovereign attitude, saw himself chastised before the world, like an aspiring lackey, by her in whose favor he had felt most secure. He found himself, in an instant, humbled and ridiculous. Between himself and the queen it was something of a lovers' quarrel, and he soon found balsam in the hand that smote him. But though reinstated in authority, he was never again the object of reverence in the land he was attempting to rule. As he came to know the Netherlanders better, he recognized the great capacit which their statesmen concealed under a plain and sometimes a plebeian exterior, and the splendid grandee hated where at first he had only despised. The Netherlanders, too, who had been used to look up almost with worship to a plain man of kindly manners, in felt hat and bargeman's woolen

jacket, whom they called "Father William," did not appreciate as they ought the magnificence of the stranger who had been sent to govern them. The earl was handsome, quick-witted, brave; but he was neither wise in council nor capable in the field. He was intolerably arrogant, passionate, and revengeful. He hated easily, and he hated for life. It was soon obvious that no cordiality of feeling or of action could exist between him and the plain, stubborn Hollanders. He had the fatal characteristic of loving only the persons who flattered him. With much perception of character, sense of humor, and appreciation of intellect, he recognized the power of the leading men in the nation, and sought to gain them. So long as he hoped success, he was loud in their praises. They were all wise, substantial, well-languaged, big fellows, such as were not to be found in England or anywhere else. When they refused to be made his tools, they became tinkers, boors, devils, and atheists. He covered them with curses and devoted them to the gibbet. He began by warmly commending Buys and Barneveldt, Hohenlo and Maurice, and endowing them with every virtue. Before he left the country he had accused them of every crime, and would cheerfully, if he could, have taken the life of every one of them. And it was quite the same with nearly every Englishman who served with or under him. Wilkes and Buckhurst, however much the objects of his previous esteem, so soon as they ventured to censure or even to criticize his proceedings, were at once devoted to perdition. Yet, after minute examination of the record, public and private, neither Wilkes nor Buckhurst can be found guilty of treachery or animosity toward him, but are proved to have been governed, in all their con-

duct, by a strong sense of duty to their sovereign, the Netherlands, and Leicester himself.

To Sir John Norris it must be allowed that he was never fickle, for he had always entertained for that distinguished general an honest, unswerving, and infinite hatred, which was not susceptible of increase or diminution by any act or word. Pelham, too, whose days were numbered, and who was dying bankrupt and broken-hearted at the close of the earl's administration, had always been regarded by him with tenderness and affection. But Pelham had never thwarted him, had exposed his life for him, and was always proud of being his faithful, unquestioning, humble adherent. With perhaps this single exception, Leicester found himself, at the end of his second term in the provinces, without a single friend and with few respectable partizans. Subordinate mischievous intriguers like Deventer, Junius, and Otheman were his chief advisers and the instruments of his schemes.

With such qualifications it was hardly possible, even if the current of affairs had been flowing smoothly, that he should prove a successful governor of the new Republic. But when the numerous errors and adventitious circumstances are considered, for some of which he was responsible, while of others he was the victim, it must be esteemed fortunate that no great catastrophe occurred. His immoderate elevation, his sudden degradation, his controversy in regard to the sovereignty, his abrupt departure for England, his protracted absence, his mistimed return, the secret instructions for his second administration, the obstinate parsimony and persistent ill temper of the queen,—who, from the beginning to the end of the earl's government, never addressed a kindly

word to the Netherlanders, but was ever censuring and browbeating them in public state papers and private epistles,—the treason of Yorke and Stanley, above all the disastrous and concealed negotiations with Parma, and the desperate attempts upon Amsterdam and Leyden, all placed him in a most unfortunate position from first to last. But he was not competent for his post under any circumstances. He was not the statesman to deal in policy with Buys, Barneveldt, Ortel, Sainte-Aldegonde, nor the soldier to measure himself against Alexander Farnese. His administration was a failure; and although he repeatedly hazarded his life, and poured out his wealth in their behalf with an almost unequaled liberality, he could never gain the hearts of the Netherlanders. English valor, English intelligence, English truthfulness, English generosity, were endearing England more and more to Holland. The statesmen of both countries were brought into closest union, and learned to appreciate and to respect each other, while they recognized that the fate of their respective commonwealths was indissolubly united. But it was to the efforts of Walsingham, Drake, Raleigh, Wilkes, Buckhurst, Norris, Willoughby, Williams, Vere, Russell, and the brave men who fought under their banners or their counsels, on every battle-field and in every beleaguered town in the Netherlands, and to the universal spirit and sagacity of the English nation in this grand crisis of its fate, that these fortunate results were owing; not to the Earl of Leicester, nor, during the term of his administration, to Queen Elizabeth herself.

In brief, the proper sphere of this remarkable personage, and the one in which he passed the greater portion of his existence, was that of a magnificent court favorite,

the spoiled darling, from youth to his death-bed, of the great English queen; whether to the advantage or not of his country and the true interests of his sovereign, there can hardly be at this day any difference of opinion.

CHAPTER XVIII

Prophecies as to the year 1588—Distracted condition of the Dutch Republic—Willoughby reluctantly takes command—English commissioners come to Ostend—Secretary Garnier and Robert Cecil—Cecil accompanies Dale to Ghent, and finds the desolation complete—Interview of Dale and Cecil with Parma—His fervent expressions in favor of peace—Cecil makes a tour in Flanders, and sees much that is remarkable—Interviews of Dr. Rogers with Parma—Wonderful harangues of the envoy—Extraordinary amenity of Alexander, with which Rogers is much touched—The queen not pleased with her envoy—Credulity of the English commissioners—Ceremonious meeting of all the envoys—Consummate art in wasting time—Long disputes about commissions—The Spanish commissions meant to deceive—Disputes about cessation of arms—Spanish duplicity and procrastination—Pedantry and credulity of Dr. Dale—The papal bull and Dr. Allen's pamphlet—Dale sent to ask explanations—Parma denies all knowledge of either—Croft believes to the last in Alexander—Dangerous discord in North Holland—Leicester's resignation arrives—Enmity of Willoughby and Maurice—Willoughby's dark picture of affairs—Hatred between states and Leicestrians—Maurice's answer to the queen's charges—End of Sonoy's rebellion—Philip foments the civil war in France—League's threats and plots against Henry—Mucio arrives in Paris—He is received with enthusiasm—The king flies, and Spain triumphs in Paris—States expostulate with the queen—English statesmen still deceived—Deputies from Netherland churches hold conference with the queen and present long memorials—More conversations with the queen—National spirit of England and Holland—Dissatisfaction with queen's course—Bitter complaints of Lord Howard—Want of preparation in army and navy—Sanguine statements of Leicester—Activity of Parma—The painful suspense continues.

THE year 1588 had at last arrived—that fatal year concerning which the German astrologers, more than a century before, had prognosticated such dire events.[1] As the epoch approached it was firmly believed by many that the end of the world was at hand, while the least superstitious could not doubt that great calamities were impending over the nations. Portents observed during the winter and in various parts of Europe came to increase the prevailing panic. It rained blood in Sweden, monstrous births occurred in France, and at Weimar it was gravely reported by eminent chroniclers that the sun had appeared at midday holding a drawn sword in his mouth—a warlike portent whose meaning could not be mistaken.[2]

But, in truth, it needed no miracles nor prophecies to enforce the conviction that a long procession of disasters was steadily advancing. With France rent asunder by internal convulsions, with its imbecile king not even capable of commanding a petty faction among his own subjects, with Spain, the dark cause of unnumbered evils holding Italy in its grasp, firmly allied with the pope, already having reduced and nearly absorbed France, and now, after long and patient preparation, about to hurl the concentrated vengeance and hatred of long years upon the little kingdom of England and its only ally, the just organized commonwealth of the Netherlands, it would have been strange indeed if the dullest intellect had not dreamed of tragical events. It was not encouraging that there should be distraction in the counsels of the two states so immediately threatened; that the Queen

[1] De Thou, x. 218. Camden, iii. 402. Strada, ii. ix. 530. Pasquier, Œuvres, ii. 331.

[2] Ibid.

of England should be at variance with her wisest and most faithful statesmen as to their course of action, and that deadly quarrels should exist between the leading men of the Dutch Republic and the English governor, who had assumed the responsibility of directing its energies against the common enemy.

The blackest night that ever descended upon the Netherlands—more disappointing because succeeding a period of comparative prosperity and triumph—was the winter of 1587–88, when Leicester had terminated his career by his abrupt departure for England, after his second brief attempt at administration. For it was exactly at this moment of anxious expectation, when dangers were rolling up from the south till not a ray of light or hope could pierce the universal darkness, that the little commonwealth was left without a chief. The English earl departed, shaking the dust from his feet; but he did not resign. The supreme authority, so far as he could claim it, was again transferred, with his person, to England.

The consequences were immediate and disastrous. All the Leicestrians refused to obey the States-General. Utrecht, the stronghold of that party, announced its unequivocal intention to annex itself, without any conditions whatever, to the English crown, while in Holland young Maurice was solemnly installed stadholder, and captain-general of the provinces, under the guidance of Hohenlo and Barneveldt. But his authority was openly defied in many important cities within his jurisdiction by military chieftains who had taken the oath of allegiance to Leicester as governor, and who refused to renounce fidelity to the man who had deserted their country, but who had not resigned his authority. Of

these mutineers the most eminent was Diedrich Sonoy, governor of North Holland, a soldier of much experience, sagacity, and courage, who had rendered great services to the cause of liberty and Protestantism, and had defaced it by acts of barbarity which had made his name infamous. Against this refractory chieftain it was necessary for Hohenlo and Maurice to lead an armed force, and to besiege him in his stronghold, the important city of Medemblik, which he resolutely held for Leicester, although Leicester had definitely departed, and which he closed against Maurice, although Maurice was the only representative of order and authority within the distracted commonwealth. And thus civil war had broken out in the little, scarcely organized Republic, as if there were not dangers and bloodshed enough impending over it from abroad. And the civil war was the necessary consequence of the earl's departure.

The English forces, reduced as they were by sickness, famine, and abject poverty, were but a remnant of the brave and well-seasoned bands which had faced the Spaniards with success on so many battle-fields.

The general who now assumed chief command over them—by direction of Leicester, subsequently confirmed by the queen—was Lord Willoughby. A daring, splendid dragoon, an honest, chivalrous, and devoted servant of his queen, a conscientious adherent of Leicester, and a firm believer in his capacity and character, he was, however, not a man of sufficient experience or subtlety to perform the various tasks imposed upon him by the necessities of such a situation. Quick-witted, even brilliant in intellect, and the bravest of the brave on the battle-field, he was neither a sagacious administrator nor a successful commander. And he honestly confessed his

deficiencies, and disliked the post to which he had been elevated. He scorned baseness, intrigue, and petty quarrels, and he was impatient of control. Testy, choleric, and quarrelsome, with a high sense of honor and a keen perception of insult, very modest and very proud, he was not likely to feed with wholesome appetite upon the unsavory annoyances which were the daily bread of a chief commander in the Netherlands. "I ambitiously affect not high titles, but round dealing," he said, "desiring rather to be a private lance with indifferent reputation, than a colonel-general spotted or defamed with wants."[1] He was not the politician to be matched against the unscrupulous and all-accomplished Farnese; and, indeed, no man better than Willoughby could illustrate the enormous disadvantage under which Englishmen labored at that epoch in their dealings with Italians and Spaniards. The profuse indulgence in falsehood which characterized Southern statesmanship was more than a match for English love of truth. English soldiers and negotiators went naked into a contest with enemies armed in a panoply of lies. It was an unequal match, as we have already seen, and as we are soon more clearly to see. How was an English soldier who valued his knightly word, how were English diplomatists, among whom one of the most famous—then a lad of twenty, secretary to Lord Essex in the Netherlands—had poetically avowed that "simple truth was highest skill," to deal with the thronging Spanish deceits sent northward by the great father of lies who sat in the Escorial?

"It were an ill lesson," said Willoughby, "to teach soldiers the dissimulations of such as follow princes'

[1] Willoughby to Leicester, September, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. ii. p. 141, MS.

courts in Italy. For my own part, it is my only end to be loyal and dutiful to my sovereign, and plain to all others that I honor. I see the finest reynard loses his best coat as well as the poorest sheep."[1] He was also a strong Leicestrian, and had imbibed much of the earl's resentment against the leading politicians of the states. Willoughby was sorely in need of counsel. That shrewd and honest Welshman, Roger Williams, was, for the moment, absent. Another of the same race and character commanded in Bergen-op-Zoom, but was not more gifted with administrative talent than the general himself.

"Sir Thomas Morgan is a very sufficient, gallant gentleman," said Willoughby, "and in truth a very old soldier; but we both have need of one that can both give and keep counsel better than ourselves. For action he is undoubtedly very able, if there were no other means to conquer but only to give blows."[2]

In brief, the new commander of the English forces in the Netherlands was little satisfied with the states, with the enemy, or with himself, and was inclined to take but a dismal view of the disjointed commonwealth, which required so incompetent a person as he professed himself to be to set it right.

"'T is a shame to show my wants," he said, "but too great a fault of duty that the queen's reputation be frustrate. What is my slender experience! What an honorable person do I succeed! What an encumbered popular state is left! What withered sinews, which it passes my cunning to restore! What an enemy in head

[1] Willoughby to Burghley, July 16, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. i. p. 10, MS.

[2] Ibid.

greater than heretofore! And wherewithal should I sustain this burden? For the wars, I am fitter to obey than to command. For the state, I am a man prejudicated in their opinion, and not the better liked of them that I have earnestly followed the general, and, being one that wants both opinion and experience with them I have to deal, and means to win more or to maintain that which is left, what good may be looked for?"[1]

The supreme authority, by the retirement of Leicester, was once more the subject of dispute. As on his first departure, so also on this his second and final one, he had left a commission to the state council to act as an executive body during his absence. But, although he nominally still retained his office, in reality no man believed in his return, and the States-General were ill inclined to brook a species of guardianship over them, with which they believed themselves mature enough to dispense. Moreover, the state council, composed mainly of Leicestrians, would expire, by limitation of its commission, early in February of that year. The dispute for power would necessarily terminate, therefore, in favor of the States-General.[2]

Meantime, while this internal revolution was taking place in the polity of the commonwealth, the gravest disturbances were its natural consequence. There were mutinies in the garrisons of Heusden, of Gertruydenberg, of Medemblik, as alarming, and threatening to become as chronic in their character, as those extensive military rebellions which often rendered the Spanish troops powerless at the most critical epochs. The cause

[1] Willoughby to Burghley, November 18, 1587, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. ii. 210, MS.

[2] Compare Van der Kemp, Maurits van Nassau, i. 58 seq.

of these mutinies was uniformly want of pay, the pretext the oath to the Earl of Leicester, which was declared incompatible with the allegiance claimed by Maurice in the name of the States-General. The mutiny of Gertruydenberg was destined to be protracted; that of Medemblik, dividing, as it did, the little territory of Holland in its very heart, it was most important at once to suppress. Sonoy, however, who was so stanch a Leicestrian that his Spanish contemporaries uniformly believed him to be an Englishman,[1] held out for a long time, as will be seen, against the threats and even the armed demonstrations of Maurice and the states.

Meantime the English sovereign, persisting in her delusion, and despite the solemn warnings of her own wisest councilors and the passionate remonstrances of the States-General of the Netherlands, sent her peace commissioners to the Duke of Parma.

The Earl of Derby, Lord Cobham, Sir James Croft, Valentine Dale, doctor of laws and former ambassador at Vienna, and Dr. Rogers, envoys on the part of the queen, arrived in the Netherlands in February.[2] The commissioners appointed on the part of Farnese were Count Aremberg, Champagny, Richardot, Jacob Maas, and Secretary Garnier.

If history has ever furnished a lesson, how an unscrupulous tyrant, who has determined upon enlarging his own territories at the expense of his neighbors, upon oppressing human freedom wherever it dared to manifest itself, with fine phrases of religion and order forever in his mouth, on deceiving his friends and enemies alike, as to his nefarious and almost incredible designs, by means

[1] Herrera, iii. 11, 84. Cornero, Guerras de Flandes, 224.

[2] Camden, iii. 407.

of perpetual and colossal falsehoods; and if such lessons deserve to be pondered, as a source of instruction and guidance for every age, then certainly the secret story of the negotiations by which the wise Queen of England was beguiled, and her kingdom brought to the verge of ruin, in the spring of 1588, is worthy of serious attention.

The English commissioners arrived at Ostend. With them came Robert Cecil, youngest son of Lord Treasurer Burghley, then twenty-five years of age. He had no official capacity, but was sent by his father that he might improve his diplomatic talents and obtain some information as to the condition of the Netherlands. A slight, crooked, humpbacked young gentleman, dwarfish in stature, but with a face not irregular in feature and thoughtful and subtle in expression, with reddish hair, a thin tawny beard, and large, pathetic, greenish-colored eyes, with a mind and manners already trained to courts and cabinets, and with a disposition almost ingenuous, as compared to the massive dissimulation with which it was to be contrasted, and with what was, in after times, to constitute a portion of his own character, Cecil, young as he was, could not be considered the least important of the envoys. The queen, who loved proper men, called him "her pygmy," and "although," he observed with whimsical courtliness, "I may not find fault with the sporting name she gives me, yet *seem I only not to mislike it, because she gives it.*"[1] The strongest man among them was Valentine Dale, who had much shrewdness, experience, and legal learning, but who valued himself, above all things, upon his Latinity. It was a consolation to him, while his adversaries were breaking Priscian's head

[1] R. Cecil to Burghley, February 16 (26), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

as fast as the duke, their master, was breaking his oaths, that his own syntax was as clear as his conscience.[1] The feeblest commissioner was James-a-Croft, who had already exhibited himself with very anile characteristics, and whose subsequent manifestations were to seem like dotage. Dr. Rogers, learned in the law as he unquestionably was, had less skill in reading human character or in deciphering the physiognomy of a Farnese, while Lord Derby, every inch a grandee, with Lord Cobham to assist him, was not the man to cope with the astute Richardot, the profound and experienced Champagny, or that most voluble and most rhetorical of doctors of law, Jacob Maas of Antwerp.

The commissioners, on their arrival, were welcomed by Secretary Garnier, who had been sent to Ostend to greet them. An adroit, pleasing, courteous gentleman, thirty-six years of age, small, handsome, and attired not quite as a soldier, nor exactly as one of the long robe, wearing a cloak furred to the knee, a cassock of black velvet, with plain gold buttons, and a gold chain about his neck, the secretary delivered handsomely the Duke of Parma's congratulations, recommended great expedition in the negotiations, and was then invited by the Earl of Derby to dine with the commissioners.[2] He was accompanied by a servant in plain livery, who, so soon as his master had made his bow to the English envoys, had set forth for a stroll through the town. The modest-looking valet, however, was a distinguished engineer in disguise, who had been sent by Alexander for the especial purpose of examining the fortifications of

[1] Valentine Dale to Walsingham, March 14, 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] R. Cecil to Burghley, March 4 (14), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

Ostend,[1] that town being a point much coveted, and liable to immediate attack by the Spanish commander.

Meanwhile Secretary Garnier made himself very agreeable, showing wit, experience, and good education, and after dinner was accompanied to his lodgings by Dr. Rogers and other gentlemen, with whom, especially with Cecil, he held much conversation.

Knowing that this young gentleman "wanted not an honorable father," the secretary was very desirous that he should take this opportunity to make a tour through the provinces, examine the cities, and especially "note the miserable ruins of the poor country and people." He would then feelingly perceive how much they had to answer for, whose mad rebellion against their sovereign lord and master had caused so great an effusion of blood, and the wide desolation of such goodly towns and territories.

Cecil probably entertained a suspicion that the sovereign lord and master, who had been employed twenty years long in butchering his subjects and in ravaging their territory to feed his executioners and soldiers, might almost be justified in treating human beings as beasts and reptiles if they had not at last rebelled. He simply and diplomatically answered, however, that he could not but concur with the secretary in lamenting the misery of the provinces and people, so utterly despoiled and ruined; but, as it might be matter of dispute "from what head this fountain of calamity was both fed and derived, he would not enter further therein, it being a matter much too high for his capacity." He expressed also the hope that the king's heart might sympathize with that of her Majesty, in earnest compassion for all

[1] Parma to Philip II., March 20, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

this suffering, and in determination to compound their differences.[1]

On the following day there was some conversation with Garnier on preliminary and formal matters, followed in the evening by a dinner at Lord Cobham's lodgings—a banquet which the forlorn condition of the country scarcely permitted to be luxurious. "We rather pray here for satiety," said Cecil, "than ever think of variety."[2]

It was hoped by the Englishmen that the secretary would take his departure after dinner; for the governor of Ostend, Sir John Conway, had an uneasy sensation, during his visit, that the unsatisfactory condition of the defenses would attract his attention, and that a sudden attack by Farnese might be the result. Sir John was not aware, however, of the minute and scientific observations then making, at the very moment when Mr. Garnier was entertaining the commissioners with his witty and instructive conversation, by the unobtrusive menial who had accompanied the secretary to Ostend. In order that those observations might be as thorough as possible, rather than with any view to ostensible business, the envoy of Parma now declared that, on account of the unfavorable state of the tide, he had resolved to pass another night at Ostend. "We could have spared his company," said Cecil, "but their Lordships considered it convenient that he should be used well." So Mr. Controller Croft gave the affable secretary a dinner-invitation for the following day.[3]

Here certainly was a masterly commencement on the part of the Spanish diplomatists. There was not one

[1] Cecil to Burghley, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.

stroke of business during the visit of the secretary. He had been sent simply to convey a formal greeting and to take the names of the English commissioners—a matter which could have been done in an hour as well as in a week. But it must be remembered that at that very moment the duke was daily expecting intelligence of the sailing of the Armada, and that Philip, on his part, supposed the duke already in England, at the head of his army. Under these circumstances, therefore, when the whole object of the negotiation, so far as Parma and his master were concerned, was to amuse and to gain time, it was already ingenious in Garnier to have consumed several days in doing nothing, and to have obtained plans and descriptions of Ostend into the bargain.

Garnier, when his departure could no longer, on any pretext, be deferred, took his leave, once more warmly urging Robert Cecil to make a little tour in the obedient Netherlands, and to satisfy himself, by personal observation, of their miserable condition. As Dr. Dale purposed making a preliminary visit to the Duke of Parma at Ghent, it was determined accordingly that he should be accompanied by Cecil.

That young gentleman had already been much impressed by the forlorn aspect of the country about Ostend; for, although the town was itself in possession of the English, it was in the midst of the enemy's territory. Since the fall of Sluis the Spaniards were masters of all Flanders, save this one much-coveted point. And although the queen had been disposed to abandon that city, and to suffer the ocean to overwhelm it, rather than that she should be at charges to defend it, yet its possession was of vital consequence to the English-Dutch cause, as time was ultimately to show. Meanwhile the

position was already a very important one, for, according to the predatory system of warfare of the day, it was an excellent starting-point for those marauding expeditions against persons and property, in which neither the Dutch nor English were less skilled than the Flemings or Spaniards. "The land all about here," said Cecil, "is so devastated that where the open country was wont to be covered with kine and sheep, it is now fuller of wild boars and wolves, whereof many come so nigh the town that the sentinels, three of whom watch every night upon a sand-hill outside the gates, have had them in a dark night upon them ere they were aware."[1]

But the garrison of Ostend was quite as dangerous to the peasants and the country squires of Flanders as were the wolves or wild boars; and many a pacific individual of retired habits, and with a remnant of property worth a ransom, was doomed to see himself whisked from his seclusion by Conway's troopers, and made a compulsory guest at the city. Prisoners were brought in from a distance of sixty miles; and there was one old gentleman, "well-languaged," who "confessed merrily to Cecil that when the soldiers fetched him out of his own mansion-house, sitting safe in his study, he was as little in fear of the garrison of Ostend as he was of the Turk or the devil."[2]

[1] And Dr. Rogers held very similar language. "The most dolorous and heavy sights in this voyage to Ghent, by me weighed," he said, "seeing the countries which, heretofore, by traffic of merchants, as much as any other I have seen flourish, now partly drowned, and, except certain great cities, wholly burned, ruined, and desolate, possessed, I say, with wolves, wild boars, and foxes —a great testimony of the wrath of God," etc.—Dr. Rogers to the queen, April 1 (11), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Cecil to Burghley, March 4 (14), 1588, MS. already cited.

Three days after the departure of Garnier, Dr. Dale and his attendants started upon their expedition from Ostend to Ghent—an hour's journey or so in these modern times. The English envoys, in the sixteenth century, found it a more formidable undertaking. They were many hours traversing the four miles to Oudenbourg, their first halting-place; for the waters were out, there having been a great breach of the sea-dike of Ostend, a disaster threatening destruction to town and country.[1] At Oudenbourg, a "small and wretched hole," as Garnier had described it to be, there was, however, a garrison of three thousand Spanish soldiers, under the Marquis de Renty. From these a convoy of fifty troopers was appointed to protect the English travelers to Bruges. Here they arrived at three o'clock, were met outside the gates by the famous General La Motte, and by him escorted to their lodgings in the "English House," and afterward handsomely entertained at supper in his own quarters.

The general's wife, Madame de la Motte, was, according to Cecil, "a fair gentlewoman of discreet and modest behavior, and yet not unwilling sometimes to hear herself speak,"[2] so that in her society and in that of her sister—"a nun of the Order of the Mounts, but who, like the rest of the sisterhood, wore an ordinary dress in the evening, and might leave the convent if asked in marriage"—the supper passed off very agreeably.

In the evening Cecil found that his father had formerly occupied the same bedroom of the English hotel in which he was then lodged; for he found that Lord

[1] Cecil to Burghley, March 10 (20), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Ibid.

Burghley had scrawled his name in the chimney-corner —a fact which was highly gratifying to the son.[1]

The next morning, at seven o'clock, the travelers set forth for Ghent. The journey was a miserable one. It was as cold and gloomy weather as even a Flemish month of March could furnish. A drizzling rain was falling all day long, the lanes were foul and miry; the frequent thickets which overhung their path were swarming with the freebooters of Zealand, who were "ever at hand," says Cecil, "to have picked our purses, but that they descried our convoy, and so saved themselves in the woods." Sitting on horseback ten hours without alighting, under such circumstances as these, was not luxurious for a fragile little gentleman like Queen Elizabeth's "pygmy," especially as Dr. Dale and himself had only half a red herring between them for luncheon, and supped afterward upon an orange.[2] The envoy protested that when they could get a couple of eggs apiece, while traveling in Flanders, "they thought they fared like princes."[3]

Nevertheless, Cecil and himself fought it out manfully, and when they reached Ghent, at five in the evening, they were met by their acquaintance Garnier, and escorted to their lodgings. Here they were waited upon by President Richardot, "a tall gentleman," on behalf of the Duke of Parma, and then left to their much-needed repose.

Nothing could be more forlorn than the country of the obedient Netherlands through which their day's journey had led them. Desolation had been the reward

[1] Cecil to Burghley, MS. last cited.

[2] Dale to Burghley, March 14 (24), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Ibid.

of obedience. "The misery of the inhabitants," said Cecil, "is incredible, both without the town, where all things are wasted, houses spoiled, and grounds unlabored, and also even in these great cities, where they are for the most part poor beggars even in the fairest houses."[1]

And all this human wretchedness was the elaborate work of one man—one dull, heartless bigot, living, far away, a life of laborious ease and solemn sensuality, and, in reality, almost as much removed from these fellow-creatures of his, whom he called his subjects, as if he had been the inhabitant of another planet. Has history many more instructive warnings against the horrors of arbitrary government, against the folly of mankind in ever tolerating the rule of a single irresponsible individual, than the lesson furnished by the life-work of that crowned criminal, Philip II.?

The longing for peace on the part of these unfortunate obedient Flemings was intense. Incessant cries for peace reached the ears of the envoys on every side. Alas! it would have been better for these peace-wishers had they stood side by side with their brethren, the noble Hollanders and Zealanders, when they had been wresting, if not peace, yet independence and liberty, from Philip, with their own right hands. Now the obedient Flemings were but fuel for the vast flame which the monarch was kindling for the destruction of Christendom, if all Christendom were not willing to accept his absolute dominion.

The burgomasters of Ghent—of Ghent, once the powerful, the industrious, the opulent, the free, of all cities in the world now the most abject and forlorn—came in the morning to wait upon Elizabeth's envoy, and to present

[1] Cecil to Burghley, MS. before cited.

him, according to ancient custom, with some flasks of wine. They came with tears streaming down their cheeks, earnestly expressing the desire of their hearts for peace, and their joy that at least it had now "begun to be thought on."[1]

"It is quite true," replied Dr. Dale, "that her excellent Majesty the Queen, filled with compassion for your condition, and having been informed that the Duke of Parma is desirous of peace, has vouchsafed to make this overture. If it take not the desired effect, let not the blame rest upon her, but upon her adversaries." To these words the magistrates all said amen, and invoked blessings on her Majesty.[2] And most certainly Elizabeth was sincerely desirous of peace, even at greater sacrifices than the duke could well have imagined; but there was something almost diabolic in the cold dissimulation by which her honest compassion was mocked, and the tears of a whole people in its agony made the laughing-stock of a despot and his tools.

On Saturday morning Richardot and Garnier waited upon the envoy to escort him to the presence of the duke. Cecil, who accompanied him, was not much impressed with the grandeur of Alexander's lodgings, and made unfavorable and rather unreasonable comparisons between them and the splendor of Elizabeth's court. They passed through an antechamber into a dining-room, thence into an inner chamber, and next into the duke's room. In the antechamber stood Sir William Stanley, the Deventer traitor, conversing with one Mockett, an Englishman, long resident in Flanders. Stanley was meanly dressed, in the Spanish fashion, and

[1] Cecil to Burghley, March 10 (20), 1588, S. P. Office MS.
[2] Ibid.

as young Cecil, passing through the chamber, looked him in the face, he abruptly turned from him, and pulled his hat over his eyes. "'T was well he did so," said that young gentleman, "for his taking it off would hardly have cost me mine."[1] Cecil was informed that Stanley was to have a commandery of Malta, and was in good favor with the duke, who was, however, quite weary of his mutinous and disorderly Irish regiment.[2]

In the bedchamber, Farnese, accompanied by the Marquis del Guasto, the Marquis of Renty, the Prince of Aremberg, President Richardot, and Secretary Cosimo, received the envoy and his companion. "Small and mean was the furniture of the chamber," said Cecil; "and although they attribute this to his love of privacy, yet it is a sign that peace is the mother of all honor and state, as may best be perceived by the court of England, which her Majesty's royal presence doth so adorn as that it exceedeth this as far as the sun surpasseth in light the other stars of the firmament."[3]

Here was a compliment to the queen and her upholsterers drawn in by the ears. Certainly, if the first and best fruit of the much-longed-for peace were only to improve the furniture of royal and ducal apartments, it might be as well perhaps for the war to go on, while the queen continued to outshine all the stars in the firmament. But the budding courtier and statesman knew that a personal compliment to Elizabeth could never be amiss or ill-timed.

The envoy delivered the greetings of her Majesty to the duke, and was heard with great attention. Alexander attempted a reply in French, which was very imper-

[1] Cecil to Burghley, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.

fect, and, apologizing, exchanged that tongue for Italian.[1] He alluded with great fervor to the "honorable opinion concerning his sincerity and word" expressed to him by her Majesty through the mouth of her envoy. "And indeed," said he, "I have always had especial care of keeping my word. My body and service are at the commandment of the king, my lord and master, but my honor is my own, and her Majesty may be assured that I shall always have especial regard of my word to so great and famous a queen as her Majesty."

The visit was one of preliminaries and of ceremony. Nevertheless, Farnese found opportunity to impress the envoy and his companions with his sincerity of heart. He conversed much with Cecil, making particular and personal inquiries, and with appearance of deep interest, in regard to Queen Elizabeth.

"There is not a prince in the world," he said, "reserving all question between her Majesty and my royal master, to whom I desire more to do service. So much have I heard of her perfections that I wish earnestly that things might so fall out as that it might be my fortune to look upon her face before my return to my own country. Yet I desire to behold her not as a servant to him who is not able still to maintain war, or as one that feared any harm that might befall him; for in such matters my account was made long ago, to endure all which God may send. But, in truth, I am weary to behold the miserable estate of this people, fallen upon them through their own folly, and methinks that he who should do the best offices of peace would perform a *pium et sanctissimum opus.* Right glad am I that the queen is not behind me in zeal for peace." He then compli-

[1] Cecil to Burghley, MS. last cited.

mented Cecil in regard to his father, whom he understood to be the principal mover in these negotiations.[1]

The young man expressed his thanks, and especially for the good affection which the duke had manifested to the queen and in the blessed cause of peace. He was well aware that her Majesty esteemed him a prince of great honor and virtue, and that for this good work, thus auspiciously begun, no man could possibly doubt that her Majesty, like himself, was most zealously affected to bring all things to a perfect peace.

The matters discussed in this first interview were only in regard to the place to be appointed for the coming conferences, and the exchange of powers. The queen's commissioners had expected to treat at Ostend. Alexander, on the contrary, was unable to listen to such a suggestion, as it would be utter dereliction of his master's dignity to send envoys to a city of his own, now in hostile occupation by her Majesty's forces. The place of conference, therefore, would be matter of future consideration. In respect to the exchange of powers, Alexander expressed the hope that no man would doubt as to the production on his commissioners' part of ample authority both from himself and from the king.[2]

Yet it will be remembered that at this moment the duke had not only no powers from the king, but that Philip had most expressly refused to send a commission, and that he fully expected the negotiation to be superseded by the invasion, before the production of the powers should become indispensable.

And when Farnese was speaking thus fervently in favor of peace, and parading his word and his honor,

[1] Cecil to Burghley, March 10 (20), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Ibid.

the letters lay in his cabinet in that very room in which Philip expressed his conviction that his general was already in London, that the whole realm of England was already at the mercy of a Spanish soldiery, and that the queen, upon whose perfections Alexander had so long yearned to gaze, was a discrowned captive, entirely in her great enemy's power.

Thus ended the preliminary interview. On the following Monday, 11th March, Dr. Dale and his attendants made the best of their way back to Ostend, while young Cecil, with a safe-conduct from Champagny, set forth on a little tour in Flanders.

The journey from Ghent to Antwerp was easy, and he was agreeably surprised by the apparent prosperity of the country. At intervals of every few miles he was refreshed with the spectacle of a gibbet well garnished with dangling freebooters, and rejoiced, therefore, in comparative security. For it seemed that the energetic bailiff of Waasland had levied a contribution upon the proprietors of the country, to be expended mainly in hanging brigands; and so well had the funds been applied that no predatory bands could make their appearance but they were instantly pursued by soldiers, and hanged forthwith, without judge or trial. Cecil counted twelve such places of execution on his road between Ghent and Antwerp.[1]

On his journey he fell in with an Italian merchant, Lanfranchi by name, of a great commercial house in Antwerp, in the days when Antwerp had commerce, and by him, on his arrival the same evening in that town, he was made an honored guest, both for his father's sake and his queen's. "'T is the pleasantest city that ever I

[1] Cecil to Burghley, March 14 (24), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

saw," said Cecil, "for situation and building, but utterly left and abandoned now by those rich merchants that were wont to frequent the place." [1]

His host was much interested in the peace negotiations, and indeed, through his relations with Champagny and Andrew de Loo, had been one of the instruments by which they had been commenced. He inveighed bitterly against the Spanish captains and soldiers, to whose rapacity and ferocity he mainly ascribed the continuance of the war; and he was especially incensed with Stanley and other English renegades, who were thought fiercer haters of England than were the Spaniards themselves. Even in the desolate and abject condition of Antwerp and its neighborhood at that moment, the quick eye of Cecil detected the latent signs of a possible splendor. Should peace be restored, the territory once more be tilled, and the foreign merchants attracted thither again, he believed that the governor of the obedient Netherlands might live there in more magnificence than the King of Spain himself, exhausted as were his revenues by the enormous expense of this protracted war. Eight hundred thousand dollars monthly, so Lanfranchi informed Cecil, were the costs of the forces on the footing then established. This, however, was probably an exaggeration, for the royal account-books showed a less formidable sum,[2] although a sufficiently large one to appal a less obstinate bigot than Philip. But what to him were the ruin of the Netherlands, the impoverishment of Spain, and the downfall of her ancient grandeur, compared to the glory of establishing the Inquisition in England and Holland?

[1] Cecil to Burghley, MS. last cited.

[2] "Relacion particular de lo que monta un mes de sueldo de

While at dinner in Lanfranchi's house, Cecil was witness to another characteristic of the times, and one which afforded proof of even more formidable freebooters abroad than those for whom the bailiff of Waasland had erected his gibbets. A canal-boat had left Antwerp for Brussels that morning, and in the vicinity of the latter city had been set upon by a detachment from the English garrison of Bergen-op-Zoom, and captured, with twelve prisoners and a freight of sixty thousand florins in money. "This struck the company at the dinner-table all in a dump," said Cecil. And well it

toda la gente de este exercito asi infant^ra como cab^a y entretenidos de todos naciones, artill^a armada, vituallas, y el numero de la gente que hay conforme a la ultima muestra de 29 Abril, 1588:

Infanteria.	Hombres.	Vanderas.	Per Mes.
Española	8,718	89	$62,239
Ital^a	5,339	52	35,225
Borgog^a, Irlandesca, Escocesa	3,278	29	20,591
Wallona	17,825	144	79,341
Alem^a Alta	11,309	50	86,697
Alem^a Baya	8,616	34	51,195
Caballeria ligera.			
3,650 Alem^a estandartes			38,631
Castillos.			
Anversa, Gande, Charlemont	1,180		6,508
Entretenidos.			
	668		23,204
El Armada de Mar, gasto ordinario per mes			26,400
Artilleria			8,200
Vituallas, spedale, etc.			4,384
Sumario total.			
59,915 hombres, per mes, escudos			380,427

Sua Alteza Alessandro Farnese, per mes, 3000 escudos de oro.
Maesse del campo gen^l, per mes, 1000.
Monta el gasto ordina^o de cada mehasta aqui $454,315 per mes = 370,000 escudos de oro."—Arch. de Sim. MS.

might; for the property mainly belonged to themselves, and they forthwith did their best to have the marauders waylaid on their return. But Cecil, notwithstanding his gratitude for the hospitality of Lanfranchi, sent word next day to the garrison of Bergen of the designs against them, and on his arrival at the place had the satisfaction of being informed by Lord Willoughby that the party had got safe home with their plunder.[1]

"And well worthy they are of it," said young Robert, "considering how far they go for it."

The traveler, on leaving Antwerp, proceeded down the river to Bergen-op-Zoom, where he was hospitably entertained by that doughty old soldier Sir William Reade, and met Lord Willoughby, whom he accompanied to Brielle on a visit to the deposed elector Truchses, then living in that neighborhood. Cecil, who was not passion's slave, had small sympathy with the man who could lose a sovereignty for the sake of Agnes Mansfeld. "'T is a very goodly gentleman," said he, "well fashioned, and of good speech, for which I must rather praise him than for loving a wife better than so great a fortune as he lost by her occasion."[2] At Brielle he was handsomely entertained by the magistrates, who had agreeable recollections of his brother Thomas, late governor of that city. Thence he proceeded by way of Delft—which, like all English travelers, he described as "the finest-built town that ever he saw"—to The Hague, and thence to Flushing, and so back by sea to Ostend. He had made the most of his three weeks' tour, had seen many important towns both in the Republic and in the obedient Netherlands, and had conversed with many

[1] Cecil to Burghley, March 14 (24), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Same to same, March 26 (April 5), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

"tall gentlemen," as he expressed himself, among the English commanders, having been especially impressed by the heroes of Sluis, Baskerville and that "proper gentleman Francis Vere."[1]

He was also presented by Lord Willoughby to Maurice of Nassau, and was perhaps not very benignantly received by the young prince. At that particular moment, when Leicester's deferred resignation, the rebellion of Sonoy in North Holland, founded on a fictitious allegiance to the late governor-general, the perverse determination of the queen to treat for peace against the advice of all the leading statesmen of the Netherlands, and the sharp rebukes perpetually administered by her, in consequence, to the young stadholder and all his supporters, had not tended to produce the most tender feelings upon their part toward the English government, it was not surprising that the handsome soldier should look askance at the crooked little courtier, whom even the great queen smiled at while she petted him. Cecil was very angry with Maurice.

"In my life I never saw worse behavior," he said, "except it were in one lately come from school. There is neither outward appearance in him of any noble mind nor inward virtue."[2]

Although Cecil had consumed nearly the whole month of March in his tour, he had been more profitably employed than were the royal commissioners during the same period at Ostend.

Never did statesmen know better how not to do that which they were ostensibly occupied in doing than Alexander Farnese and his agents, Champagny, Richardot,

[1] Cecil to Burghley, MS. last cited.

[2] Same to same, March 19 (29), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

Jacob Maas, and Garnier. The first pretext by which much time was cleverly consumed was the dispute as to the place of meeting. Dr. Dale had already expressed his desire for Ostend as the place of colloquy. "'T is a very slow old gentleman,[1] this Dr. Dale," said Alexander; "he was here in the time of madam my mother, and has also been ambassador at Vienna. I have received him and his attendants with great courtesy, and held out great hopes of peace. We had conversations about the place of meeting. He wishes Ostend; I object. The first conference will probably be at some point between that place and Nieuport." [2]

The next opportunity for discussion and delay was afforded by the question of powers. And it must be ever borne in mind that Alexander was daily expecting the arrival of the invading fleets and armies of Spain, and was holding himself in readiness to place himself at their head for the conquest of England. This was, of course, so strenuously denied by himself and those under his influence that Queen Elizabeth implicitly believed him, Burghley was lost in doubt, and even the astute Walsingham began to distrust his own senses. So much strength does a falsehood acquire in determined and skilful hands.

"As to the commissions, it will be absolutely necessary for your Majesty to send them," wrote Alexander at the moment when he was receiving the English envoy at Ghent, "for, *unless the Armada arrive soon*, it will be indispensable for me to have them, in order to keep the negotiation alive. Of course they will never broach the principal matters without exhibition of powers.

[1] "Viejo y pesado."—Parma to Philip II., March 20, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS. [2] Ibid.

Richardot is aware of the secret which your Majesty confided to me, namely, that the negotiations are only intended to deceive the queen and to gain time for the fleet; but the powers must be sent in order that we may be able to produce them, although your secret intentions will be obeyed."[1]

The duke commented, however, on the extreme difficulty of carrying out the plan as originally proposed. "The conquest of England would have been difficult," he said, "even although the country had been taken by surprise. Now they are strong and armed; we are comparatively weak. The danger and the doubt are great, and the English deputies, I think, are really desirous of peace. Nevertheless, I am at your Majesty's disposition, —life and all,—and probably, *before the answer arrives to this letter*, the fleet will have arrived, and *I shall have undertaken the passage to England*."[2]

After three weeks had thus adroitly been frittered away, the English commissioners became somewhat impatient, and despatched Dr. Rogers to the duke at Ghent. This was extremely obliging upon their part, for if Valentine Dale were a "slow old gentleman," he was keen, caustic, and rapid, as compared to John Rogers. A formalist and a pedant, a man of red tape and routine, full of precedents and declamatory commonplaces which he mistook for eloquence, honest as daylight and tedious as a king, he was just the time-consumer for Alexander's purpose. The wily Italian listened with profound attention to the wise saws in which the excellent diplomatist reveled, and his fine eyes often filled with tears at the doctor's rhetoric.

[1] Parma to Philip II., March 20, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.
[2] Ibid.

Three interviews, each three mortal hours long, did the two indulge in at Ghent, and never was high commissioner better satisfied with himself than was John Rogers upon those occasions. He carried every point; he convinced, he softened, he captivated the great duke; he turned the great duke round his finger. The great duke smiled, or wept, or fell into his arms, by turns. Alexander's military exploits had rung through the world, his genius for diplomacy and statesmanship had never been disputed, but his talents as a light comedian were in these interviews for the first time fully revealed.

On the 26th March the learned doctor made his first bow and performed his first flourish of compliments at Ghent. "I assure your Majesty," said he, "his Highness followed my compliments of entertainment with so much honor as that, his Highness or I speaking of the Queen of England, he never did less than uncover his head, not covering the same unless I was covered also."[1] And after these salutations had at last been got through with, thus spake the doctor of laws to the Duke of Parma:

"Almighty God, the Light of lights, be pleased to enlighten the understanding of your Alteza, and to direct the same to his glory, to the uniting of both their Majesties and the finishing of these most bloody wars, whereby these countries, being in the highest degree of misery desolate, lie as it were prostrate before the wrathful presence of the most mighty God, most lamentably beseeching his divine Majesty to withdraw his scourge of war from them, and to move the hearts of princes to restore them unto peace, whereby they might attain unto their ancient flower and dignity. In the hands of

[1] Dr. Rogers to the queen, April 1 (11), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

your Alteza are now the lives of many thousands, the destruction of cities, towns, and countries, which to put to the fortune of war how perilous it were, I pray consider. Think ye, ye see the mothers *left alive* tendering their offspring in your presence," "*nam matribus detestata bella*," continued the orator. "Think also of others, of all sexes, ages, and conditions, on their knees before your Alteza, most humbly praying and crying most dolorously to spare their lives, and save their property from the ensanguined scourge of the insane soldiers," and so on, and so on.[1]

Now, Philip II. was slow in resolving, slower in action. The ponderous three-deckers of Biscay were notoriously the dullest sailers ever known, nor were the fettered slaves who rowed the great galleys of Portugal or of Andalusia very brisk in their movements; and yet the king might have found time to marshal his ideas and his squadrons, and the Armada had leisure to circumnavigate the globe and invade England afterward, if a succession of John Rogerses could have entertained his Highness with compliments while the preparations were making.

But Alexander, at the very outset of the doctor's eloquence, found it difficult to suppress his feelings. "I can assure your Majesty," said Rogers, "that his eyes—he has a very large eye—were moistened. Sometimes they were thrown upward to heaven, sometimes they were fixed full upon me, sometimes they were cast downward, well declaring how his heart was affected."[2]

Honest John even thought it necessary to mitigate the effect of his rhetoric, and to assure his Highness that it was, after all, only he, Dr. Rogers, and not the

[1] Dr. Rogers to the queen, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.

minister plenipotentiary of the queen's most serene Majesty, who was exciting all this emotion.

"At this part of my speech," said he, "I prayed his Highness not to be troubled,[1] for that the same *only proceeded from Dr. Rogers*, who, it might please him to know, was so much moved with the pitiful case of these countries, as also that which of war was sure to ensue, that I wished, if my body were full of rivers of blood, the same to be poured forth to satisfy any that were bloodthirsty, so there might an assured peace follow."[2]

His Highness, at any rate, manifesting no wish to drink of such sanguinary streams, even had the doctor's body contained them, Rogers became calmer. He then descended from rhetoric to jurisprudence and casuistry, and argued at intolerable length the propriety of commencing the conferences at Ostend, and of exhibiting mutually the commissions.

It is quite unnecessary to follow him as closely as did Farnese. When he had finished the first part of his oration, however, and was "addressing himself to the second point," Alexander at last interrupted the torrent of his eloquence.

"He said that my divisions and subdivisions," wrote the doctor, "were perfectly in his remembrance, and that he would first answer the first point, and afterward give audience to the second, and answer the same accordingly."

Accordingly, Alexander put on his hat, and begged the envoy also to be covered. Then, "with great gravity, as one inwardly much moved," the duke took up his part in the dialogue.

[1] "Scontentarsi."—Rogers to the queen, MS. before cited.

[2] Ibid.

"Signor Ruggieri," said he, "you have propounded unto me speeches of two sorts: the one proceeds from Dr. Ruggieri, the other from the lord ambassador of the most serene Queen of England. Touching the first, I do give you my hearty thanks for your godly speeches, assuring you that though, by reason I have always followed the wars, I cannot be ignorant of the calamities by you alleged, yet you have so truly represented the same before mine eyes as to effectuate in me at this instant not only the confirmation of mine own disposition to have peace, but also an assurance that this treaty shall take good and speedy end, seeing that it hath pleased God to raise up such a good instrument as you are."[1]

"Many are the causes," continued the duke, "which, besides my disposition, move me to peace. My father and mother are dead, my son is a young prince, my house has truly need of my presence. I am not ignorant how ticklish a thing is the fortune of war, which, how victorious soever I have been, may in one moment not only deface the same, but also deprive me of my life. The king, my master, is now stricken in years, his children are young, his dominions in trouble. His desire is to live, and to leave his posterity, in quietness. The glory of God, the honor of both their Majesties, and the good of these countries, with the stay of the effusion of Christian blood, and divers other like reasons, *force him to peace.*"[2]

Thus spoke Alexander, like an honest Christian gentleman, avowing the most equitable and pacific dispositions on the part of his master and himself. Yet at that moment he knew that the Armada was about to sail, that

[1] Rogers to the queen, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.

his own nights and days were passed in active preparations for war, and that no earthly power could move Philip by one hair's-breadth from his purpose to conquer England that summer.[1]

It would be superfluous to follow the duke or the doctor through their long dialogue on the place of conference and the commissions. Alexander considered it "infamy" on his name if he should send envoys to a place of his master's held by the enemy. He was also of opinion that it was unheard of to exhibit commissions previous to a preliminary colloquy.

Both propositions were strenuously contested by Rogers. In regard to the second point, in particular, he showed triumphantly, by citations from the "Polonians, Prussians, and Lithuanians," that commissions ought to be previously exhibited.[2] But it was not probable that even the doctor's learning and logic would persuade Alexander to produce his commission, because, unfortunately, he had no commission to produce. A comfortable argument on the subject, however, would, none the less, consume time.

Three hours of this work brought them, exhausted and hungry, to the hour of noon and of dinner. Alexander, with profuse and smiling thanks for the envoy's plain-dealing and eloquence, assured him that there would have been peace long ago "had Dr. Rogers always been the instrument," and regretted that he was

[1] We have sufficiently proved the good faith of the queen on entering upon these negotiations. Alexander himself felt as sure of her sincerity as he did of his master's duplicity. "I believe that she desires peace earnestly," said he to Philip, "on account of her fear of expense."—Parma to Philip II., January 31, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Rogers to the queen, MS. already cited.

himself not learned enough to deal creditably with him. He would, however, send Richardot to bear him company at table and chop logic with him afterward.

Next day, at the same hour, the duke and doctor had another encounter. So soon as the envoy made his appearance, he found himself "embraced most cheerfully and familiarly by his Alteza," who, then entering at once into business, asked as to the doctor's second point.[1]

The doctor answered with great alacrity.

"Certain expressions have been reported to her Majesty," said he, "as coming both from your Highness and from Richardot, hinting at a possible attempt by the King of Spain's forces against the queen. Her Majesty, gathering that you are going about belike to terrify her, commands me to inform you very clearly and very expressly that she does not deal so weakly in her government, nor so improvidently, but that she is provided for anything that might be attempted against her by the king, and as able to offend him as he her Majesty."[2]

Alexander, with a sad countenance, as much offended, his eyes declaring miscontentment, asked who had made such a report.

"Upon the honor of a gentleman," said he, "whoever has said this has much abused me and evil acquitted himself. They who know me best are aware that it is not my manner to let any word pass my lips that might offend any prince." Then, speaking most solemnly, he added: "I declare *really* and *truly* [which two words he

[1] Rogers to the queen, MS. before cited.

[2] Ibid.

said in Spanish] that *I know not of any intention of the King of Spain against her Majesty or her realm.*"[1]

At that moment the earth did not open, year of portents though it was, and the doctor, "singularly rejoicing" at this authentic information from the highest source, proceeded cheerfully with the conversation.

"I hold myself," he exclaimed, "the man most satisfied in the world, because I may now write to her Majesty that I have heard your Highness upon your honor use these words."

"Upon my honor, it is true," repeated the duke; "for so honorably do I think of her Majesty, as that, after the king, my master, I would honor and serve her before any prince in Christendom." He added many earnest asseverations of similar import.

"I do not deny, however," continued Alexander, "that I have heard of certain ships having been armed by the king against that Dr*aak*"—he pronounced the *a* in Drake's name very broadly, or *Doricè*—"who has committed so many outrages; but I repeat that I *have never heard of any design* against her Majesty or against England."[2]

The duke then manifested much anxiety to know by whom he had been so misrepresented. "There has been no one with me but Dr. Dale," said he, "and I marvel that he should thus wantonly have injured me."

"Dr. Dale," replied Rogers, "is a man of honor, of good years, learned, and well experienced; but perhaps he unfortunately misapprehended some of your Alteza's words, and thought himself bound by his allegiance strictly to report them to her Majesty."

[1] "Realmente y verdaderamente."—Rogers to the queen, MS. before cited. [2] Ibid.

"I grieve that I should be misrepresented and injured," answered Farnese, "in a manner so important to my honor. Nevertheless, knowing the virtues with which her Majesty is endued, I assure myself that the protestations I am now making will entirely satisfy her."

He then expressed the fervent hope that the holy work of negotiation now commencing would result in a renewal of the ancient friendship between the houses of Burgundy and of England, asserting that "there had never been so favorable a time as the present."

Under former governments of the Netherlands there had been many mistakes and misunderstandings.

"The Duke of Alva," said he, "has learned by this time, before the judgment-seat of God, how he discharged his functions, succeeding as he did my mother, the Duchess of Parma, who left the provinces in so flourishing a condition. Of this, however, I will say no more, because of a feud between the houses of Farnese and of Alva. As for Requesens, he was a good fellow, but did n't understand his business. Don John of Austria, again, whose soul I doubt not is in heaven, was young and poor, and disappointed in all his designs. But God has never offered so great a hope of assured peace as might now be accomplished by her Majesty."[1]

Finding the duke in so fervent and favorable a state of mind, the envoy renewed his demand that at least the *first* meeting of the commissioners might be held at Ostend.

"Her Majesty finds herself so touched in honor upon this point that if it be not conceded—as I doubt not it will be, seeing the singular forwardness of your High-

[1] Rogers to the queen, MS. before cited.

ness," said the artful doctor, with a smile [1]—"we are no less than commanded to return to her Majesty's presence."

"I sent Richardot to you yesterday," said Alexander; "did he not content you?"

"Your Highness, no," replied Rogers. "Moreover, her Majesty sent me to your Alteza, and not to Richardot. And the matter is of such importance that I pray you to add to all your graces and favors heaped upon me this one of sending your commissioners to Ostend."

His Highness could hold out no longer, but suddenly catching the doctor in his arms, and hugging him "in most honorable and amiable manner," he cried:[2]

"Be contented, be cheerful, my lord ambassador. You shall be satisfied upon this point also."

"And never did envoy depart," cried the lord ambassador, when he could get his breath, "more bound to you, and more resolute to speak honor of your Highness, than I do."

"To-morrow we will ride together toward Bruges," said the duke, in conclusion. "Till then farewell."

Upon this he again heartily embraced the envoy, and the friends parted for the day.

Next morning, 28th March, the duke, who was on his way to Bruges and Sluis to look after his gunboats and other naval and military preparations, set forth on horseback, accompanied by the Marquis del Vasto, and, for part of the way, by Rogers.

They conversed on the general topics of the approaching negotiations, the duke expressing the opinion that the treaty of peace would be made short work with, for

[1] "I spake it souriant," etc.—Rogers to the queen, MS. before cited. [2] Ibid.

it only needed to renew the old ones between the houses of England and Burgundy. As for the Hollanders and Zealanders and their accomplices, he thought there would be no cause of stay on their account; and in regard to the cautionary towns, he felt sure that her Majesty had never had any intention of appropriating them to herself, and would willingly surrender them to the king.

Rogers thought it a good opportunity to put in a word for the Dutchmen, who certainly would not have thanked him for his assistance at that moment.

"Not to give offense to your Highness," he said, "if the Hollanders and Zealanders, with their confederates, like to come into this treaty, surely your Highness would not object?"

Alexander, who had been riding along quietly during this conversation, with his right hand on his hip, now threw out his arm energetically.

"Let them come into it, let them treat, let them conclude,"[1] he exclaimed, "in the name of Almighty God! I have always been well disposed to peace, and am now more so than ever. I could even, with the loss of my life, be content to have peace made at this time."

Nothing more, worthy of commemoration, occurred during this concluding interview, and the envoy took his leave at Bruges, and returned to Ostend.[2]

I have furnished the reader with a minute account of these conversations, drawn entirely from the original records, not so much because the interviews were in themselves of vital importance, but because they afford

[1] "Entrino, trattino, conchiudino."—Rogers to the queen, MS. before cited.

[2] Ibid.

a living and breathing example—better than a thousand homilies—of the easy victory which diplomatic or royal mendacity may always obtain over innocence and credulity.

Certainly never was envoy more thoroughly beguiled than the excellent John upon this occasion. Wiser than a serpent, as he imagined himself to be, more harmless than a dove, as Alexander found him, he could not sufficiently congratulate himself upon the triumphs of his eloquence and his adroitness, and despatched most glowing accounts of his proceedings to the queen.

His ardor was somewhat damped, however, at receiving a message from her Majesty, in reply, which was anything but benignant. His eloquence was not commended; and even his preamble, with its touching allusion to the live mothers tendering their offspring,—the passage which had brought the tears into the large eyes of Alexander,—was coldly and cruelly censured.

"Her Majesty can in no sort like such speeches," so ran the return despatch, "in which she is made to beg for peace. The King of Spain standeth in as great need of peace as herself, and she doth greatly mislike the preamble of Dr. Rogers in his address to the duke at Ghent, *finding it, in very truth, quite fond and vain.* I am commanded by a particular letter to let him understand how much her Majesty is offended with him."[1]

Alexander, on his part, informed his royal master of these interviews, in which there had been so much effusion of sentiment, in very brief fashion.

"Dr. Rogers, one of the queen's commissioners, has been here," he said, "urging me with all his might to let

[1] Lords of council to Earl of Derby and Lord Cobham, April 11 (21), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

all your Majesty's deputies go, if only for one hour, to Ostend. I refused, saying I would rather they should go to England than into a city of your Majesty held by English troops. I told him it ought to be satisfactory that I had offered the queen, as a lady, her choice of any place in the provinces or on neutral ground. Rogers expressed regret for all the bloodshed and other consequences if the negotiations should fall through for so trifling a cause, the more so as in return for this little compliment to the queen she would not only restore to your Majesty everything that she holds in the Netherlands, but would assist you to recover the part which remains obstinate.[1] To quiet him and to consume time, I have promised that President Richardot shall go and try to satisfy them. *Thus two or three weeks more will be wasted.* But at last the time will come for exhibiting the powers. They are very anxious to see mine, and when at last they find I have none, I fear that they will break off the negotiations." [2]

Could the queen have been informed of this voluntary offer on the part of her envoy to give up the cautionary towns and to assist in reducing the rebellion, she might have used stronger language of rebuke. It is quite possible, however, that Farnese, not so attentively following the doctor's eloquence as he had appeared to do, had somewhat inaccurately reported the conversations, which, after all, he knew to be of no consequence whatever, except as time-consumers. For Elizabeth, desirous of peace as she was, and trusting to Farnese's sincerity

[1] "Por esta poca honra que se hara a la Reyna ella non solo restituyre a V. Mag[d] todo lo que tiene destos estados mas ayudara a cobrar la parte que quedara obstinada."—Parma to Philip II., April 16, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS. [2] Ibid.

Queen Elizabeth.

as she was disposed to do, was more sensitive than ever as to her dignity.

"We charge you all," she wrote with her own hand to the commissioners, "that no word be overslipped by them, that may touch our honor and greatness, that be not answered with good sharp words. I am a king that will be ever known not to fear any but God." [1]

It would have been better, however, had the queen more thoroughly understood that the day for scolding had quite gone by, and that something sharper than the sharpest words would soon be wanted to protect England and herself from impending doom. For there was something almost gigantic in the frivolities with which weeks and months of such precious time were now squandered. Plenary powers—*comision bastantissima*—from his sovereign had been announced by Alexander as in his possession, although the reader has seen that he had no such powers at all. The mission of Rogers had quieted the envoys at Ostend for a time, and they waited quietly for the visit of Richardot to Ostend, into which the promised meeting of all the Spanish commissioners in that city had dwindled. Meantime there was an exchange of the most friendly amenities between the English and their mortal enemies. Hardly a day passed that La Motte, or Renty, or Aremberg, did not send Lord Derby, or Cobham, or Robert Cecil, a hare, or a pheasant, or a cast of hawks,[2] and they in return sent barrel upon barrel of Ostend oysters, five or six hundred at a time.[3] The Englishmen, too, had it in

[1] Queen to the commissioners, April 8 (18), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Cecil to Burghley, April 5 (15), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Ibid.

their power to gratify Alexander himself with English greyhounds, for which he had a special liking. "You would wonder," wrote Cecil to his father, "how fond he is of English dogs."[1] There was also much good preaching, among other occupations, at Ostend. "My Lord of Derby's two chaplains," said Cecil, "have seasoned this town better with sermons than it had been before for a year's space."[2] But all this did not expedite the negotiations, nor did the duke manifest so much anxiety for colloquies as for greyhounds. So, in an unlucky hour for himself, another "fond and vain" old gentleman—James Croft, the controller, who had already figured, not much to his credit, in the secret negotiations between the Brussels and English courts—betook himself, unauthorized and alone, to the duke at Bruges. Here he had an interview very similar in character to that in which John Rogers had been indulged, declared to Farnese that the queen was most anxious for peace, and invited him to send a secret envoy to England, who would instantly have ocular demonstration of the fact. Croft returned as triumphantly as the excellent doctor had done, averring that there was no doubt as to the immediate conclusion of a treaty. His grounds of belief were very similar to those upon which Rogers had founded his faith. "'T is a weak old man of seventy," said Parma, "with very little sagacity. I am inclined to think that his colleagues are taking him in, that they may the better deceive us.[3] I will see that they do nothing of the

[1] Cecil to Burghley, MS. last cited.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "Como muestra poca sagacidad dexa de dar reçelo de que le engañan a el para mas engañar," etc.—Parma to Philip II., May 13, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

kind." But the movement was purely one of the controller's own inspiration, for Sir James had a singular facility for getting himself into trouble and for making confusion. Already, when he had been scarcely a day in Ostend, he had insulted the governor of the place, Sir John Conway, had given him the lie in the hearing of many of his own soldiers, had gone about telling all the world that he had express authority from her Majesty to send him home in disgrace, and that the queen had called him a fool, and quite unfit for his post.[1] And as if this had not been mischief-making enough, in addition to the absurd De Loo and Bodman negotiations of the previous year, in which he had been the principal actor, he had crowned his absurdities by this secret and officious visit to Ghent. The queen, naturally very indignant at this conduct, reprehended him severely, and ordered him back to England.[2] The controller was wretched. He expressed his readiness to obey her commands, but nevertheless implored his dread sovereign to take merciful consideration of the manifold misfortunes, ruin, and utter undoing which thereby should fall upon him and his unfortunate family. All this he protested he would nothing esteem if it tended to her Majesty's pleasure or service, "but seeing it should effectuate nothing but to bring the aged carcass of her poor vassal to present decay, he implored compassion upon his hoary hairs, and promised to repair the error of his former proceedings." He avowed that he would not have ventured to

[1] Queen to Derby and Cobham, April 17 (27), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Queen to the commissioners for the reprehension of Sir James Croft, in Lord Burghley's handwriting, May 8 (18), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

disobey for a moment her orders to return, but "that his aged and feeble limbs did not retain sufficient force, without present death, to comply with her commandment."[1] And with that he took to his bed, and remained there until the queen was graciously pleased to grant him her pardon.

At last, early in May, instead of the visit of Richardot, there was a preliminary meeting of all the commissioners in tents on the sands, within a cannon-shot of Ostend, and between that place and Nieuport. It was a showy and ceremonious interview, in which no business was transacted. The commissioners of Philip were attended by a body of one hundred and fifty light horse, and by three hundred private gentlemen in magnificent costume. La Motte also came from Nieuport with one thousand Walloon cavalry, while the English commissioners, on their part, were escorted from Ostend by an imposing array of English and Dutch troops.[2] As the territory was Spanish, the dignity of the king was supposed to be preserved, and Alexander, who had promised Dr. Rogers that the first interview should take place within Ostend itself, thought it necessary to apologize to his sovereign for so nearly keeping his word as to send the envoys within cannon-shot of the town. "The English commissioners," said he, "begged with so much submission for this concession that I thought it as well to grant it."[3]

The Spanish envoys were despatched by the Duke of Parma, well provided with full powers from himself, which

[1] Croft to the queen, May 28, 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Parma to Philip II., May 13, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[3] "Suplicado con grande submicion que se diesse esta satisfacion a la Reyna," etc.—Ibid.

were not desired by the English government, but unfurnished with a commission from Philip, which had been pronounced indispensable.[1] There was, therefore, much prancing of cavalry, flourishing of trumpets, and eating of oysters at the first conference, but not one stroke of business. As the English envoys had now been three whole months in Ostend, and as this was the first occasion on which they had been brought face to face with the Spanish commissioners, it must be confessed that the tactics of Farnese had been masterly. Had the haste in the dockyards of Lisbon and Cadiz been at all equal to the magnificent procrastination in the council-chambers of Bruges and Ghent, Medina Sidonia might already have been in the Thames.

But although little ostensible business was performed, there was one man who had always an eye to his work. The same servant in plain livery who had accompanied Secretary Garnier on his first visit to the English commissioners at Ostend had now come thither again, accompanied by a fellow-lackey. While the complimentary dinner offered in the name of the absent Farnese to the queen's representatives was going forward the two menials strayed off together to the downs for the purpose of rabbit-shooting.[2] The one of them was the same engineer who had already, on the former occasion, taken a complete survey of the fortifications of Ostend; the other was no less a personage than the Duke of Parma himself. The pair now made a thorough examination of the town and its neighborhood, and, having finished their reconnoitering, made the best of their way back to Bruges.[3] As it was then one of Alexander's favorite

[1] Parma to Philip II., MS. last cited.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

objects to reduce the city of Ostend at the earliest possible moment, it must be allowed that this preliminary conference was not so barren to himself as it was to the commissioners. Philip, when informed of this manœuver, was naturally gratified at such masterly duplicity, while he gently rebuked his nephew for exposing his valuable life; and certainly it would have been an inglorious termination to the duke's splendid career had he been hanged as a spy within the trenches of Ostend. With the other details of this first diplomatic colloquy Philip was delighted. "I see you understand me thoroughly," he said. "Keep the negotiation alive till my Armada appears, and then carry out my determination, and replant the Catholic religion on the soil of England."[1]

The queen was not in such high spirits. She was losing her temper very fast, as she became more and more convinced that she had been trifled with. No powers had been yet exhibited, no permanent place of conference fixed upon, and the cessation of arms demanded by her commissioners for England, Spain, and all the Netherlands was absolutely refused.[2] She desired her commissioners to inform the Duke of Parma that it greatly touched his honor—as both before their coming and afterward he had assured her that he had *comision bastantissima* from his sovereign—to clear himself at once from the imputation of insincerity. "Let not the duke think," she wrote with her own hand, "that we would so long time endure these many frivolous and unkindly dealings, but that we desire all the world to know our desire of a kingly peace, and that we will

[1] Philip II. to Parma, June 21, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Parma to Philip II., May 13, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

endure no more the like, nor any, but will return you from your charge."[1]

Accordingly, by her Majesty's special command, Dr. Dale made another visit to Bruges, to discover, once for all, whether there was a commission from Philip or not, and, if so, to see it with his own eyes. On the 7th May he had an interview with the duke. After thanking his Highness for the honorable and stately manner in which the conferences had been inaugurated near Ostend, Dale laid very plainly before him her Majesty's complaints of the tergiversations and equivocations concerning the commission, which had now lasted three months long.[2]

In answer, Alexander made a complimentary harangue, confining himself entirely to the first part of the envoy's address, and assuring him, in redundant phraseology, that he should hold himself very guilty before the world if he had not surrounded the first colloquy between the plenipotentiaries of two such mighty princes with as much pomp as the circumstances of time and place would allow. After this superfluous rhetoric had been poured forth, he calmly dismissed the topic which Dr. Dale had come all the way from Ostend to discuss, by carelessly observing that President Richardot would confer with him on the subject of the commission.[3]

"But," said the envoy, "'t is no matter of conference or dispute. I desire simply to see the commission."

"Richardot and Champagny shall deal with you in the afternoon," repeated Alexander, and with this reply the doctor was fain to be contented.

[1] Queen to the commissioners, April 30 (May 10), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Dale to the queen, May 9 (19), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Ibid.

Dale then alluded to the point of cessation of arms.

"Although," said he, "the queen might justly require that the cessation should be general for all the king's dominion, yet, in order not to stand on precise points, she is content that it should extend no further than to the towns of Flushing, Brielle, Ostend, and Bergen-op-Zoom."

"To this he said nothing," wrote the envoy, "and so I went no further."

In the afternoon Dale had conference with Champagny and Richardot. As usual, Champagny was bound hand and foot by the gout, but was as quick-witted and disputatious as ever. Again Dale made an earnest harangue, proving satisfactorily—as if any proof were necessary on such a point—that a commission from Philip ought to be produced, and that a commission had been promised over and over again.[1]

After a pause both the representatives of Parma began to wrangle with the envoy in very insolent fashion. "Richardot is always their mouthpiece," said Dale; "only Champagny choppeth in at every word, and would do so likewise in ours if we would suffer it."[2]

"We shall never have done with these impertinent demands," said the president. "You ought to be satisfied with the duke's promise of ratification contained in his commission. We confess what you say concerning the former requisitions and promises to be true, but when will you have done? Have we not showed it to Mr. Croft, one of your own colleagues? And if we show it you now, another may come to-morrow, and so we shall never have an end."

[1] Dale to the queen, MS. last cited.

[2] Commissioners to Privy Council, June 7, 1588, S. P. Office MS.

"The delays come from yourselves," roundly replied the Englishman, "for you refuse to do what in reason and law you are bound to do. And the more demands the more *mora aut potius culpa* in you. You, of all men, have least cause to hold such language, who so confidently and even disdainfully answered our demand for the commission, in Mr. Cecil's presence, and promised to show a perfect one at the very first meeting. As for Mr. Controller Croft, he came hither without the command of her Majesty and without the knowledge of his colleagues."

Richardot then began to insinuate that, as Croft had come without authority, so, for aught they could tell, might Dale also. But Champagny here interrupted, protested that the president was going too far, and begged him to show the commission without further argument.[1]

Upon this Richardot pulled out the commission from under his gown, and placed it in Dr. Dale's hands![2]

It was dated 17th April, 1588, signed and sealed by the king, and written in French, and was to the effect that as there had been differences between her Majesty and himself, as her Majesty had sent ambassadors into the Netherlands, as the Duke of Parma had entered into treaty with her Majesty, therefore the king authorized the duke to appoint commissioners to treat, conclude, and determine all controversies and misunderstandings, confirmed any such appointments already made, and promised to ratify all that might be done by them in the premises.[3]

Dr. Dale expressed his satisfaction with the tenor of

[1] Dale to the queen, May 9 (19), 1588, S. P. Office MS.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

this document, and begged to be furnished with a copy of it, but this was peremptorily refused.[1] There was then a long conversation—ending, as usual, in nothing—on the two other points, the place for the conferences, namely, and the cessation of arms.

Next morning Dale, in taking leave of the Duke of Parma, expressed the gratification which he felt, and which her Majesty was sure to feel, at the production of the commission. It was now proved, said the envoy, that the king was as earnestly in favor of peace as the duke was himself.

Dale then returned, well satisfied, to Ostend.

In truth the commission had arrived just in time. "Had I not received it soon enough to produce it then," said Alexander, "the queen would have broken off the negotiations. So I ordered Richardot, who is quite aware of your Majesty's secret intentions, from which we shall not swerve one jot, to show it privately to Croft, and afterward to Dr. Dale, but without allowing a copy of it to be taken."[2]

"You have done very well," replied Philip, "but that commission is *on no account to be used, except for show.* You know my mind thoroughly."[3]

[1] Dale to the queen, MS. last cited.

[2] Parma to Philip II., June 8, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[3] Philip to Parma, June 21, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

The king, when he at last sent the power on the 13th May, 1588, had observed to Farnese: "I don't think that there will be any trouble on account of your having no commission from me. Nevertheless, in order to dispel their doubts and to remove all suspicion, I have ordered for the nonce one to be sent in French. This, as I have already stated, is not to be used for the purpose of concluding or agreeing to anything, in any case whatever, but only for the sake of keeping the negotiation alive, in order to enable us the better

Thus three months had been consumed, and at last one indispensable preliminary to any negotiation had, in appearance, been performed. Full powers on both sides had been exhibited. When the Queen of England gave the Earl of Derby and his colleagues commission to treat with the king's envoys, and pledged herself beforehand to ratify all their proceedings, she meant to perform the promise to which she had affixed her royal name and seal. She could not know that the Spanish monarch was deliberately putting *his* name to a lie, and chuckling in secret over the credulity of his English sister, who was willing to take his word and his bond. Of a certainty the English were no match for Southern diplomacy.

But Elizabeth was now more impatient than ever that the other two preliminaries should be settled, the place of conferences and the armistice.

"Be plain with the duke," she wrote to her envoys, "that we have tolerated so many weeks in tarrying a commission that I will never endure more delays. Let him know he deals with a prince who prizes her honor

to execute our armed enterprise; and so I again charge it upon you, with a renewed prohibition of anything in a contrary sense, referring you always to my letter of 24th April, and to my orders so often given, which you are to fulfil exactly, without departing one jot therefrom" ("Para sacarlos de duda, y quitarlos toda sospecha, ho mandado un poder por la via en frances, del qual, como entonces, os lo adverti y declare, no se ha de usar para asentar ni concluyr por ningun caso, cosa alguna, sino solo que acude la platica para poder executar mejor lo de las armas y empresa, y asi os lo torno a encargar con nueva prohibicion de lo contrario, remitiendome a la carta que en esta materia se os escribio por esta via a lo 24 Abril, que es la orden que aveys de cumplir puntualmente sin apartaros della"), etc.—Philip II. to Parma, May 13, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

more than her life. Make yourselves such as stand of your reputations."[1]

Sharp words, but not sharp enough to prevent a further delay of a month; for it was not till the 6th June that the commissioners at last came together at Bourbourg,[2] that "miserable little hole," on the coast between Ostend and Nieuport, against which Garnier had warned them. And now there was ample opportunity to wrangle at full length on the next preliminary, the cessation of arms. It would be superfluous to follow the altercations step by step; for negotiations there were none, and it is only for the sake of exhibiting at full length the infamy of diplomacy, when diplomacy is unaccompanied by honesty, that we are hanging up this series of pictures at all. Those bloodless encounters between credulity and vanity upon one side, and gigantic fraud on the other, near those very sands of Nieuport, and in sight of the Northern Ocean, where, before long, the most terrible battles, both by land and sea, which the age had yet witnessed, were to occur, are quite as full of instruction and moral as the most sanguinary combats ever waged.

At last the commissioners exchanged copies of their respective powers. After four months of waiting and wrangling, so much had been achieved—a show of commissions and a selection of the place for conference. And now began the long debate about the cessation of arms. The English claimed an armistice for the whole dominion of Philip and Elizabeth respectively, during

[1] Queen's minute to the commissioners, May 13 (23), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Parma to Philip, June 8, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS. Dale to Walsingham, May 29 (June 8), 1588, S. P. Office MS. Commissioners to the queen, ibid.

the term of negotiation and for twenty days after. The Spanish would grant only a temporary truce, terminable at six days' notice, and that only for the four cautionary towns of Holland held by the queen. Thus Philip would be free to invade England at his leisure out of the obedient Netherlands or Spain. This was inadmissible, of course, but a week was spent at the outset in reducing the terms to writing; and when the duke's propositions were at last produced in the French tongue, they were refused by the queen's commissioners, who required that the documents should be in Latin. Great was the triumph of Dr. Dale when, after another interval, he found their Latin full of barbarisms and blunders at which a school-boy would have blushed.[1] The king's commissioners, however, while halting in their syntax, had kept steadily to their point.

"You promised a general cessation of arms at our coming," said Dale, at a conference on June 2 (12), "and now ye have lingered five times twenty days, and nothing done at all. The world may see the delays come of you and not of us, and that ye are not so desirous of peace as ye pretend."[2]

"But as for your invasion of England," stoutly observed the Earl of Derby, "ye shall find it hot coming thither. England was never so ready in any former age, neither by sea nor by land; but we would show your unreasonableness in proposing a cessation of arms by which ye would bind her Majesty to forbear touching all the Low Countries, and yet leave yourselves at liberty to invade England."[3]

[1] Dale to Walsingham, June 21, 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Commissioners to Privy Council, June 3 (13), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Ibid.

While they were thus disputing, Secretary Garnier rushed into the room, looking very much frightened, and announced that Lord Henry Seymour's fleet of thirty-two ships of war was riding off Gravelines, and that he had sent two men on shore, who were now waiting in the antechamber.

The men, being accordingly admitted, handed letters to the English commissioners from Lord Henry, in which he begged to be informed in what terms they were standing, and whether they needed his assistance or countenance in the cause in which they were engaged. The envoys found his presence very "comfortable," as it showed the Spanish commissioners that her Majesty was so well provided as to make a cessation of arms less necessary to her than it was to the king. They therefore sent their thanks to the lord admiral, begging him to cruise for a time off Dunkirk and its neighborhood, that both their enemies and their friends might have a sight of the English ships.[1]

Great was the panic all along the coast at this unexpected demonstration. The king's commissioners got into their coaches, and drove down to the coast to look at the fleet, and, so soon as they appeared, were received with such a thundering cannonade, an hour long, by way of salute, as to convince them, in the opinion of the English envoys, that the queen had no cause to be afraid of any enemies afloat or ashore.[2]

But these noisy arguments were not much more effective than the interchange of diplomatic broadsides which they had for a moment superseded. The day had gone

[1] Commissioners to Privy Council, June 3 (13), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Same to same, June 7 (17), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

by for blank cartridges and empty protocols. Nevertheless, Lord Henry's harmless thunder was answered, the next day, by a "quintuplication," in worse Latin than ever, presented to Dr. Dale and his colleagues by Richardot and Champagny, on the subject of the armistice. And then there was a return quintuplication, in choice Latin, by the classic Dale, and then there was a colloquy on the quintuplication, and everything that had been charged, and truly charged, by the English was now denied by the king's commissioners; and Champagny, more gouty and more irascible than ever, "chopped in" at every word spoken by king's envoys or queen's, contradicted everybody, repudiated everything said or done by Andrew de Loo or any of the other secret negotiators during the past year, declared that there never had been a general cessation of arms promised, and that, at any rate, times were now changed, and such an armistice was inadmissible.[1] Then the English answered with equal impatience, and reproached the king's representatives with duplicity and want of faith, and censured them for their unseemly language, and begged to inform Champagny and Richardot that they had not then to deal with such persons as they might formerly have been in the habit of treating withal, but with a "great prince who did justify the honor of her actions," and they confuted the positions now assumed by their opponents with official documents and former statements from those very opponents' lips. And then, after all this diplomatic and rhetorical splutter, the high commissioners recovered their temper and grew more polite, and the king's "envoys excused themselves in a mild, merry manner" for the rudeness of their speeches,

[1] Commissioners to Privy Council, MS. last cited.

and the queen's envoys accepted their apologies with majestic urbanity, and so they separated for the day in a more friendly manner than they had done the day before.[1]

"You see to what a scholar's shift we have been driven for want of resolution," said Valentine Dale. "If we should linger here until there should be broken heads, in what case we should be God knoweth. For I can trust Champagny and Richardot no further than I can see them."[2]

And so the whole month of June passed by, the English commissioners "leaving no stone unturned to get a quiet cessation of arms in general terms,"[3] and being constantly foiled, yet perpetually kept in hope[4] that the point would soon be carried. At the same time the signs of the approaching invasion seemed to thicken. "In my opinion," said Dale, "as Phormio spake in matters of wars, it were very requisite that my Lord Harry should be always on this coast, for they will steal out from hence as closely as they can, either to join with the Spanish navy or to land, and they may be very easily scattered, by God's grace." And, with the honest pride of a protocol-maker, he added: "Our postulates do

[1] Commissioners to Privy Council, June 21 (July 1), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Dale to Walsingham, June 4 (14), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

"And if her Majesty list to break, she may now do it upon their present denial of the cessation of arms, which Richardot did in open council promise to Norris and Andrea de Loo should be accorded at the coming of her Majesty's commissioners, and which is now denied as ever spoken, or to be performed, if promised." —Ibid.

[3] Dale to Burghley, June 17 (27), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[4] Ibid.

trouble the king's commissioners very much, and do bring them to despair."[1]

The excellent doctor had not even yet discovered that the king's commissioners were delighted with his postulates, and that to have kept them postulating thus five months in succession, while naval and military preparations were slowly bringing forth a great event, which was soon to strike them with as much amazement as if the moon had fallen out of heaven, was one of the most decisive triumphs ever achieved by Spanish diplomacy. But the doctor thought that his logic had driven the King of Spain to despair.

At the same time he was not insensible to the merits of another and more peremptory style of rhetoric. "I pray you," said he to Walsingham, "let us hear some arguments from my Lord Harry out of her Majesty's navy now and then. I think they will do more good than any bolt that we can shoot here. If they be met with at their going out, there is no possibility for them to make any resistance, having so few men that can abide the sea; for the rest, as you know, must be seasick at first."[2]

But the envoys were completely puzzled. Even at the beginning of July, Sir James Croft was quite convinced of the innocence of the king and the duke;[3] but Croft

[1] Dale to Burghley, MS. last cited.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "I may be esteemed more credulous than cause requireth, yet I assure your Lordship I never embraced any opinion thereof other than such as by some conjectural argument was made very probable unto me, like as I thought good at this time to inform your Lordship that yesterday by chance I had conference with one of the commissioners on the other side, and was by him in sort assured that the matter of this treaty will fall out, so far as in that

was in his dotage. As for Dale, he occasionally opened his eyes and his ears, but more commonly kept them well closed to the significance of passing events, and consoled himself with his protocols and his classics, and the purity of his own Latin.

"'T is a very wise saying of Terence," said he, "'*Omnibus nobis ut res dant sese, ita magni aut humiles sumus.*' When the king's commissioners hear of the king's navy from Spain, they are in such jollity that they talk loud. . . . In the meantime, as the wife of Bath saith in Chaucer by her husband, we owe them not a word. If we should die to-morrow, I hope her Majesty will find by our writings that the honor of the cause, in the opinion of the world, must be with her Majesty, and that her commissioners are neither of such imperfection in their reasons nor so barbarous in language as they who fail not, almost in every line, of some barbarism not to be borne in a grammar school, although in subtleness and impudent affirming of untruths and denying of truths her commissioners are not in any respect to match with Champagny and Richardot, who are doctors in that faculty."[1]

It might perhaps prove a matter of indifference to Elizabeth and to England, when the queen should be a state prisoner in Spain and the Inquisition quietly estab-

side lieth, to as good purpose as her Majesty will require it; he not doubting that the two years for the toleration of religion, and the point of her Majesty's security, and all other things necessary in this treaty, will be easily assented unto, to which purpose he wished me to deal with Dr. Dale to be willing to urge that which he underhand would advise us unto, *requiring for their better justification to be pressed to that which themselves much desire*" (! !), etc.—Croft to Burghley, June 22 (July 2), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[1] Dale to Burghley, June 21 (July 1), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

lished in her kingdom, whether the world should admit or not, in case of his decease, the superiority of Dr. Dale's logic and Latin to those of his antagonists. And even if mankind conceded the best of the argument to the English diplomatists, that diplomacy might seem worthless which could be blind to the colossal falsehoods growing daily before its eyes. Had the commissioners been able to read the secret correspondence between Parma and his master, as we have had the opportunity of doing, they would certainly not have left their homes in February, to be made fools of until July, but would, on their knees, have implored their royal mistress to awake from her fatal delusion before it should be too late. Even without that advantage, it seems incredible that they should have been unable to pierce through the atmosphere of duplicity which surrounded them, and to obtain one clear glimpse of the destruction so steadily advancing upon England.

For the famous bull of Sixtus V. had now been fulminated. Elizabeth had been again denounced as a bastard and usurper, and her kingdom had been solemnly conferred upon Philip, with title of Defender of the Christian Faith, to have and to hold as tributary and feudatory of Rome. The so-called queen had usurped the crown contrary to the ancient treaties between the apostolic stool and the kingdom of England, which country, on its reconciliation with the head of the Church after the death of St. Thomas of Canterbury, had recognized the necessity of the pope's consent in the succession to its throne; she had deserved chastisement for the terrible tortures inflicted by her upon English Catholics and God's own saints; and it was declared an act of virtue, to be repaid with plenary indulgence and forgiveness of

all sins, to lay violent hands on the usurper, and deliver her into the hands of the Catholic party. And of the Holy League against the usurper Philip was appointed the head, and Alexander of Parma chief commander. This document was published in large numbers in Antwerp in the English tongue.[1]

The pamphlet of Dr. Allen, just named cardinal, was also translated in the same city, under the direction of the Duke of Parma, in order to be distributed throughout England, on the arrival in that kingdom of the Catholic troops.[2] The well-known "Admonition to the Nobility and People of England and Ireland" accused the queen of every crime and vice which can pollute humanity, and was filled with foul details unfit for the public eye in these more decent days.[3]

So soon as the intelligence of these publications reached England, the queen ordered her commissioners at Bourbourg to take instant cognizance of them, and to obtain a categorical explanation on the subject from Alexander himself—as if an explanation were possible, as if the designs of Sixtus, Philip, and Alexander could any longer be doubted, and as if the duke were more likely now than before to make a succinct statement of them for the benefit of her Majesty.

"Having discovered," wrote Elizabeth on the 9th July (N. S.), "that this treaty of peace is entertained only to abuse us, and being many ways given to understand that the preparations which have so long been making, and which now are consummated, both in Spain and the Low Countries, are purposely to be employed against us

[1] Meteren, xv. 270 seq.

[2] Parma to Philip II., June 21, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[3] Lingard, viii. 442 seq.

and our country; finding that, for the furtherance of these exploits, there is ready to be published a vile, slanderous, and blasphemous book, containing as many lies as lines, entitled, 'An Admonition,' etc., and contrived by a lewd-born subject of ours, now become an arrant traitor, named Dr. Allen, lately made a cardinal at Rome; as also a bull of the pope, whereof we send you a copy, both very lately brought into those Low Countries, the one whereof is already printed at Antwerp, in a great multitude, in the English tongue, and the other ordered to be printed, only to stir up our subjects, contrary to the laws of God and their allegiance, to join with such foreign purposes as are prepared against us and our realm, to come out of those Low Countries and out of Spain; and as it appears by the said bull that the Duke of Parma is expressly named and chosen by the pope and the King of Spain to be principal executioner of these intended enterprises, we cannot think it honorable for us to continue longer the treaty of peace with them that, under color of treaty, arm themselves with all the power they can to a bloody war."[1]

Accordingly, the queen commanded Dr. Dale, as one of the commissioners, to proceed forthwith to the duke, in order to obtain explanations as to his contemplated conquest of her realm, and as to his share in the publication of the bull and pamphlet, and to "require him, as he would be accounted a prince of honor, to let her plainly understand what she might think thereof." The envoy was to assure him that the queen would trust implicitly to his statement, to adjure him to declare the

[1] Queen to commissioners, June 29 (July 9), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

truth, and, in case he avowed the publications and the belligerent intentions suspected, to demand instant safe-conduct to England for her commissioners, who would, of course, instantly leave the Netherlands. On the other hand, if the duke disavowed those infamous documents, he was to be requested to punish the printers, and have the books burned by the hangman.[1]

Dr. Dale, although suffering from colic, was obliged to set forth at once upon what he felt would be a bootless journey. At his return, which was upon the 22*d of July* (N. S.), the shrewd old gentleman had nearly arrived at the opinion that her Majesty might as well break off the negotiations. He had "a comfortless voyage and a ticklish message";[2] found all along the road signs of an approaching enterprise, difficult to be mistaken; reported ten thousand veteran Spaniards, to which force Stanley's regiment was united, six thousand Italians, three thousand Germans, all with pikes, corselets, and slash swords complete, besides ten thousand Walloons. The transports for the cavalry at Gravelines he did not see, nor was he much impressed with what he heard as to the magnitude of the naval preparations at Nieuport. He was informed that the duke was about making a foot-pilgrimage from Brussels to Our Lady of Halle, to implore victory for his banners, and had daily evidence of the soldiers' expectation to invade and to "devour England."[3] All this had not tended to cure him of the low spirits with which he began the journey. Nevertheless, although he was unable, as will be seen, to report an entirely satisfactory answer from

[1] Queen to commissioners, MS. just cited.

[2] Dale to Burghley, July 12 (22), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Dale to Walsingham, date last cited, S. P. Office MS.

Farnese to the queen upon the momentous questions intrusted to him, he, at least, thought of a choice passage in the "Æneid," so very apt to the circumstances as almost to console him for the "pangs of his colic" and the terrors of the approaching invasion.

"I have written two or three verses out of Virgil for the queen to read," said he, "which I pray your Lordship to present unto her. *God grant her to weigh them.* If your Lordship do read the whole discourse of Virgil in that place, *it will make your heart melt.* Observe the report of the ambassadors that were sent to Diomedes to make war against the Trojans, for the old hatred that he, being a Grecian, did bear unto them; and note the answer of Diomedes dissuading them from entering into war with the Trojans, the perplexity of the king, the miseries of the country, the reasons of Drances that spake against them which would have war, the violent persuasions of Turnus to war; and note, I pray you, one word, '*Nec te ullius violentia frangat.*'[1] What a lecture could I make with Mr. Cecil upon that passage in Virgil!"[2]

The most important point for the reader to remark is the date of this letter. It was received in the very *last days of the month of July.* Let him observe, as he will soon have occasion to do, the events which were occurring on land and sea exactly at the moment when this classic despatch reached its destination, and judge whether the hearts of the queen and Lord Burghley

[1] The reader who will take the trouble to refer to the "Æneid," lib. xi., may amuse himself by observing that the aptness of the analogy was by no means so wonderful as it seemed to Dr. Dale: "*Nec te ullius violentia* VINCAT (FRANGAT)," etc. (354).

[2] Dale to Burghley, July 12 (22), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

would be then quite at leisure to melt at the sorrows of the Trojan War. Perhaps the doings of Drake and Howard, Medina Sidonia and Recalde, would be pressing as much on their attention as the eloquence of Diomedes or the wrath of Turnus. Yet it may be doubted whether the reports of these Grecian envoys might not, in truth, be almost as much to the purpose as the despatches of the diplomatic pedant, with his Virgil and his colic, into whose hands grave matters of peace and war were intrusted in what seemed the day of England's doom.

"What a lecture I could make with Mr. Cecil on the subject!" An English ambassador at the court of Philip II.'s viceroy could indulge himself in imaginary prelections on the "Æneid," in the last days of July of the year of our Lord 1588!

The doctor, however, to do him justice, had put the questions categorically to his Highness, as he had been instructed to do. He went to Bruges so mysteriously that no living man that side the sea, save Lord Derby and Lord Cobham, knew the cause of his journey.[1] Poor puzzling James Croft, in particular, was moved almost to tears by being kept out of the secret.[2] On July 8 (18) Dale had audience of the duke at Bruges. After a few commonplaces he was invited by the duke to state what special purpose had brought him to Bruges.

"There is a book printed at Antwerp," said Dale, "and set forth by a fugitive from England, who calleth himself a cardinal."[3]

Upon this the duke began diligently to listen.

"This book," resumed Dale, "is an admonition to the

[1] Dale to Burghley, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.

nobility and people of England and Ireland touching the execution of the sentence of the pope against the queen, which the King Catholic hath intrusted to your Highness as chief of the enterprise. There is also a bull of the pope declaring my sovereign mistress illegitimate and an usurper, with other matters too odious for any prince or gentleman to name or hear. In this bull the pope saith that he hath dealt with the Most Catholic King to employ all the means in his power to the deprivation and deposition of my sovereign, and doth charge her subjects to assist the army appointed by the King Catholic for that purpose, under the conduct of your Highness. Therefore her Majesty would be satisfied from your Highness in that point, and will take satisfaction of none other, not doubting but that, as you are a prince of word and credit, you will deal plainly with her Majesty. Whatsoever it may be, her Majesty will not take it amiss against your Highness, so she may only be informed by you of the truth. Wherefore I do require you to satisfy the queen."[1]

"I am glad," replied the duke, "that her Majesty and her commissioners do take in good part my good will toward them. I am especially touched by the good opinion her Majesty hath of my sincerity, which I should be glad always to maintain. As to the book to which you refer, I have never read it, nor seen it, nor do I take heed of it. It may well be that her Majesty, whom it concerneth, should take notice of it; but, for my part, I have naught to do with it, nor can I prevent men from writing or printing at their pleasure. I am at the commandment of my master only."[2]

As Alexander made no reference to the pope's bull,

[1] Dale to Burghley, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.

Dr. Dale observed that if a war had been, of purpose, undertaken at the instance of the pope, all this negotiation had been in vain, and her Majesty would be obliged to withdraw her commissioners, not doubting that they would receive safe-conduct as occasion should require.

"Yea, God forbid else," replied Alexander; "and further, *I know nothing* of any bull of the pope, nor do I care for any, nor do I undertake anything for him. But as for any misunderstanding (*malentendu*) between my master and her Majesty, I must, as a soldier, act at the command of my sovereign. For my part, I have always had such respect for her Majesty, being so noble a queen, as that I would never harken to anything that might be reproachful to her. After my master, I would do most to serve your queen, and I hope she will take my word for her satisfaction on that point. And for avoiding of bloodshed and the burning of houses and such other calamities as do follow the wars, I have been a petitioner to my sovereign that all things might be ended quietly by a peace. That is a thing, however," added the duke, "which you have more cause to desire than we; for if the king, my master, should lose a battle, he would be able to recover it well enough, without harm to himself, being far enough off in Spain, while, if the battle be lost on your side, you may lose kingdom and all."[1]

"By God's sufferance," rejoined the doctor, "her Majesty is not without means to defend her crown, that hath descended to her from so long a succession of ancestors. Moreover, your Highness knows very well that one battle cannot conquer a kingdom in another country."

[1] Dale to Burghley, MS. last cited.

"Well," said the duke, "that is in God's hand."

"So it is," said the doctor.

"But make an end of it," continued Alexander, quietly, "and if you have anything to put into writing, you will do me a pleasure by sending it to me."[1]

Dr. Valentine Dale was not the man to resist the temptation to make a protocol, and promised one for the next day.

"I am charged only to give your Highness satisfaction," he said, "as to her Majesty's sincere intentions, which have already been published to the world in English, French, and Italian, in the hope that you may also satisfy the queen upon this other point. I am but one of her commissioners, and could not deal without my colleagues. I crave leave to depart to-morrow morning, and with safe-convoy, as I had in coming."

After the envoy had taken leave, the duke summoned Andrew de Loo, and related to him the conversation which had taken place. He then, in the presence of that personage, again declared upon his honor and with very constant affirmations that he had never *seen nor heard of the book*,—the "Admonition" by Cardinal Allen,—and that he knew nothing of any bull, and had no regard to it.[2]

The plausible Andrew accompanied the doctor to his lodgings, protesting all the way of his own and his master's sincerity, and of their unequivocal intentions to conclude a peace. The next day the doctor, by agreement, brought a most able protocol of demands in the name of all the commissioners of her Majesty,[3] which able protocol the duke did not at that moment read,

[1] Dale to Burghley, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.

which he assuredly never read subsequently, and which no human soul ever read afterward. Let the dust lie upon it, and upon all the vast heaps of protocols raised mountains high during the spring and summer of 1588.

"Dr. Dale has been with me two or three times," said Parma, in giving his account of these interviews to Philip. "I don't know why he came, but I think he wished to make it appear, by coming to Bruges, that the rupture, when it occurs, was caused by us, not by the English. He has been complaining of Cardinal Allen's book, and I told him that I did n't understand a word of English, and knew nothing whatever of the matter." [1]

It has been already seen that the duke had declared, on his word of honor, that he had never heard of the famous pamphlet. Yet at that very moment letters were lying in his cabinet, received more than a fortnight before from Philip, in which that monarch *thanked Alexander for having had the cardinal's book translated at Antwerp!* [2] Certainly few English diplomatists could be a match for a Highness so liberal of his word of honor.

But even Dr. Dale had at last convinced himself, even although the duke knew nothing of bull or pamphlet, that mischief was brewing against England. The sagacious man, having seen large bodies of Spaniards and Walloons making such demonstrations of eagerness to be led against his country, and "professing it as openly as if they were going to a fair or market," while even Alexander himself could "no more hide it

[1] Parma to Philip, July 21, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Philip II. to Parma, June 21, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

than did Henry VIII. when he went to Boulogne,"[1] could not help suspecting something amiss.

His colleague, however, Controller Croft, was more judicious, for he valued himself on taking a sound, temperate, and conciliatory view of affairs. He was not the man to offend a magnanimous neighbor, who meant nothing unfriendly, by regarding his manœuvers with superfluous suspicion. So this envoy wrote to Lord Burghley on *the 2d August* (N. S.)—let the reader mark the date—that, "although a great doubt had been conceived as to the king's sincerity, . . . yet that *discretion and experience* induced him—the envoy—to think that, besides *the reverent opinion to be had of princes' oaths*, and the general incommodity which will come by the contrary, God had so balanced princes' powers in that age as they rather *desire to assure themselves at home* than with danger to *invade their neighbors*."[2]

Perhaps the mariners of England—*at that very instant* exchanging broadsides off the coast of Devon and Dorset with the Spanish Armada, and doing their best to protect their native land from the most horrible calamity which had ever impended over it—had arrived at a less reverent opinion of princes' oaths, and it was well for England in that supreme hour that there were such men as Howard and Drake, and Winter and Frobisher, and a whole people with hearts of oak to defend her, while bungling diplomatists and credulous dotards were doing their best to imperil her existence.

But it is necessary, in order to obtain a complete picture of that famous year 1588, and to understand the cause from which such great events were springing, to

[1] Dale to Burghley, July 12 (22), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Croft to Burghley, July 23 (August 2), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

cast a glance at the internal politics of the states most involved in Philip's meshes.

Certainly, if there had ever been a time when the new commonwealth of the Netherlands should be both united in itself and on thoroughly friendly terms with England, it was exactly that epoch of which we are treating. There could be no reasonable doubt that the designs of Spain against England were hostile, and against Holland revengeful. It was at least possible that Philip meant to undertake the conquest of England, and to undertake it as a stepping-stone to the conquest of Holland. Both the Kingdom and the Republic should have been alert, armed, full of suspicion toward the common foe, full of confidence in each other. What decisive blows might have been struck against Parma in the Netherlands, when his troops were starving, sickly, and mutinous, if the Hollanders and Englishmen had been united under one chieftain and thoroughly convinced of the impossibility of peace! Could the English and Dutch statesmen of that day have read all the secrets of their great enemy's heart, as it is our privilege at this hour to do, they would have known that in sudden and deadly strokes lay their best chance of salvation. But, without that advantage, there were men whose sagacity told them that it was the hour for deeds and not for dreams. For to Leicester and Walsingham, as well as to Paul Buys and Barneveldt, peace with Spain seemed an idle vision. It was unfortunate that they were overruled by Queen Elizabeth and Burghley, who still clung to that delusion; it was still more disastrous that the intrigues of Leicester had done so much to paralyze the Republic; it was almost fatal that his departure without laying down his authority had given the signal for civil war.

During the winter, spring, and summer of 1588, while the duke, in the face of mighty obstacles, was slowly proceeding with his preparations in Flanders to coöperate with the armaments from Spain, it would have been possible by a combined movement to destroy his whole plan, to liberate all the Netherlands, and to avert by one great effort the ruin impending over England. Instead of such vigorous action, it was thought wiser to send commissioners, to make protocols, to ask for armistices, to give profusely to the enemy that which he was most in need of—time. Meanwhile the Hollanders and English could quarrel comfortably among themselves, and the little Republic, for want of a legal head, could come as near as possible to its dissolution.

Young Maurice, deep thinker for his years and peremptory in action, was not the man to see his great father's life-work annihilated before his eyes so long as he had an arm and brain of his own. He accepted his position at the head of the government of Holland and Zealand, and as chief of the war party. The council of state, mainly composed of Leicester's creatures, whose commissions would soon expire by their own limitation, could offer but a feeble resistance to such determined individuals as Maurice, Buys, and Barneveldt. The party made rapid progress. On the other hand, the English Leicestrians did their best to foment discord in the provinces. Sonoy was sustained in his rebellion in North Holland not only by the earl's partizans, but by Elizabeth herself. Her rebukes to Maurice, when Maurice was pursuing the only course which seemed to him consistent with honor and sound policy, were sharper than a sword. Well might Duplessis-Mornay observe that the commonwealth had been rather strangled than

embraced by the English queen. Sonoy, in the name of Leicester, took arms against Maurice and the states; Maurice marched against him; and Lord Willoughby, commander-in-chief of the English forces, was anxious to march against Maurice. It was a spectacle to make angels weep, that of Englishmen and Hollanders preparing to cut each other's throats, at the moment when Philip and Parma were bending all their energies to crush England and Holland at once.

Indeed, the interregnum between the departure of Leicester and his abdication was diligently employed by his more reckless partizans to defeat and destroy the authority of the states. By prolonging the interval, it was hoped that no government would be possible except the arbitrary rule of the earl, or of a successor with similar views; for a republic—a free commonwealth—was thought an absurdity. To intrust supreme power to advocates, merchants, and mechanics seemed as hopeless as it was vulgar. Willoughby, much devoted to Leicester and much detesting Barneveldt, had small scruple in fanning the flames of discord.

There was open mutiny against the states by the garrison of Gertruydenberg, and Willoughby's brother-in-law, Captain Wingfield, commanded in Gertruydenberg. There were rebellious demonstrations in Naarden, and Willoughby went to Naarden. The garrison was troublesome, but most of the magistrates were firm. So Willoughby supped with the burgomasters, and found that Paul Buys had been setting the people against Queen Elizabeth, Leicester, and the whole English nation, making them all odious. Colonel Dorp said openly that it was a shame for the country to refuse their own natural-born count for strangers. He swore that he would sing

his song whose bread he had eaten.[1] A "fat militia-captain" of the place, one Soyssons, on the other hand, privately informed Willoughby that Maurice and Barneveldt were treating underhand with Spain. Willoughby was inclined to believe the calumny, but feared that his corpulent friend would lose his head for reporting it. Meantime the English commander did his best to strengthen the English party in their rebellion against the states.

"But how if they make war upon us?" asked the Leicestrians.

"It is very likely," replied Willoughby, "that if they use violence you will have her Majesty's assistance, and then you who continue constant to the end will be rewarded accordingly. Moreover, who would not rather be a horsekeeper to her Majesty than a captain to Barneveldt or Buys?"[2]

[1] Willoughby to ——, February 18 (28), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Ibid. "It was likewise said openly to Count Maurice at his table: 'Sir, if the prince your father had been offered the third part by the enemy which you have been, he would have accepted it; and it is not a good occasion that you may article what you will, and have whatever you may demand.' Soyssons, a fat captain of Naarden, fed for their tooth, confessed to me that they had practised with the enemy. Thus you may see their dispositions; much ado had I to persuade the burgomasters of the honorable course her Majesty would hold, and no less to assure the unfortunate captain, whose head, I fear, will pay for all. Further, I said it was sure that the States-General, the council of state, which I was somewhat acquainted with, nor the two counts who had feasted us and drunk the health of his Excellency, meant but all well to us. 'Well,' said the old burgomaster, 'but that I hear you say so, I would scarcely believe it, for mine ears have often borne witness to the contrary,'" etc.—Willoughby to ——, February 20 (March 1), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

When at last the resignation of Leicester, presented to the states by Killigrew on the 31st March,[1] seemed to promise comparative repose to the Republic, the vexation of the Leicestrians was intense. Their efforts to effect a dissolution of the government had been rendered unsuccessful, when success seemed within their grasp. "Albeit what is once executed cannot be prevented," said Captain Champernoun, "yet 't is thought certain that if the resignation of Lord Leicester's commission had been deferred yet some little time, the whole country and towns would have so revolted and mutinied against the government and authority of the states as that they should have had no more credit given them by the people than pleased her Majesty. Most part of the people could see, in consequence of the troubles, discontent, mutiny of garrisons, and the like, that it was most necessary for the good success of their affairs that the power of the states should be abolished and the whole government of his Excellency erected. As these *matters were busily working into the likelihood of some good effect, came the resignation* of his Excellency's commission and authority, which so dashed the proceedings of it as that all people and commanders well affected unto her Majesty and my Lord of Leicester are utterly discouraged. The states, with their adherents, before they had my Lord's resignation, were much perplexed what course to take, but now begin to hoist their heads." The excellent Leicestrian entertained hopes, however, that mutiny and intrigue might still carry the day. He had seen the fat militiaman of Naarden and other captains, and hoped much mischief from their schemes. "The chief mutineers of Gertruydenberg," he said, "may be wrought to

[1] Bor, iii. 224. Wagenaer, viii. 265.

send unto the states that if they do not procure them some English governor, they will compound with the enemy, *whereon the states shall be driven* to request her Majesty to accept the place, themselves entertaining the garrison. I know certain captains discontented with the states for arrears of pay, who *will contrive to get into Naarden* with their companies, with the states' consent, who, once entered, will keep the place for their satisfaction, pay their soldiers out of the contributions of the country, and yet secretly hold the place at her Majesty's command."[1]

This is not an agreeable picture, yet it is but one out of many examples of the intrigues by which Leicester and his party were doing their best to destroy the commonwealth of the Netherlands at a moment when its existence was most important to that of England.

To foment mutiny in order to subvert the authority of Maurice was not a friendly or honorable course of action either toward Holland or England, and it was to play into the hands of Philip as adroitly as his own stipendiaries could have done.[2]

With mischief-makers like Champernoun in every city, and with such diplomatists at Ostend as Croft and Rogers and Valentine Dale, was it wonderful that the king and the Duke of Parma found time to mature their plans for the destruction of both countries?

Lord Willoughby, too, was extremely dissatisfied with

[1] Arthur Champernoun to Walsingham, April 2 (12), 1588, S. P. Office MS. He commanded an English company in Utrecht.

[2] "I congratulate you," wrote Philip to Farnese, "upon the disputes between the rebels and the English, and among themselves. I trust you will get good fruit from their quarrels." —Philip to Parma, May 13, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

his own position. He received no commission from the queen for several months. When it at last reached him, it seemed inadequate, and he became more sullen than ever. He declared that he would rather serve the queen as a private soldier, at his own expense, "lean as his purse was," than accept the limited authority conferred on him. He preferred to show his devotion "in a beggarly state than in a formal show." He considered it beneath her Majesty's dignity that he should act in the field under the states, but his instructions forbade his acceptance of any office from that body but that of general in their service. He was very discontented, and more anxious than ever to be rid of his functions. Without being extremely ambitious, he was impatient of control. He desired not "a larger-shaped coat," but one that fitted him better. "I wish to shape my garment homely, after my cloth," he said, "that the better of my parish may not be misled by my sumptuousness. I would live quietly, without great noise, my poor roof low and near the ground, not subject to be overblown with unlooked-for storms, while the sun seems most shining."[1]

Being the deadly enemy of the states and their leaders, it was a matter of course that he should be bitter against Maurice. That young prince, bold, enterprising, and determined as he was, did not ostensibly meddle with political affairs more than became his years, but he accepted the counsels of the able statesmen in whom his father had trusted. Riding, hunting, and hawking seemed to be his chief delight at The Hague, in the intervals of military occupations. He rarely made his

[1] Willoughby to Burghley, January 23 (February 2), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

appearance in the state council during the winter, and referred public matters to the States-General, to the states of Holland, to Barneveldt, Buys, and Hohenlo.[1] Superficial observers like George Gilpin regarded him as a cipher; others, like Robert Cecil, thought him an unmannerly school-boy; but Willoughby, although considering him insolent and conceited, could not deny his ability. The peace partizans among the burghers—a very small faction—were furious against him, for they knew that Maurice of Nassau represented war. They accused of deep designs against the liberties of their country the youth who was ever ready to risk his life in their defense. A burgomaster from Friesland, who had come across the Zuyder Zee to intrigue against the states party, was full of spleen at being obliged to dance attendance for a long time at The Hague. He complained that Count Maurice, green of years, and seconded by greener counselors, was meditating the dissolution of the state council, the appointment of a new board from his own creatures, the overthrow of all other authority, and the assumption of the sovereignty of Holland and Zealand, with absolute power. "And when this is done," said the rueful burgomaster, "he and his turbulent fellows may make what terms they like with Spain, to the disadvantage of the queen and of us poor wretches."[2]

But there was nothing further from the thoughts of the "turbulent fellows" than any negotiations with Spain. Maurice was ambitious enough, perhaps, but his ambition ran in no such direction. Willoughby

[1] Gilpin to Walsingham, February 4 (14), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Willoughby to Burghley, January 12 (22), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

knew better, and thought that by humoring the petulant young man it might be possible to manage him.

"Maurice is young," he said, "hot-headed, coveting honor. If we do but look at him through our fingers, without much words, but with providence enough, baiting his hook a little to his appetite, there is no doubt but he might be caught and kept in a fish-pool, while in his imagination he may judge it a sea. If not, 't is likely he will make us fish in troubled waters." [1]

Maurice was hardly the fish for a mill-pond even at that epoch, and it might one day be seen whether or not he could float in the great ocean of events. Meanwhile he swam his course without superfluous gambols or spoutings.

The commander of her Majesty's forces was not satisfied with the states, nor their generals, nor their politicians. "Affairs are going *a malo in pejus*," he said. "They embrace their liberty as apes their young. To this end are Counts Hollock and Maurice set upon the stage to entertain the popular sort. Her Majesty and my Lord of Leicester are not forgotten. The counts are in Holland, especially Hollock, for the other is but the cipher. And yet I can assure you *Maurice hath wit and spirit too much for his time.*" [2]

As the troubles of the interregnum increased, Willoughby was more dissatisfied than ever with the miserable condition of the provinces, but chose to ascribe it to the machinations of the states party rather than to the ambiguous conduct of Leicester. "These evils," he said, "are especially derived from the childish ambition of the young Count Maurice, from the covetous and

[1] Willoughby to Burghley, MS. just cited.

[2] Same to same, January 16 (26), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

furious counsels of the proud Hollanders, now chief of the States-General, and, if with pardon it may be said, from our slackness and coldness to entertain our friends. The provident and wiser sort, weighing what a slender ground the appetite of a young man is, unfurnished with the sinews of war to manage so great a cause, for a good space after my Lord of Leicester's departure, gave him far looking on, to see him play his part on the stage."[1]

Willoughby's spleen caused him to mix his metaphors more recklessly than strict taste would warrant, but his violent expressions painted the relative situation of parties more vividly than could be done by a calm disquisition. Maurice thus playing his part upon the stage, as the general proceeded to observe, "was a skittish horse, becoming by little and little assured of what he had feared, and perceiving the harmlessness thereof, while his companions, finding no safety of neutrality in so great practices, and no overturning nor barricado to stop his rash wilded chariot, followed without fear; and when some of the first had passed the bog, the rest, as the fashion is, never started after. The variable democracy, embracing novelty, began to applaud their prosperity; the base and lewdest sorts of men, to whom there is nothing more agreeable than change of estates, is a better monture to degrees than their merit, took present hold thereof. Hereby Paul Buys, Barneveldt, and divers others, who were before mantled with a tolerable affection, though seasoned with a poisoned intention, caught the occasion, and made themselves the Beelzebubs of all these mischiefs, and, for want of better angels, spared not to let fly our golden-winged ones in the name of

[1] Willoughby to Walsingham, February 19 (29), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

guilders, to prepare the hearts and hands that hold money more dearer than honesty, of which sort, the country troubles and the Spanish practices having suckled up many, they found enough to serve their purpose. As the breach is safely saultable where no defense is made, so they, finding no head but those scattered arms that were disavowed, drew the sword with Peter, and gave pardon with the pope, as you shall plainly perceive by the proceedings at Horn. Thus their force, fair words, or corruption prevailing everywhere, it grew to this conclusion, that the worst were encouraged with their good success, and the best sort assured of no fortune or favor."[1]

Out of all this hubbub of stage-actors, skittish horses, rash wilded chariots, bogs, Beelzebubs, and golden-winged angels, one truth was distinctly audible: that Beelzebub, in the shape of Barneveldt, had been getting the upper hand in the Netherlands, and that the Leicestrians were at a disadvantage. In truth, those partizans were becoming extremely impatient. Finding themselves deserted by their great protector, they naturally turned their eyes toward Spain, and were now threatening to sell themselves to Philip. The earl, at his departure, had given them privately much encouragement. But month after month had passed by while they were waiting in vain for comfort. At last the "best"—that is to say, the unhappy Leicestrians—came to Willoughby, asking his advice in their "declining and desperate cause."

"Well-nigh a month longer," said that general, "I nourished them with compliments, and assured them that my Lord of Leicester would take care of them."[2]

[1] Willoughby to Walsingham, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.

The diet was not fattening. So they began to grumble more loudly than ever, and complained with great bitterness of the miserable condition in which they had been left by the earl, and expressed their fears lest the queen likewise meant to abandon them. They protested that their poverty, their powerful foes, and their slow friends would compel them either to make their peace with the states party or "compound with the enemy."

It would have seemed that real patriots, under such circumstances, would hardly hesitate in their choice, and would sooner accept the dominion of "Beelzebub," or even Paul Buys, than that of Philip II. But the Leicestrians of Utrecht and Friesland, patriots as they were, hated Holland worse than they hated the Inquisition. Willoughby encouraged them in that hatred. He assured them of her Majesty's affection for them, complained of the factious proceedings of the states, and alluded to the unfavorable state of the weather as a reason why, near four months long, they had not received the comfort out of England which they had a right to expect. He assured them that neither the queen nor Leicester would conclude this honorable action, wherein much had been hazarded, "so rawly and tragically" as they seemed to fear, and warned them that "if they did join with Holland, it would neither ease nor help them, but draw them into a more dishonorable loss of their liberties, and that, after having wound them in, the Hollanders would make their own peace with the enemy."[1]

It seemed somewhat unfair, while the queen's government was straining every nerve to obtain a peace from Philip, and while the Hollanders were obstinately deaf to any propositions for treating, that Willoughby

[1] Willoughby to Walsingham, MS. last cited.

should accuse them of secret intentions to negotiate. But it must be confessed that faction has rarely worn a more mischievous aspect than was presented by the politics of Holland and England in the winter and spring of 1588.

Young Maurice was placed in a very painful position. He liked not to be "strangled in the great queen's embrace," but he felt most keenly the necessity of her friendship, and the importance to both countries of a close alliance. It was impossible for him, however, to tolerate the rebellion of Sonoy, although Sonoy was encouraged by Elizabeth, or to fly in the face of Barneveldt, although Barneveldt was detested by Leicester. So with much firmness and courtesy, notwithstanding the extravagant pictures painted by Willoughby, he suppressed mutiny in Holland, while avowing the most chivalrous attachment to the sovereign of England.

Her Majesty expressed her surprise and her discontent that, notwithstanding his expressions of devotion to herself, he should thus deal with Sonoy, whose only crime was an equal devotion. "If you do not behave with more moderation in future," she said, "you may believe that we are not a princess of so little courage as not to know how to lend a helping hand to those who are unjustly oppressed. We should be sorry if we had cause to be disgusted with your actions, and if we were compelled to make you a stranger to the ancient good affection which we bore to your late father and have continued toward yourself." [1]

But Maurice maintained a dignified attitude worthy of his great father's name. He was not the man to crouch, like Leicester, when he could no longer refresh

[1] Queen to Maurice of Nassau, February 13 (23), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

himself in the "shadow of the queen's golden beams," important as he knew her friendship to be to himself and his country. So he defended himself in a manly letter to the Privy Council against the censures of Elizabeth.[1] He avowed his displeasure that, within his own jurisdiction, Sonoy should give a special oath of obedience to Leicester—a thing never done before in the country, and entirely illegal. It would not even be tolerated in England, he said, if a private gentleman should receive a military appointment in Warwickshire or Norfolk without the knowledge of the lord lieutenant of the shire. He had treated the contumacious Sonoy with mildness during a long period, but without effect. He had abstained from violence toward him, out of reverence to the queen, under whose sacred name he sheltered himself. Sonoy had not desisted, but had established himself in organized rebellion at Medemblik, declaring that he would drown the whole country, and levy blackmail upon its whole property, if he were not paid one hundred thousand crowns. He had declared that he would crush Holland like a glass beneath his feet. Having nothing but religion in his mouth, and protecting himself with the queen's name, he had been exciting all the cities of North Holland to rebellion, and bringing the poor people to destruction. He had been offered money enough to satisfy the most avaricious soldier in the world, but he stood out for six years' full pay for his soldiers, a demand with which it was impossible to comply. It was necessary to prevent him from inundating the land and destroying the estates of the country gentlemen and the peasants. "This, gentlemen," said

[1] Maurice of Nassau to Privy Council, March 5 (15), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

Maurice, "is the plain truth, nor do I believe that you will sustain against me a man who was under such vast obligations to my late father, and who requites his debt by daring to speak of myself as a rascal, or that you will countenance his rebellion against a country to which he brought only his cloak and sword, and whence he has filched one hundred thousand crowns. You will not, I am sure, permit a simple captain, by his insubordination, to cause such mischief, and to set on fire this and other provinces.

"If, by your advice," continued the count, "the queen should appoint fitting personages to office here,—men who know what honor is, born of illustrious and noble race, or who by their great virtue have been elevated to the honors of the kingdom,—to them I will render an account of my actions. And it shall appear that I have more ability and more desire to do my duty to her Majesty than those who render her lip-service only, and only make use of her sacred name to fill their purses, while I and mine have been ever ready to employ our lives, and what remains of our fortunes, in the cause of God, her Majesty, and our country."[1]

Certainly no man had a better right to speak with consciousness of the worth of race than the son of William the Silent, the nephew of Louis, Adolphus, and Henry of Nassau, who had all laid down their lives for the liberty of their country. But Elizabeth continued to threaten the States-General, through the mouth of Willoughby, with the loss of her protection, if they should continue thus to requite her favors with ingratitude and insubordination;[2] and Maurice once more respectfully

[1] Maurice of Nassau to Privy Council, MS. last cited.

[2] Queen to Willoughby, March 5 (15), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

but firmly replied that Sonoy's rebellion could not and would not be tolerated, appealing boldly to her sense of justice, which was the noblest attribute of kings.[1]

At last the queen informed Willoughby that, as the cause of Sonoy's course seemed to be his oath of obedience to Leicester, whose resignation of office had not yet been received in the Netherlands, she had now ordered Councilor Killigrew to communicate the fact of that resignation. She also wrote to Sonoy, requiring him to obey the states and Count Maurice, and to accept a fresh commission from them, or at least to surrender Medemblik, and to fulfil all their orders with zeal and docility.[2]

This act of abdication by Leicester, which had been received on the 22d of January by the English envoy Herbert, at the moment of his departure from the Netherlands, had been carried back by him to England, on the ground that its communication to the states at that moment would cause him inconveniently to *postpone his journey*. It never officially reached the States-General until the 31st of March, so that this most dangerous crisis was protracted nearly five months long, certainly without necessity or excuse, and whether through design, malice, wantonness, or incomprehensible carelessness, it is difficult to say.[3]

So soon as the news reached Sonoy, that contumacious chieftain found his position untenable, and he allowed

[1] Maurice of Nassau to Queen Elizabeth, March 15, 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Queen to Willoughby, March 17 (27), 1588. Queen to Sonoy, April 5 (15), 1588. S. P. Office MSS.

[3] Bor, iii. xxiv. 179 seq., 233 seq. Van der Kemp, i. 62. Wagenaer, viii. 270. Resol. Holl., April 1, 1588.

This business of Colonel Diedrich Sonoy occupies an enormous space in the archives and chronicles of the day. It has been here

the states' troops to take possession of Medemblik, and with it the important territory of North Holland, of which province Maurice now saw himself undisputed governor. Sonoy was in the course of the summer deprived of all office, and betook himself to England. Here he was kindly received by the queen, who bestowed upon him a ruined tower, and a swamp among the fens of Lincolnshire. He brought over some of his countrymen well skilled in such operations, set himself to draining and diking, and hoped to find himself at home and comfortable in his ruined tower. But unfortunately, as neither he nor his wife, notwithstanding their English proclivities, could speak a word of the language, they found their social enjoyments very limited. Moreover, as his work-people were equally without the power of making their wants understood, the diking operations made but little progress. So the unlucky colonel soon abandoned his swamp, and retired to East Friesland, where he lived a morose and melancholy life on a pension of one thousand florins granted him by the states of Holland, until the year 1597, when he lost his mind, fell into the fire, and thus perished.[1]

And thus, in the Netherlands, through hollow negotiations between enemies and ill-timed bickerings among friends, the path of Philip and Parma had been made comparatively smooth during the spring and early summer of 1588. What was the aspect of affairs in Germany and France?

The adroit capture of Bonn by Martin Schenck had

reduced to the smallest compass consistent with a purpose of presenting an intelligible account of the politics of Leicester's administration and its consequences.

[1] Bor, iii. 290.

given much trouble. Parma was obliged to detach a strong force, under Prince Chimay,[1] to attempt the recovery of that important place, which, so long as it remained in the power of the states, rendered the whole electorate insecure and a source of danger to the Spanish party. Farnese endeavored in vain to win back the famous partizan by most liberal offers, for he felt bitterly the mistake he had made in alienating so formidable a freebooter. But the truculent Martin remained obdurate and irascible. Philip, much offended that the news of his decease had proved false, ordered rather than requested the Emperor Rudolph to have a care that nothing was done in Germany to interfere with the great design upon England.[2] The king gave warning that he would suffer no disturbance from that quarter, but certainly the lethargic condition of Germany rendered such threats superfluous. There were riders enough and musketeers enough to be sold to the highest bidder. German food for powder was offered largely in the market to any foreign consumer, for the trade in their subjects' lives was ever a prolific source of revenue to the petty sovereigns, numerous as the days of the year, who owned Germany and the Germans.

The mercenaries who had so recently been making their inglorious campaign in France had been excluded from that country at the close of 1587, and furious were the denunciations of the pulpits and the populace of Paris that the foreign brigands who had been devastating the soil of France and attempting to oppose the decrees of the Holy Father of Rome should have made their escape so easily. Rabid Lincestre and other priests

[1] Parma to Philip II., January 31, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Philip II. to Parma, April 24, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

and monks foamed with rage as they execrated and anathematized the devil-worshiper Henry of Valois in all the churches of that monarch's capital. The Spanish ducats were flying about more profusely than ever among the butchers and porters and fishwomen of the great city, and Madam League paraded herself in the daylight with still increasing insolence. There was scarcely a pretense at recognition of any authority save that of Philip and Sixtus. France had become a wilderness—an uncultivated, barbarous province of Spain. Mucio-Guise had been secretly to Rome, had held interviews with the pope and cardinals, and had come back with a sword presented by his Holiness, its hilt adorned with jewels, and its blade engraved with tongues of fire.[1] And with this flaming sword the avenging messenger of the Holy Father was to smite the wicked and to drive them into outer darkness.

And there had been fresh conferences among the chiefs of the sacred League within the Lorraine territory, and it was resolved to require of the Valois an immediate extermination of heresy and heretics throughout the kingdom, the publication of the Council of Trent, and the formal establishment of the Holy Inquisition in every province of France. Thus, while doing his Spanish master's bidding, the great lieutenant of the League might, if he was adroit enough to outwit Philip, ultimately carve out a throne for himself.

Yet Philip felt occasional pangs of uneasiness lest there should, after all, be peace in France, and lest his schemes against Holland and England might be interfered with from that quarter. Even Farnese, nearer the scene, could not feel completely secure that a sudden reconcilia-

[1] L'Estoile, 236.

tion among contending factions might not give rise to a dangerous inroad across the Flemish border. So Guise was plied more vigorously than ever by the duke with advice and encouragement, and assisted with such Walloon carbineers as could be spared,[1] while large subsidies and larger promises came from Philip,[2] whose prudent policy was never to pay excessive sums until the work contracted for was done. "Mucio must do the job long since agreed upon," said Philip to Farnese, "and you and Mendoza must see that he prevents the King of France from troubling me in my enterprise against England."[3] If the unlucky Henry III. had

[1] Herrera, iii. iii. 72. Two thousand infantry and one thousand horse.

[2] Philip to Parma, November 27, 1587. Same to same, January 29, 1588. Arch. de Sim. MSS.

[3] Philip to Parma, April 24, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS. Philip II. to Mendoza, February 16, 1588, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

"A Mucio animad y aconsejad como soleys, lo que se cumple . . . y le procurad hazer tiro."—Philip II. to Mendoza, June 2, 1588, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

The king was, however, perpetually warning Guise not to allow himself or his confederates "to brag openly of the assistance which they were receiving from Spain, lest the ministers of Henry should *think Philip partial;* but in realiy not to waver a hair's-breadth in his determination, relying upon the Spanish king and on the Duke of Parma," etc.—Philip II. to Mendoza, July 16, 1588, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

"The public report that we are assisting Guise," said the king a year before, "is very inconvenient, and must be suppressed. . . . My nephew, the Duke of Parma, has assured Guise that he will assist him, and Guise ought to be grateful. At the same time Longlée has been telling me that his king desired to join me against England. All this was to deceive, and I have answered all with equal deception," etc.—Philip II. to Mendoza, July 6, 1587, MS.

retained one spark of intelligence, he would have seen that his only chance of rescue lay in the arm of the Béarnese and in an honest alliance with England. Yet so strong was his love for the monks, who were daily raving against him, that he was willing to commit any baseness in order to win back their affection. He was ready to exterminate heresy and to establish the Inquisition, but he was incapable of taking energetic measures of any kind, even when throne and life were in imminent peril. Moreover, he clung to Epergnon and the Politiques, in whose swords he alone found protection, and he knew that Epergnon and the Politiques were the objects of horror to Paris and to the League. At the same time he looked imploringly toward England and toward the great Huguenot chieftain, Elizabeth's knight errant. He had a secret interview with Sir Edward Stafford in the garden of the Bernardine convent, and importuned that envoy to implore the queen to break off her negotiations with Philip, and even dared to offer the English ambassador a large reward if such a result could be obtained. Stafford was also earnestly requested to beseech the queen's influence with Henry of Navarre that he should convert himself to Catholicism and thus destroy the League.

On the other hand, the magniloquent Mendoza, who was fond of describing himself as "so violent and terrible to the French that they wished to be rid of him,"[1] had, as usual, been frightening the poor king, who, after a futile attempt at dignity, had shrunk before the

[1] "El serlo yo tan terible, violente, y sediçioso, que impido no se estreche este rey muy de veras con V. Majd lo qual se heria si faltasse yo deste puesto."—Mendoza to Philip II., January 30, 1588, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

blusterings of the ambassador. "This king," said Don Bernardino, "thought that he could impose upon me and silence me by talking loud, but as I did n't talk softly to him, he has undeceived himself. . . . I have had another interview with him, and found him softer than silk, and he made me many caresses, and after I went out he said that I was a very skilful minister."[1]

It was the purpose of the League to obtain possession of the king's person, and, if necessary, to dispose of the Politiques by a general massacre, such as sixteen years before had been so successful in the case of Coligny and the Huguenots. So the populace, more rabid than ever, were impatient that their adored Balafré should come to Paris and begin the holy work.

He came as far as Gonesse to do the job he had promised to Philip, but having heard that Henry had reinforced himself with four thousand Swiss from the garrison of Lagny, he fell back to Soissons. The king sent him a most abject message, imploring him not to expose his sovereign to so much danger by setting his foot at that moment in the capital. The Balafré hesitated, but the populace raved and roared for their darling. The queen mother urged her unhappy son to yield his consent, and the Montpensier, fatal sister of Guise, with the famous scissors ever at her girdle,[2] insisted that her brother had as good a right as any man to

[1] "Este rey creyo que me espantara hiziera callar con hallar me alto, y con el no respondalle yo baxo, se ha desengañado. Ha tenido despues audiencia, y halle lo mas blando que una seda, y me hizo muchas caricias que yo le reconoci con las palabras devidas, y despues del salir de hablalle, entiendo que dixo que yo era un ministro bien avisé," etc.—Don B. de Mendoza to Don Juan de Idiaquez, April 5, 1588, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

[2] L'Estoile, 244.

come to the city. Meantime the great chief of the Politiques, the hated and insolent Epergnon, had been appointed governor of Normandy, and Henry had accompanied his beloved minion a part of the way toward Rouen. A plot contrived by the Montpensier to waylay the monarch on his return, and to take him into the safe-keeping of the League, miscarried, for the king reëntered the city before the scheme was ripe. On the other hand, Nicholas Poulain, bought for twenty thousand crowns by the Politiques, gave the king and his advisers full information of all these intrigues, and, standing in Henry's cabinet, offered, at peril of his life, if he might be confronted with the conspirators, the leaders of the League within the city, to prove the truth of the charges which he had made.[1]

For the whole city was now thoroughly organized. The number of its districts had been reduced from sixteen to five, the better to bring it under the control of the League; and while it could not be denied that Mucio had been doing his master's work very thoroughly, yet it was still in the power of the king, through the treachery of Poulain, to strike a blow for life and freedom before he was quite taken in the trap. But he stood helpless, paralyzed, gazing in dreamy stupor, like one fascinated, at the destruction awaiting him.

At last, one memorable May morning, a traveler alighted outside the gate of St. Martin, and proceeded on foot through the streets of Paris. He was wrapped in a large cloak, which he held carefully over his face. When he had got as far as the street of St. Denis, a

[1] De Thou, x. l. lxxxix. 251 seq. Herrera, iii. 118 seq. Procès verbal de Nicholas Poulain, etc., 320–332, apud L'Estoile, Registre Journal de Henri III.

young gentleman among the passers-by, a good Leaguer, accosted the stranger, and, with coarse pleasantry, plucked the cloak from his face and the hat from his head. Looking at the handsome, swarthy features, marked with a deep scar, and the dark, dangerous eyes which were then revealed, the practical jester at once recognized in the simple traveler the terrible Balafré, and kissed the hem of his garments with submissive rapture. Shouts of "Vive Guise!" rent the air from all the bystanders, as the duke, no longer affecting concealment, proceeded with a slow and stately step toward the residence of Catherine de' Medici.[1] That queen of compromises and of magic had been holding many a conference with the leaders of both parties, had been increasing her son's stupefaction by her enigmatical counsels, had been anxiously consulting her talisman of goat's and human blood, mixed with metals melted under the influence of the star of her nativity, and had been daily visiting the wizard Ruggieri, in whose magic circle, peopled with a thousand fantastic heads, she had held high converse with the world of spirits, and derived much sound advice as to the true course of action to be pursued between her son and Philip, and between the politicians and the League. But, in spite of these various sources of instruction, Catherine was somewhat perplexed, now that decisive action seemed necessary, a dethronement and a new massacre impending, and judicious compromise difficult. So after a hurried conversation with Mucio, who insisted on an interview with the king, she set forth for the Louvre, the duke lounging

[1] L'Estoile, 250. De Thou, ubi sup. Récit du Bourgeois de Paris, MS. Dupuys, cited by Capefigue, Hist. de la Réforme, etc., iv. 378.

calmly by the side of her sedan-chair, on foot, receiving the homage of the populace, as, men, women, and children together, they swarmed around him as he walked, kissing his garments and rending the air with their shouts.[1] For that wolfish mob of Paris, which had once lapped the blood of ten thousand Huguenots in a single night, and was again rabid with thirst, was most docile and fawning to the great Balafré. It groveled before him, it hung upon his look, it licked his hand, and, at the lifting of his finger or the glance of his eye, would have sprung at the throat of king or queen mother, minister or minion, and devoured them all before his eyes. It was longing for the sign, for much as Paris adored and was besotted with Guise and the League, even more, if possible, did it hate those godless politicians who had grown fat on extortions from the poor, and who had converted their substance into the daily bread of luxury.

Nevertheless, the city was full of armed men, Swiss and German mercenaries and burgher guards, sworn to fidelity to the throne. The place might have been swept clean, at that moment, of rebels who were not yet armed or fortified in their positions. The Lord had delivered Guise into Henry's hands. "Oh, the madman," cried Sixtus V., when he heard that the duke had gone to Paris, "thus to put himself into the clutches of the king whom he had so deeply offended!" And, "Oh, the wretched coward, the imbecile!" he added, when he heard how the king had dealt with his great enemy.[2]

For the monarch was in his cabinet that May morning, irresolutely awaiting the announced visit of the duke. By his side stood Alphonse Corse, attached as a

[1] De Thou, L'Estoile, ubi sup. [2] De Thou, x. 266.

mastiff to his master, and fearing not Guise nor Leaguer, man nor devil.

"Sire, is the Duke of Guise your friend or enemy?" said Alphonse.

The king answered by an expressive shrug.

"Say the word, Sire," continued Alphonse, "and I pledge myself to bring his head this instant, and lay it at your feet."[1]

And he would have done it. Even at the side of Catherine's sedan-chair, and in the very teeth of the worshiping mob, the Corsican would have had the Balafré's life, even though he laid down his own.

But Henry, irresolute and fascinated, said it was not yet time for such a blow.[2]

Soon afterward the duke was announced. The chief of the League and the last of the Valois met face to face, but not for the last time. The interview was coldly respectful on the part of Mucio, anxious and embarrassed on that of the king. When the visit, which was merely one of ceremony, was over, the duke departed as he came, receiving the renewed homage of the populace as he walked to his hotel.

That night precautions were taken. All the guards were doubled around the palace and through the streets. The Hôtel de Ville and the Place de la Grève were made secure, and the whole city was filled with troops. But the Place Maubert was left unguarded, and a rabble rout, all night long, was collecting in that distant spot. Four companies of burgher guards went over to the League at three o'clock in the morning. The rest stood firm in the cemetery of the Innocents, awaiting the orders of the king. At daybreak on the 11th the town

[1] L'Estoile, 248. [2] Ibid.

was still quiet. There was an awful pause of expectation. The shops remained closed all the morning. The royal troops were drawn up in battle array upon the Grève and around the Hôtel de Ville, but they stood motionless as statues, until the populace began taunting them with cowardice and then laughing them to scorn. For their sovereign lord and master still sat paralyzed in his palace.

The mob had been surging through all the streets and lanes, until, as by a single impulse, chains were stretched across the streets, and barricades thrown up in all the principal thoroughfares. About noon the Duke of Guise, who had been sitting quietly in his hotel with a very few armed followers, came out into the street of the Hôtel Montmorency, and walked calmly up and down, arm in arm with the Archbishop of Lyons, between a double hedge-row of spectators and admirers, three or four ranks thick. He was dressed in a white slashed doublet and hose, and wore a very large hat.[1] Shouts of triumph resounded from a thousand brazen throats as he moved calmly about, receiving, at every instant, expresses from the great gathering in the Place Maubert.

"Enough, too much, my good friends," he said, taking off the great hat. ("I don't know whether he was laughing in it," observed one who was looking on that day.) "Enough of 'Long live Guise!' Cry 'Long live the king!'"[2]

There was no response, as might be expected, and the people shouted more hoarsely than ever for Madam League and the Balafré. The duke's face was full of gaiety; there was not a shadow of anxiety upon it in

[1] L'Estoile, 250. [2] Ibid.

that perilous and eventful moment. He saw that the day was his own.

For now the people, ripe, ready, mustered, armed, barricaded, awaited but a signal to assault the king's mercenaries before rushing to the palace. On every housetop missiles were provided to hurl upon their heads. There seemed no escape for Henry or his Germans from impending doom, when Guise, thoroughly triumphant, vouchsafed them their lives.

"You must give me these soldiers as a present, my friends," said he to the populace.

And so the armed Swiss, French, and German troopers and infantry submitted to be led out of Paris, following with docility the aide-de-camp of Guise, Captain Saint-Paul, who walked quietly before them, with his sword in its scabbard, and directing their movements with a cane. Sixty of them were slain by the mob, who could not, even at the command of their beloved chieftain, quite forego their expected banquet. But this was all the blood shed on the memorable Day of the Barricades, when another Bartholomew massacre had been expected.[1]

Meantime, while Guise was making his promenade through the city, exchanging embraces with the rabble, and listening to the coarse congratulations and obscene jests of the porters and fishwomen, the poor king sat crying all day long in the Louvre. The queen mother was with him, reproaching him bitterly with his irresolution and want of confidence in her, and scolding him for his tears. But the unlucky Henry only wept the more as he cowered in a corner.

"These are idle tears," said Catherine. "This is no

[1] L'Estoile. De Thou, 257–261. Herrera, ubi sup.

time for crying. And for myself, though women weep so easily, I feel my heart too deeply wrung for tears. If they came to my eyes they would be tears of blood."[1]

Next day the last Valois walked out of the Louvre, as if for a promenade in the Tuileries, and proceeded straightway to the stalls, where his horse stood saddled. Du Halde, his equery, buckled his master's spurs on, upside down. "No matter," said Henry; "I am not riding to see my mistress. I have a longer journey before me."[2]

And so, followed by a rabble rout of courtiers, without boots or cloaks, and mounted on sorry hacks, the King of France rode forth from his capital post-haste, and, turning as he left the gates, hurled back impotent imprecations upon Paris and its mob.[3] Thenceforth, for a long interval, there was no king in that country. Mucio had done his work and earned his wages, and Philip II. reigned in Paris. The commands of the League were now complied with. Heretics were doomed to extermination. The edict of 19th July, 1588, was published with the most exclusive and stringent provi-

[1] "La Reyna Madre dizo al Rey quan mal avisado havia sido quexandosele de la poca confiança que tenia de ella, y que nunca la haria descubierto sus secretos, ni procurado su daño para executar semejante resolucion sin su parescer y esto con palabras de tanto sentimiento que el Rey se enternecio llorando, y ella le dizo ser lagrimas perdidas aquellas, por no ser tiempo de llorar; que si bien las mugeres lo hazian tan facilmente, que ella tenia tan zerrado el pecho que no podria llorar, y que si la viniessen a los ojos lagrimas, serian de sangre."—Relacion de lo subcedido à Paris desde los 9 hasta 13 de Mayo, 1588, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

[2] L'Estoile, 252.

[3] L'Estoile, De Thou, Herrera, ubi sup. Pasquier, vol. ii. lettre iv. 331–334 (ed. 1723).

sions that the most bitter Romanist could imagine,[1] and, as a fair beginning, two young girls, daughters of Jacques Forcade, once *Procureur au Parlement*, were burned in Paris for the crime of Protestantism.[2]

The Duke of Guise was named generalissimo of the kingdom (26th August, 1588). Henry gave in his submission to the Council of Trent, the edicts, the Inquisition, and the rest of the League's infernal machinery, and was formally reconciled to Guise, with how much sincerity time was soon to show.[3]

Meantime Philip, for whom and at whose expense all this work had been done by the hands of the faithful Mucio, was constantly assuring his royal brother of France, through Envoy Longlée, at Madrid, of his most affectionate friendship, and utterly repudiating all knowledge of these troublesome and dangerous plots. Yet they had been especially organized, as we have seen, by himself and the Balafré, in order that France might be kept a prey to civil war, and thus rendered incapable of offering any obstruction to his great enterprise against England. Any complicity of Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador in Paris, or of the Duke of

[1] The king bound himself by oath to extirpate heresy, to remove all persons suspected of that crime from office, and never to lay down arms so long as a single heretic remained. By secret articles two armies against the Huguenots were agreed upon, one under the Duke of Mayenne, the other under some general to be appointed by the king. The Council of Trent was forthwith to be proclaimed, and by a refinement of malice the League stipulated that all officers appointed in Paris by the Duke of Guise on the day after the barricades should resign their powers and be immediately reappointed by the king himself. (De Thou, x. l. lxxxvi. 324, 325.)

[2] Duplessis-Mornay, iv. 246. L'Estoile, 258.

[3] De Thou, ubi sup.

Parma, who were important agents in all these proceedings, with the Duke of Guise, was strenuously and circumstantially denied; and the Balafré, on the Day of the Barricades, sent Brissac to Elizabeth's envoy, Sir Edward Stafford, to assure him as to his personal safety, and as to the deep affection with which England and its queen were regarded by himself and all his friends. Stafford had also been advised to accept a guard for his house of embassy. His reply was noble.

"I represent the majesty of England," he said, "and can take no safeguard from a subject of the sovereign to whom I am accredited."

To the threat of being invaded, and to the advice to close his gates, he answered: "Do you see these two doors? Know, then, if I am attacked, I am determined to defend myself to the last drop of my blood, to serve as an example to the universe of the law of nations, violated in my person. Do not imagine that I shall follow your advice. The gates of an ambassador shall be open to all the world."

Brissac returned with this answer to Guise, who saw that it was hopeless to attempt making a display in the eyes of Queen Elizabeth, but gave private orders that the ambassador should not be molested.[1]

Such were the consequences of the Day of the Barricades, and thus the path of Philip was cleared of all obstructions on the part of France. His Mucio was now generalissimo. Henry was virtually deposed. Henry of Navarre, poor and good-humored as ever, was scarcely so formidable at that moment as he might one day become. When the news of the Day of the Barricades was brought at night to that cheerful monarch, he started

[1] De Thou, x. 264–266.

from his couch. "Ha," he exclaimed, with a laugh, "but they have n't yet caught the Béarnese!"[1]

And it might be long before the League would catch the Béarnese, but meantime he could render slight assistance to Queen Elizabeth.

In England there had been much fruitless negotiation between the government of that country and the commissioners from the States-General. There was perpetual altercation on the subject of Utrecht, Leyden, Sonoy, and the other causes of contention, the queen, as usual, being imperious and choleric, and the envoys, in her opinion, very insolent. But the principal topic of discussion was the peace negotiations, which the States-General, both at home and through their delegation in England, had been doing their best to prevent, steadily refusing her Majesty's demand that commissioners on their part should be appointed to participate in the conferences at Ostend. Elizabeth promised that there should be as strict regard paid to the interests of Holland as to those of England in case of a pacification, and that she would never forget her duty to them, to herself, and to the world, as the protectress of the Reformed religion. The deputies, on the other hand, warned her that peace with Spain was impossible; that the intention of the Spanish court was to deceive her, while preparing her destruction and theirs; that it was hopeless to attempt the concession of any freedom of conscience from Philip II.; and that any stipulations which might be made upon that or any other subject, by the Spanish commissioners, would be tossed to the wind. In reply to the queen's loud complaints that the

[1] "Etant couché sur son lit vert il se leva, et tout gaiment dit ces mots: 'Ils ne tienment encore le Béarnois.'"—L'Estoile, 252.

states had been trifling with her and undutiful to her, and that they had kept her waiting seven months long for an answer to her summons to participate in the negotiations, they replied that up to the 15th October of the previous year, although there had been flying rumors of an intention on the part of her Majesty's government to open those communications with the enemy, it had, "nevertheless, been earnestly and expressly, and with high words and oaths, denied that there was any truth in those rumors." Since that time the states had, not once only, but many times, in private letters, in public documents, and in conversations with Lord Leicester and other eminent personages, deprecated any communications whatever with Spain, asserting uniformly their conviction that such proceedings would bring ruin on their country, and imploring her Majesty not to give ear to any propositions whatever.[1]

And not only were the envoys regularly appointed by the States-General most active in England in their attempts to prevent the negotiations, but delegates from the Netherland churches were also sent to the queen, to reason with her on the subject, and to utter solemn warnings that the cause of the Reformed religion would be lost forever in case of a treaty on her part with Spain. When these clerical envoys reached England the queen was already beginning to wake from her delusion, although her commissioners were still, as we have seen, hard at work pouring sand through their sieves at Ostend, and although the steady protestations of the Duke of Parma, and the industrious circulation of falsehoods by Spanish emissaries, had even caused her wisest statesmen, for a time, to participate in that delusion.

[1] Bor, iii. xxiv. 223.

For it is not so great an impeachment on the sagacity of the great Queen of England, as it would now appear to those who judge by the light of subsequent facts, that she still doubted whether the armaments notoriously preparing in Spain and Flanders were intended against herself, and that, even if such were the case, she still believed in the possibility of averting the danger by negotiation.

So late as the beginning of May, even the far-seeing and anxious Walsingham could say that in England "they were doing nothing but honoring St. George, of whom the Spanish Armada seemed to be afraid. We hear," he added, "that they will not be ready to set forward before the midst of May, but I trust *that it will be May come twelvemonths.* The King of Spain *is too old and too sickly to fall to conquer kingdoms.* If he be well counseled, his best course will be to settle his own kingdoms in his own hands."[1]

And even much later, in the middle of July, when the mask was hardly maintained, even then there was no certainty as to the movements of the Armada; and Walsingham believed, just ten days before the famous fleet was to appear off Plymouth, that it had dispersed and returned to Spain, never to reappear.[2] As to Parma's intentions, they were thought to lie rather in the direction of Ostend than of England; and Elizabeth,

[1] Walsingham to Sir Ed. Norris, April 22 (May 2), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

"By the middle of July," says Stow, "it was said by some of honorable rank and great judgment that the whole fleet of the invasion was a popish brag and a French tale" (750).

[2] Walsingham to E. Norris, July 9 (19), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

"And for the navy of Spain, we have lately received advertisements that by reason of their great wants, as well of mariners

on the 20th July, was more anxious for that city than for her own kingdom. "Mr. Ned, I am persuaded," she wrote to Norris, "that if the Spanish fleet break, the Prince of Parma's enterprise for England will fall to the ground, and then are you to look to Ostend. Haste your works."[1]

All through the spring and early summer, Stafford, in Paris, was kept in a state of much perplexity as to the designs of Spain, so contradictory were the stories circulated, and so bewildering the actions of men known to be hostile to England. In the last days of April he intimated it as a common opinion in Paris that these naval preparations of Philip were an elaborate farce; "that the great elephant would bring forth but a mouse; that the great processions, prayers, and pardons, at Rome, for the prosperous success of the Armada against England, would be of no effect; that the King of Spain was laughing in his sleeve at the pope, that he could make such a fool of him; and that such an enterprise was a thing the king never durst think of in deed, but only in show to feed the world."[2]

Thus, although furnished with minute details as to these armaments, and as to the exact designs of Spain against his country, by the ostentatious statements of the Spanish ambassador in Paris himself, the English envoy was still inclined to believe that these statements

as of necessary provisions, but especially through the infection fallen among their men, they are forced to return, and have dispersed themselves" (!!).

[1] Leicester to E. Norris, MS. by Queen Elizabeth (?), July 10 (20), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Sir E. Stafford to Walsingham, April 12 (22), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

were a figment, expressly intended to deceive. Yet he was aware that Lord Westmoreland, Lord Paget, Sir Charles Paget, Morgan, and other English refugees were constantly meeting with Mendoza; that they were told to get themselves in readiness, and to go down, as well appointed as might be, to the Duke of Parma; that they had been "sending for their tailor to make them apparel, and to put themselves in equipage"; that, in particular, Westmoreland had been assured of being restored by Philip to his native country in better condition than before. The Catholic and Spanish party in Paris were, however, much dissatisfied with the news from Scotland, and were getting more and more afraid that King James would object to the Spaniards getting a foothold in his country, and that "the Scots would soon be playing them a Scottish trick."[1]

Stafford was plunged still more inextricably into doubt by the accounts from Longlée in Madrid.[2] The diplomatist, who had been completely convinced by Philip as to his innocence of any participation in the criminal enterprise of Guise against Henry III., was now almost staggered by the unscrupulous mendacity of that monarch with regard to any supposed designs against England. Although the Armada was to be ready by the 15th May, Longlée was of opinion, notwithstanding many bold announcements of an attack upon Elizabeth, that the real object of the expedition was America. There had recently been discovered, it was said, "a new country, more rich in gold and silver than any yet found,

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, April 24 (May 4), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Dépêches de Longlée, envoyé de Henri III. en Espagne, Mars, Avril, Mai, 1588, Fonds St.-Germain, Bib. Imp. de France, MS.

but so full of stout people that they could not master them."[1] To reduce these stout people beyond the Atlantic, therefore, and to get possession of new gold-mines, was the real object at which Philip was driving, and Longlée and Stafford were both very doubtful whether it were worth the queen's while to exhaust her finances in order to protect herself against an imaginary invasion. Even so late *as the middle of July six to one was offered* on the Paris Exchange that the Spanish fleet would never be seen in the English seas, and those that offered the bets were known to be well-wishers to the Spanish party.[2]

Thus sharp diplomatists and statesmen like Longlée, Stafford, and Walsingham were beginning to lose their fear of the great bugbear by which England had so long been haunted. It was therefore no deep stain on the queen's sagacity that she, too, was willing to place credence in the plighted honor of Alexander Farnese, the great prince who prided himself on his sincerity, and who, next to the king, his master, adored the virgin Queen of England.

The deputies of the Netherland churches had come, with the permission of Count Maurice and of the States-General; but they represented more strongly than any other envoys could do the English and the monarchical party. They were instructed especially to implore the queen to accept the sovereignty of their country; to assure her that the restoration of Philip, who had been a wolf instead of a shepherd to his flock, was an impossibility; that he had been solemnly and forever deposed;

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, April 24 (May 4), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Same to same, July 3 (13), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

that under her scepter only could the provinces ever recover their ancient prosperity; that ancient and modern history alike made it manifest that a free republic could never maintain itself, but that it must, of necessity, run its course through sedition, bloodshed, and anarchy, until liberty was at last crushed by an absolute despotism; that equality of condition, the basis of democratic institutions, could never be made firm; and that a fortunate exception, like that of Switzerland, whose historical and political circumstances were peculiar, could never serve as a model to the Netherlands, accustomed as those provinces had ever been to a monarchical form of government; and that the antagonism of aristocratic and democratic elements in the states had already produced discord, and was threatening destruction to the whole country. To avert such dangers the splendor of royal authority was necessary, according to the venerable commands of Holy Writ; and therefore the Netherland churches acknowledged themselves the foster-children of England, and begged that in political matters also the inhabitants of the provinces might be accepted as the subjects of her Majesty. They also implored the queen to break off these accursed negotiations with Spain, and to provide that henceforth in the Netherlands the Reformed religion might be freely exercised, *to the exclusion of any other*.[1]

Thus it was very evident that these clerical envoys, although they were sent by permission of the states, did not come as the representatives of the dominant party. For that "Beelzebub," Barneveldt, had different notions from theirs as to the possibility of a republic, and as to

[1] Instructions from the Churches of the Netherlands for the Deputies to the Queen of England, apud Bor, iii. 255–259.

the propriety of tolerating other forms of worship than his own. But it was for such pernicious doctrines, on religious matters in particular, that he was called Beelzebub, Pope John, a papist in disguise, and an atheist, and denounced as leading young Maurice and the whole country to destruction.

On the basis of these instructions, the deputies drew up a memorial of pitiless length, filled with astounding parallels between their own position and that of the Hebrews, Assyrians, and other distinguished nations of antiquity. They brought it to Walsingham on the 12th July, 1588, and the much-enduring man heard it read from beginning to end. He expressed his approbation of its sentiments, but said it was too long. It must be put on one sheet of paper, he said, if her Majesty was expected to read it.

"Moreover," said the secretary of state, "although your arguments are full of piety, and your examples from Holy Writ very apt, I must tell you the plain truth. Great princes are not always so zealous in religious matters as they might be. Political transactions move them more deeply, and they depend too much on worldly things. However, there is no longer much danger, for our envoys will return from Flanders in a few days."[1]

"But," asked a deputy, "if the Spanish fleet does not succeed in its enterprise, will the peace negotiations be renewed?"

"By no means," said Walsingham; "the queen can never do that, consistently with her honor. They have scattered infamous libels against her, so scandalous that you would be astounded should you read them. Arguments drawn from honor are more valid with princes than any other."

[1] Report of the Deputies, in Bor, iii. 259.

He alluded to the point in their memorial touching the free exercise of the Reformed religion in the provinces.

"'T is well and piously said," he observed; "but princes and great lords are not always very earnest in such matters. I think that her Majesty's envoys will not press for the free exercise of the religion so very much, not more than for two or three years. By that time, should our negotiations succeed, the foreign troops will have evacuated the Netherlands, on condition that the States-General shall settle the religious question."[1]

"But," said Daniel de Dieu, one of the deputies, "*the majority of the states is popish.*"

"Be it so," replied Sir Francis; "nevertheless, they will sooner permit the exercise of the Reformed religion than take up arms and begin the war anew."

He then alluded to the proposition of the deputies to exclude all religious worship but that of the Reformed Church—all false religion, as they expressed themselves.

"Her Majesty," said he, "is well disposed to permit some exercise of their religion to the papists. So far as regards my own feelings, if we were now in the beginning of the Reformation, and the papacy were still entire, I should willingly concede such exercise; but now that the papacy has been overthrown, I think it would not be safe to give such permission. When we were disputing, at the time of the Pacification of Ghent, whether the popish religion should be partially permitted, the Prince of Orange *was of the affirmative opinion;* but I, who was then at Antwerp, entertained the contrary conviction."

"But," said one of the deputies, pleased to find that

[1] Report of the Deputies, in Bor, last cited.

Walsingham was more of their way of thinking on religious toleration than the great Prince of Orange had been, or than Maurice and Barneveldt then were—"but her Majesty will, we hope, follow the advice of her good and faithful councilors."

"To tell you the truth," answered Sir Francis, "great princes are not always inspired with a sincere and upright zeal,"—it was the third time he had made this observation,—"although, so far as regards the maintenance of the religion in the Netherlands, that is a matter of necessity. Of that there is no fear, since otherwise all the pious would depart, and none would remain but papists, and, what is more, enemies of England. Therefore the queen is aware that the religion must be maintained."[1]

He then advised the deputies to hand in the memorial to her Majesty, without any long speeches, for which there was then no time or opportunity; and it was subsequently arranged that they should be presented to the queen as she would be mounting her horse at St. James's to ride to Richmond.

Accordingly, on the 15th July, as her Majesty came forth at the gate, with a throng of nobles and ladies, some about to accompany her and some bidding her adieu, the deputies fell on their knees before her. Notwithstanding the advice of Walsingham, Daniel de Dieu was bent upon an oration.

"O illustrious Queen," he began, "the churches of the United Netherlands—"

He had got no further, when the queen, interrupting, exclaimed: "Oh, I beg you, at another time; I cannot now listen to a speech. Let me see the memorial."

[1] Report of the Deputies, Bor, ubi sup.

Daniel de Dieu then humbly presented that document, which her Majesty graciously received, and then, getting on horseback, rode off to Richmond.[1]

The memorial was in the nature of an exhortation to sustain the religion and to keep clear of all negotiations with idolaters and unbelievers; and the memorialists supported themselves by copious references to Deuteronomy, Proverbs, Isaiah, Timothy, and Psalms, relying mainly on the case of Jehoshaphat, who came to disgrace and disaster through his treaty with the idolatrous King Ahab. With regard to any composition with Spain, they observed, in homely language, that a burnt cat fears the fire; and they assured the queen that, by following their advice, she would gain a glorious and immortal name, like those of David, Ezekiel, Josiah, and others, whose fragrant memory, even as precious incense from the apothecary's, endureth to the end of the world.[2]

It was not surprising that Elizabeth, getting on horseback on the 15th July, 1588, with her head full of Tilbury Fort and Medina Sidonia, should have as little relish for the affairs of Ahab and Jehoshaphat as for those melting speeches of Diomedes and of Turnus, to which Dr. Valentine Dale, on his part, was at that moment invoking her attention.

On the 20th July the deputies were informed by Leicester that her Majesty would grant them an interview, and that they must come into his quarter of the palace and await her arrival.

Between six and seven in the evening she came into

[1] Report of the Deputies, 259, 260–262.

[2] Memorial from the United Churches, etc., apud Bor, iii. 260–262 seq.

the throne-room, and the deputies again fell on their knees before her.[1]

She then seated herself, the deputies remaining on their knees on her right side and the Earl of Leicester standing at her left, and proceeded to make many remarks touching her earnestness in the pending negotiations to provide for their religious freedom. It seemed that she must have received a hint from Walsingham on the subject.

"I shall provide," she said, "for the maintenance of the Reformed worship."

De Dieu: "The enemy will never concede it."

The Queen: "I think differently."

De Dieu: "There is no place within his dominions where he has permitted the exercise of the pure religion. He has never done so."

The Queen: "He conceded it in the Pacification of Ghent."

De Dieu: "But he did not keep his agreement. Don John had concluded with the states, but said he was not held to his promise in case he should repent; and the king wrote afterward to our states, and said that he was no longer bound to his pledge."

The Queen: "That is quite another thing."

De Dieu: "He has very often broken his faith."

The Queen: "He shall no longer be allowed to do so. If he does not keep his word, that is my affair, not yours. It is my business to find the remedy. Men would say, 'See in what a desolation the Queen of England has brought this poor people.' As to the freedom of worship, I should have proposed three or four years' interval, leaving it afterward to the decision of the states."

[1] Bor, iii. 262, 263.

DE DIEU: "But the majority of the states is popish."

THE QUEEN: "I mean the States-General, not the states of any particular province."

DE DIEU: "The greater part of the States-General is popish."

THE QUEEN: "I mean the three estates—the clergy, the nobles, and the cities." The queen, as the deputies observed, here fell into an error. She thought that prelates of the Reformed Church, as in England, had seats in the States-General. Daniel de Dieu explained that they had no such position.

THE QUEEN: "Then how were you sent hither?"

DE DIEU: "We came with the consent of Count Maurice of Nassau."

THE QUEEN: "And of the states?"

DE DIEU: "We came with their knowledge."

THE QUEEN: "Are you sent only from Holland and Zealand? Is there no envoy from Utrecht and the other provinces?"

HELMICHIUS: "We two"—pointing to his colleague Sossingius—"are from Utrecht."

THE QUEEN: "What! Is this young man also a minister?" She meant Helmichius, who had a very little beard and looked young.

SOSSINGIUS: "He is not so young as he looks."

THE QUEEN: "Youths are sometimes as able as old men."

DE DIEU: "I have heard our brother preach in France more than fourteen years ago."

THE QUEEN: "He must have begun young. How old were you when you first became a preacher?"

HELMICHIUS: "Twenty-three or twenty-four years of age."

THE QUEEN: "It was with us, at first, considered a scandal that a man so young as that should be admitted to the pulpit. Our antagonists reproached us with it in a book called 'Scandale de l'Angleterre,' saying that we had none but school-boys for ministers. I understand that you pray for me as warmly as if I were your sovereign princess. I think I have done as much for the religion as if I were your queen."

HELMICHIUS: "We are far from thinking otherwise. We acknowledge willingly your Majesty's benefits to our churches."

THE QUEEN: "It would else be ingratitude on your part."

HELMICHIUS: "But the King of Spain will never keep any promise about the religion."

THE QUEEN: "He will never come so far; he does nothing but make a noise on all sides. Item, I don't think he has much confidence in himself."

DE DIEU: "Your Majesty has many enemies. The Lord hath hitherto supported you, and we pray that he may continue to uphold your Majesty."

THE QUEEN: "I have indeed many enemies, but I make no great account of them. Is there anything else you seek?"

DE DIEU: "There is a special point; it concerns our, or rather your Majesty's, city of Flushing. We hope that Russelius" (so he called Sir William Russell) "may be continued in its government, although he wishes his discharge."

"Aha!" said the queen, laughing and rising from her seat, "I shall not answer you; I shall call some one else to answer you."

She then summoned Russell's sister, Lady Warwick.

"If you could speak French," said the queen to that gentlewoman, "I should bid you reply to these gentlemen, who beg that your brother may remain in Flushing, so very agreeable has he made himself to them."

The queen was pleased to hear this good opinion of Sir William, and this request that he might continue to be governor of Flushing, because he had uniformly supported the Leicester party, and was at that moment in high quarrel with Count Maurice and the leading members of the states.

As the deputies took their leave, they requested an answer to their memorial, which was graciously promised.[1]

Three days afterward, 23d July, Walsingham gave them a written answer to their memorial, conceived in the same sense as had been the expressions of her Majesty and her councilors. Support to the Netherlanders and stipulations for the free exercise of their religion were promised; but it was impossible for these deputies of the churches to obtain a guaranty from England that the popish religion should be excluded from the provinces in case of a successful issue to the queen's negotiation with Spain.[2]

And thus during all those eventful days, *the last weeks of July and the first weeks of August*, the clerical deputation remained in England, indulging in voluminous protocols and lengthened conversations with the queen and the principal members of her government. It is astonishing, in that breathless interval of history, that so much time could be found for quill-driving and oratory.

[1] Report of the Deputies of the Netherland Churches, in Bor, iii. 262 seq.

[2] Ibid.

Nevertheless, both in Holland and England there had been other work than protocolling. One throb of patriotism moved the breast of both nations. A longing to grapple, once for all, with the great enemy of civil and religious liberty inspired both. In Holland, the States-General and all the men to whom the people looked for guidance had been long deprecating the peace negotiations. Extraordinary supplies, more than had ever been granted before, were voted for the expenses of the campaign; and Maurice of Nassau, fitly embodying the warlike tendencies of his country and race, had been most importunate with Queen Elizabeth that she would accept his services and his advice.[1] Armed vessels of every size, from the gunboat to the galleon of twelve hundred tons, then the most imposing ship in those waters, swarmed in all the estuaries and rivers, and along the Dutch and Flemish coast, bidding defiance to Parma and his armaments; and offers of a large contingent from the fleets of Joost de Moor and Justinus de Nassau, to serve under Seymour and Howard, were freely made by the States-General.

It was decided early in July, by the board of admiralty, presided over by Prince Maurice, that the largest square-rigged vessels of Holland and Zealand should cruise between England and the Flemish coast, outside the banks; that a squadron of lesser ships should be stationed within the banks; and that a fleet of sloops and flyboats should hover close inshore, about Flushing and Rammekens. All the war-vessels of the little Republic were thus fully employed. But, besides this arrangement, Maurice was empowered to lay an embargo, under what penalty he chose and during his pleasure,

[1] Bor, iii. 318, 319.

on all square-rigged vessels over three hundred tons, in order that there might be an additional supply in case of need. Ninety ships of war under Warmond, admiral, and Van der Does, vice-admiral, of Holland, and Justinus de Nassau, admiral, and Joost de Moor, vice-admiral, of Zealand, together with fifty merchant vessels of the best and strongest, equipped and armed for active service, composed a formidable fleet.[1]

The States-General, a month before, had sent twenty-five or thirty good ships, under Admiral Rosendael, to join Lord Henry Seymour, then cruising between Dover and Calais. A tempest drove them back, and their absence from Lord Henry's fleet being misinterpreted by the English, the states were censured for ingratitude and want of good faith. But the injustice of the accusation was soon made manifest, for these vessels, reinforcing the great Dutch fleet outside the banks, did better service than they could have done in the straits. A squadron of strong, well-armed vessels, having on board, in addition to their regular equipment, a picked force of twelve hundred musketeers, long accustomed to this

[1] So soon as the Sonoy difficulty, by which so much mischief had been created, should be terminated, Maurice announced his intention to the queen "à combattre l'ennemi par mer et par terre, pour l'empêcher qu'il ne prenne terre." "Je supplie V. M.," he continued, "de commander à M. l'admiral Howard de tenir correspondance avec moi, comme aussi je ferai avec Sa Seign^ie."—Maurice de Nassau to the queen, April 20 (30), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

"Ne pouvant, pour mon devoir vous celer qu'un des plus grands *empêchements que je trouve en nos affaires de pardeça est cette négociation de paix* qui engendre de telles confusions que les forces ne peuvent être employées par mer et par terre si tôt et si bien que je désirerai. Je ferai toute fois toute diligence d'être prest assez à temps pour rompre les desseins du Duc de Parma," etc.—Same to same, same date.

peculiar kind of naval warfare, with crews of grim Zealanders, who had faced Alva and Valdez in their day, now kept close watch over Farnese, determined that he should never thrust his face out of any haven or nook on the coast so long as they should be in existence to prevent him.[1]

And in England the protracted diplomacy at Ostend, ill-timed though it was, had not paralyzed the arm or chilled the heart of the nation. When the great queen, arousing herself from the delusion in which the falsehoods of Farnese and of Philip had lulled her, should once more represent, as no man or woman better than Elizabeth Tudor could represent, the defiance of England to foreign insolence, the resolve of a whole people to die rather than yield, there was a thrill of joy through the national heart. When the enforced restraint was at last taken off, there was one bound toward the enemy. Few more magnificent spectacles have been seen in history than the enthusiasm which pervaded the country as the great danger, so long deferred, was felt at last to be closely approaching. The little nation of four millions, the merry England of the sixteenth century, went forward to the death-grapple with its gigantic antagonist as cheerfully as to a long-expected holiday. Spain was a vast empire, overshadowing the world; England, in comparison, but a province; yet nothing could surpass the steadiness with which the conflict was awaited.

For, during all the months of suspense, the soldiers and sailors and many statesmen of England had deprecated, even as the Hollanders had been doing, the dangerous delays of Ostend. Elizabeth was not embodying the national instinct when she talked of peace and

[1] Bor, iii. xxiii. 319–321.

shrank penuriously from the expenses of war. There was much disappointment, even indignation, at the slothfulness with which the preparations for defense went on, during the period when there was yet time to make them. It was feared with justice that England, utterly unfortified as were its cities, and defended only by its little navy without and by untaught enthusiasm within, might, after all, prove an easier conquest than Holland and Zealand, every town in whose territory bristled with fortifications. If the English ships, well-trained and swift sailers as they were, were unprovided with spars and cordage, beef and biscuit, powder and shot, and the militiamen, however enthusiastic, were neither drilled nor armed, was it so very certain, after all, that successful resistance would be made to the great Armada, and to the veteran pikemen and musketeers of Farnese, seasoned on a hundred battle-fields, and equipped as for a tournament? There were generous confidence and chivalrous loyalty on the part of Elizabeth's naval and military commanders, but there had been deep regret and disappointment at her course.

Hawkins was anxious, all through the winter and spring, to cruise with a small squadron off the coast of Spain. With a dozen vessels he undertook to "distress anything that went through the seas." The cost of such a squadron, with eighteen hundred men, to be relieved every four months, he estimated at two thousand seven hundred pounds sterling the month, or a shilling a day for each man; and it would be a very unlucky month, he said, in which they did not make captures to three times that amount, for they would see nothing that would not be presently their own. "We might have peace, but not with God," said the pious old slave-trader;

"but rather than serve Baal, let us die a thousand deaths. Let us have open war with these Jesuits, and every man will contribute, fight, devise, or do for the liberty of our country."[1]

And it was open war with the Jesuits for which those stout-hearted sailors longed. All were afraid of secret mischief. The diplomatists, who were known to be flitting about France, Flanders, Scotland, and England, were birds of ill omen. King James was beset by a thousand bribes and expostulations to avenge his mother's death; and although that mother had murdered his father and done her best to disinherit himself, yet it was feared that Spanish ducats might induce him to be true to his mother's revenge, and false to the Reformed religion.[2] Nothing of good was hoped for from France. "For my part," said Lord Admiral Howard, "I have made of the French king, the Scottish king, and the King of Spain a trinity that I mean never to trust to be saved by, and I would that others were of my opinion."[3]

The noble sailor, on whom so much responsibility rested, yet who was so trammeled and thwarted by the

[1] Hawkins to Walsingham, February 1 (11), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] "En hora buena ayen llegado el Conde de Morton y Coronel Semple," says Philip, speaking of one of the hundred attempts of the Scotch Catholics employed by him to bring about a coöperation on the part of James with the Spanish designs upon England, "aunque segun los avisos que embiastes de Inglatierra menos frutos haran que se prometian, pues tienen hereses al Rey tan de su mano. Pero bien es que hagaos las diligencias que se pueden, tentando si la sangre de su madre le estimola a la vengança," etc. —Philip II. to Mendoza, June 21, 1588, Arch. de Sim. (in the Arch. de l'Empire, at Paris) MS.

[3] Howard to Walsingham, January 27 (February 6), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

timid and parsimonious policy of Elizabeth and of Burghley, chafed and shook his chains like a captive. "Since England was England," he exclaimed, "there was never such a stratagem and mask to deceive her as this treaty of peace. I pray God that we do not curse for this a long gray beard with a white head witless, that will make all the world think us heartless. You know whom I mean."[1] And it certainly was not difficult to understand the allusion to the pondering lord treasurer. "*Opus est aliquo Dœdalo*, to direct us out of the maze,"[2] said that much puzzled statesman; but he hardly seemed to be making himself wings with which to lift England and himself out of the labyrinth. The ships were good ships, but there was intolerable delay in getting a sufficient number of them as ready for action as was the spirit of their commanders.

"Our ships do show like gallants here," said Winter; "it would do a man's heart good to behold them. Would to God the Prince of Parma were on the seas with all his forces, and we in sight of them. You should hear that we would make his enterprise very unpleasant to him."[3]

And Howard, too, was delighted not only with his own little flag-ship, the *Ark-Royal*,—"the odd ship of the world for all conditions,"—but with all of his fleet that could be mustered. Although wonders were reported, by every arrival from the south, of the coming Armada, the lord admiral was not appalled. He was perhaps

[1] Howard to Walsingham, MS. last cited.

[2] Burghley to Willoughby, February 6 (16), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Sir William Winter to Hawkins, February 28 (March 9), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

rather imprudent in the defiance he flung to the enemy. "Let me have the four great ships and twenty hoys, with but twenty men apiece, and each with but two iron pieces, and her Majesty shall have a good account of the Spanish forces, and I will make the king wish his galleys home again. Few as we are, if his forces be not hundreds, we will make good sport with them."[1]

But those four great ships of her Majesty, so much longed for by Howard, were not forthcoming. He complained that the queen was "keeping them to protect Chatham Church withal, when they should be serving their turn abroad."[2] The Spanish fleet was already reported as numbering from 210 sail, with 36,000 men,[3] to 400 or 500 ships, and 80,000 soldiers and mariners;[4] and yet Drake was not ready with his squadron. "The fault is not in him," said Howard, "but I pray God her Majesty do not repent her slack dealing. We must all lie together, for we shall be stirred very shortly with 'Heave ho!' I fear ere long her Majesty will be sorry she hath believed some so much as she hath done."[5]

Howard had got to sea, and was cruising all the stormy month of March in the Channel with his little unprepared squadron, expecting at any moment—such was the profound darkness which enveloped the world at that day—that the sails of the Armada might appear in the offing. He made a visit to the Dutch coast, and was delighted with the enthusiasm with which he was

[1] Howard to Burghley, February 29 (March 10), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Howard to Walsingham, March 11 (21), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Drake to the queen, April 28 (May 8), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[5] Howard to Walsingham, March 11 (21), 1588, MS.

received. Five thousand people a day came on board his ships, full of congratulation and delight; and he informed the queen that she was not more assured of the Isle of Sheppey than of Walcheren.[1]

Nevertheless, time wore on, and both the army and navy of England were quite unprepared, and the queen was more reluctant than ever to incur the expense necessary to the defense of her kingdom. At least one of those galleys, which, as Howard bitterly complained, seemed destined to defend Chatham Church, was importunately demanded; but it was already Easter day (17th April), and she was demanded in vain. "Lord! when should she serve," said the admiral, "if not at such a time as this? Either she is fit now to serve, or fit for the fire. I hope never in my time to see so great a cause for her to be used. I dare say her Majesty will look that men should fight for her, and I know they will at this time. The King of Spain doth not keep any ship at home, either of his own or any other, that he can get for money. Well, well, I must pray heartily for peace," said Howard, with increasing spleen, "for I see the support of an honorable war will never appear. Sparing and war have no affinity together."[2]

In truth, Elizabeth's most faithful subjects were appalled at the ruin which she seemed by her mistaken policy to be rendering inevitable. "I am sorry," said the admiral, "that her Majesty is so careless of this most dangerous time. I fear me much, and with grief I think it, that she relieth on a hope that will deceive her and greatly endanger her, and then it will not be her money nor her jewels that will help; for as they will

[1] Howard to Walsingham, March 9 (19), 1588, S. P. Office MS.
[2] Same to same, April 7 (17), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

do good in time, so they will help nothing for the redeeming of time."[1]

The preparations on shore were even more dilatory than those on the sea. We have seen that the Duke of Parma, once landed, expected to march directly upon London; and it was notorious that there were no fortresses to oppose a march of the first general in Europe and his veterans upon that unprotected and wealthy metropolis. An army had been enrolled, a force of 86,016 foot and 13,831 cavalry; but it was an army on paper merely. Even of the 86,000, only 48,000 were set down as trained, and it is certain that the training had been of the most meager and unsatisfactory description.[2] Leicester was to be commander-in-chief; but we have already seen that nobleman measuring himself, not much to his advantage, with Alexander Farnese, in the Isle of Bommel, on the sands of Blankenburg, and at the gates of Sluis. His army was to consist of 27,000 infantry and 2000 horse, yet at midsummer it had not reached half that number. Lord Chamberlain Hunsdon was to protect the queen's person with another army of 36,000; but this force was purely an imaginary one, and the lord lieutenant of each county was to do his best with the militia. But men were perpetually escaping out of the general service, in order to make themselves retainers for private noblemen, and be kept at their expense. "You shall hardly believe," said Leicester, "how many new liveries be gotten within these six weeks, and no man fears the penalty. It would be better that every nobleman did as Lord Dacres, than to take away

[1] Howard to Walsingham, MS. last cited.

[2] Murdin, 608–613. Hardwicke Papers, i. 576. Lingard, viii. 273. Camden, iii. 405. Stow, 750.

from the principal service such as are set down to serve."[1]

Of enthusiasm and courage, then, there was enough, while of drill and discipline, of powder and shot, there was a deficiency. No braver or more competent soldier could be found than Sir Edward Stanley, the man whom we have seen in his yellow jerkin, helping himself into Fort Zutphen with the Spanish soldier's pike, and yet Sir Edward Stanley gave but a sorry account of the choicest soldiers of Chester and Lancashire, whom he had been sent to inspect. "I find them not," he said, "according to your expectation, nor mine own liking. They were appointed two years past to have been trained six days by the year or more, at the discretion of the muster-master, but as yet they *have not been trained one day*, so that they have benefited nothing, nor yet know their leaders. There is now promise of amendment, which, I doubt, will be very slow, in respect to my Lord Derby's absence."[2]

My Lord Derby was at that moment, and for many months afterward, assisting Valentine Dale in his classical prolusions on the sands of Bourbourg. He had better have been mustering the train-bands of Lancashire. There was a general indisposition in the rural districts to expend money and time in military business until the necessity should become imperative. Professional soldiers complained bitterly of the canker of a long peace. "For our long quietness, which it hath pleased God to send us," said Stanley, "they think their money

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, July 24 (August 3), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Edward Stanley to the Privy Council, February 28 (March 9), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

very ill bestowed which they expend on armor or weapon, for that they be in hope they shall never have occasion to use it, so they may pass muster, as they have done heretofore. I want greatly powder, for there is little or none at all."[1]

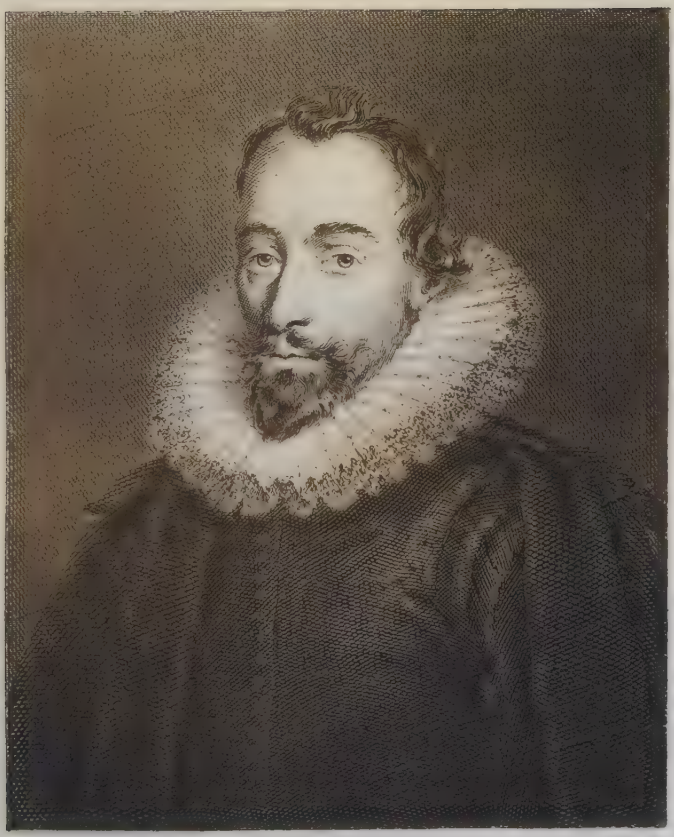
The day was fast approaching when all the power in England would be too little for the demand. But matters had not very much mended even at midsummer. It is true that Leicester, who was apt to be sanguine, particularly in matters under his immediate control, spoke of the handful of recruits assembled at his camp in Essex as "soldiers of a year's experience rather than a month's camping"; but in this opinion he differed from many competent authorities, and was somewhat in

[1] Edward Stanley to the Privy Council, MS. just cited.

All the spring Sir John Norris was doing what he could to exercise the soldiers in London. The captains of the Artillery Garden had been tolerably well drilled for several years, but the rank and file were ignorant enough of the art of war. "There has been a general muster of men fit to bear arms here," said a resident of London in April, "and there have not been found ten thousand sufficient men. This will seem strange to you, but it is as true as the Gospel of St. John. There is a great want of powder, and no hope of supply, except that which can be manufactured in England."—Avis de Londres, Avril, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

The encouragement given to the peace party in the metropolis by the Ostend negotiations was acting like a poison. "The people here are anxious for peace," wrote a secret correspondent of the Spanish government; "and if the Duke of Parma gives the least hope in the world of it, they will all throw down their arms." Much encouragement, too, was given to Philip by the alleged disloyalty of many inhabitants of London. "There is an infinity of fellows here," said the writer, "who desire the sacking of London not less than the Spaniards themselves do, and are doing all they can to advance the Catholic cause."—Avisos de Londres, 21, 25, 28 Mayo, 1588, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

Sir Francis Walsingham.



contradiction to himself. Nevertheless, he was glad that the queen had determined to visit him and encourage his soldiers.

"I have received in secret," he said, "those news that please me, that your Majesty doth intend to behold the poor and bare company that lie here in the field, most willingly to serve you, yea, most ready to die for you. You shall, dear Lady, behold as goodly, loyal, and as able men as any prince Christian can show you, and yet but a handful of your own, in comparison of the rest you have. What comfort not only these shall receive, who shall be the happiest to behold yourself, I cannot express; but assuredly it will give no small comfort to the rest, that shall be overshined with the beams of so gracious and princely a party, for what your Royal Majesty shall do to these will be accepted as done to all. Good, sweet Queen, alter not your purpose, if God give you health. It will be your pain for the time, but your pleasure to behold such people. And surely the place must content you, being as fair a soil and as goodly a prospect as may be seen or found, as this extreme weather hath made trial, which doth us little annoyance, it is so firm and dry a ground. Your usher also liketh your lodging—a proper, secret, cleanly house. Your camp is a little mile off, and your person will be as sure as at St. James's, for my life."[1]

But notwithstanding this cheerful view of the position expressed by the commander-in-chief, the month of July had passed, and the *early days of August* had already arrived, and yet the camp was not formed, nor anything more than that mere handful of troops mustered about Tilbury, to defend the road from Dover to London.

[1] Leicester to the queen, July 5 (15), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

The army at Tilbury never exceeded sixteen or seventeen thousand men.[1]

The whole royal navy, numbering about 34 vessels in all, of different sizes, ranging from 1100 and 1000 tons to 30, had at last been got ready for sea. Its aggregate tonnage was 11,820 [2]—not half so much as at the present moment, in the case of one marvelous merchant steamer, *floats upon a single keel.*

These vessels carried 837 guns and 6279 men. But the navy was reinforced by the patriotism and liberality of English merchants and private gentlemen. The City of London, having been requested to furnish 15 ships of war and 5000 men, asked two days for deliberation, and then gave 30 ships and 10,000 men,[3] of which number 2710 were seamen. Other cities, particularly Plymouth, came forward with proportionate liberality, and private individuals—nobles, merchants, and men of humblest rank—were enthusiastic in volunteering into the naval service, to risk property and life in defense of the country. By midsummer there had been a total force of 197 vessels manned and partially equipped, with an aggregate of 29,744 tons and 15,785 seamen. Of this fleet a very large number were mere coasters of less than 100 tons each; scarcely ten ships were above 500, and but one above 1000 tons—the *Triumph*, Captain Frobisher, of 1100 tons, 42 guns, and 500 sailors.[4]

Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England, distinguished for his martial character, public spirit, and admirable temper, rather than for experience or skill as a seaman, took command of the whole fleet,

[1] Stow, 750. [2] Barrow, 266, 267.
[3] Stow, 743. Compare estimates in Barrow, 268.
[4] Ibid.

in his "little odd ship for all conditions," the *Ark-Royal*, of 800 tons, 425 sailors, and 55 guns.

Next in rank was Vice-Admiral Drake, in the *Revenge*, of 500 tons, 250 men, and 40 guns. Lord Henry Seymour, in the *Rainbow*, of precisely the same size and strength, commanded the inner squadron, which cruised in the neighborhood of the French and Flemish coast.

The Hollanders and Zealanders had undertaken to blockade the Duke of Parma still more closely, and pledged themselves that he should never venture to show himself upon the open sea at all. The mouth of the Schelde, and the dangerous shallows off the coast of Nieuport and Dunkirk, swarmed with their determined and well-seasoned craft, from the flyboater or filibuster of the rivers to the larger armed vessels, built to confront every danger and to deal with any adversary.

Farnese, on his part, within that well-guarded territory, had, for months long, scarcely slackened in his preparations, day or night. Whole forests had been felled in the land of Waas to furnish him with transports and gunboats, and with such rapidity that, according to his enthusiastic historiographer, each tree seemed by magic to metamorphose itself into a vessel at the word of command.[1] Ship-builders, pilots, and seamen were brought from the Baltic, from Hamburg, from Genoa. The whole surface of the obedient Netherlands, whence wholesome industry had long been banished, was now the scene of a prodigious baleful activity. Portable bridges for fording the rivers of England, stockades for intrenchments, rafts and oars, were provided in vast numbers, and Alexander dug canals and widened natural

[1] Strada, ii. ix. 542.

streams to facilitate his operations.[1] These wretched provinces, crippled, impoverished, languishing for peace, were forced to contribute out of their poverty, and to find strength even in their exhaustion, to furnish the machinery for destroying their own countrymen and for hurling to perdition their most healthful neighbor.

And this approaching destruction of England, now generally believed in, was like the sound of a trumpet throughout Catholic Europe. Scions of royal houses, grandees of azure blood, the bastard of Philip II., the bastard of Savoy, the bastard of Medici, the Margrave of Burghaut, the Archduke Charles, nephew of the emperor, the Princes of Ascoli and of Melfi, the Prince of Morocco, and others of illustrious name, with many a noble English traitor, like Paget and Westmoreland and Stanley, all hurried to the camp of Farnese, as to some famous tournament, in which it was a disgrace to chivalry if their names were not enrolled. The roads were trampled with levies of fresh troops from Spain, Naples, Corsica, the States of the Church, the Milanese, Germany, Burgundy.

Blas Capizucca was sent in person to conduct reinforcements from the north of Italy. The famous Tercio of Naples, under Carlos Pinelo, arrived thirty-five hundred strong—the most splendid regiment ever known in the history of war. Every man had an engraved corselet and musket-barrel, and there were many who wore gilded armor, while their waving plumes and festive caparisons made them look like holiday-makers, rather than real campaigners, in the eyes of the inhabitants of the various cities through which their road led them to

[1] Strada, ubi sup. Parma to Philip, December 21, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS. Meteren, xv. 270.

Flanders.[1] By the end of April the Duke of Parma saw himself at the head of sixty thousand men, at a monthly expense of 454,315 crowns or dollars.[2] Yet so rapid was the progress of disease incident to Northern climates among those Southern soldiers that we shall find the number woefully diminished before they were likely to set foot upon the English shore.

Thus great preparations, simultaneously with pompous negotiations, had been going forward month after month, in England, Holland, Flanders. Nevertheless, winter, spring, two thirds of summer, had passed away, and on the 29th July, 1588, there remained the same sickening uncertainty, which was the atmosphere in which the nations had existed for a twelvemonth.

Howard had cruised for a few weeks between England and Spain, without any results, and, on his return, had found it necessary to implore her Majesty, as late as July, to "trust no more to Judas' kisses, but to her sword, not her enemy's word."[3]

[1] Carnero, Guerras de Flandes (1625), p. 222.

[2] Relacion Particular, etc., April 29, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS. Compare Strada, ii. ix. 540.

[3] Howard to Walsingham, June 23 (July 3), 1588, in Barrow, 284.

CHAPTER XIX

Philip II. in his cabinet—His system of work and deception—His vast but vague schemes of conquest—The Armada sails—Description of the fleet—The junction with Parma unprovided for—The gale off Finisterre—Exploits of David Gwynn—First engagement in the English Channel—Considerable losses of the Spaniards—General engagement near Portland—Superior seamanship of the English—Both fleets off Calais—A night of anxiety—Project of Howard and Winter—Impatience of the Spaniards—Fire-ships sent against the Armada—A great galleass disabled, attacked and captured by English boats—General engagement of both fleets—Loss of several Spanish ships—Armada flies, followed by the English—English, insufficiently provided, are obliged to relinquish the chase—A great storm disperses the Armada—Great energy of Parma, made fruitless by Philip's dullness—England readier at sea than on shore—The lieutenant-general's complaints—His quarrels with Norris and Williams—Harsh statements as to the English troops—Want of organization in England—Royal parsimony and delay—Quarrels of English admirals—England's narrow escape from great peril—Various rumors as to the Armada's fate—Philip for a long time in doubt—He believes himself victorious—Is tranquil when undeceived.

It is now time to look in upon the elderly letter-writer in the Escorial, and see how he was playing his part in the drama.

His councilors were very few. His chief advisers were rather like private secretaries than cabinet ministers; for Philip had been withdrawing more and more into seclusion and mystery as the web-work of his

schemes multiplied and widened. He liked to do his work, assisted by a very few confidential servants. The Prince of Eboli, the famous Ruy Gomez, was dead. So was Cardinal Granvelle. So were Erasso and Delgado. His midnight council (*junta de noche*)—for thus, from its original hour of assembling, and the air of secrecy in which it was inwrapped, it was habitually called—was a triumvirate. Don Juan de Idiaquez was chief secretary of state and of war; the Count de Chinchon was minister for the household, for Italian affairs, and for the kingdom of Aragon; Don Cristoval de Moura, the monarch's chief favorite, was at the head of the finance department, and administered the affairs of Portugal and Castile.[1]

The president of the council of Italy, after Granvelle's death, was Quiroga, Cardinal of Toledo and inquisitor-general.[2] Enormously long letters, in the king's name, were prepared chiefly by the two secretaries, Idiaquez and Moura. In their hands was the vast correspondence with Mendoza and Parma, and Olivarez at Rome, and with Mucio, in which all the stratagems for the subjugation of Protestant Europe were slowly and artistically contrived. Of the great conspiracy against human liberty, of which the pope and Philip were the double head, this midnight triumvirate was the chief executive committee.

These innumerable despatches, signed by Philip, were not the emanations of his own mind. The king had a fixed purpose to subdue Protestantism and to conquer the world; but the plans for carrying the purpose into effect were developed by subtler and more comprehensive minds than his own. It was enough for him to

[1] Herrera, iii. ii. 43–45, 138. [2] Ibid.

ponder wearily over schemes which he was supposed to dictate, and to give himself the appearance of supervising what he scarcely comprehended. And his work of supervision was often confined to pettiest details. The handwriting of Spain and Italy at that day was beautiful, and in our modern eyes seems neither antiquated nor ungraceful. But Philip's scrawl was like that of a clown just admitted to a writing-school, and the whole margin of a fairly penned despatch, perhaps fifty pages long, laid before him for comment and signature by Idiaquez or Moura, would be sometimes covered with a few awkward sentences, which it was almost impossible to read, and which, when deciphered, were apt to reveal suggestions of astounding triviality.[1]

Thus a most important despatch, in which the king, with his own hand, was supposed to be conveying secret intelligence to Mendoza concerning the Armada, together with minute directions for the regulation of Guise's conduct at the memorable epoch of the barricades, contained but a single comment from the monarch's own pen. "The Armada has been in Lisbon about a month —*quassi un mes*," wrote the secretary. "There is but one *s* in *quasi*," said Philip.[2]

Again, a despatch of Mendoza to the king contained

[1] No man who has had personal experience in the Archives of Simancas, or who has studied with his own eyes the great collection of documents originally belonging to that depository, and now preserved in the Archives of the Empire at Paris, will assert that the description in the text is exaggerated. The paragraphs written in the king's own hand are almost illegible, and evidently written with great difficulty. When deciphered, they are found to be always awkward, generally ungrammatical, and very often puerile.

[2] Philip II. to Mendoza, June 2, 1588, A. 56, 152, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.: "Ha un S in quasi."

the intelligence that Queen Elizabeth was, at the date of the letter, residing at St. James's. Philip, who had no objection to display his knowledge of English affairs, as became the man who had already been almost sovereign of England, and meant to be entirely so, supplied a piece of information in an apostil to this despatch. "St. James is a house of recreation," he said, "which was once a monastery. There is a park between it and the palace which is called Huytal; but *why it is called Huytal*, I am sure I don't know."[1] His researches in the English language had not enabled him to recognize the adjective and substantive out of which the abstruse compound "White-Hall" (*Huyt-al*) was formed.

On another occasion, a letter from England containing important intelligence concerning the number of soldiers enrolled in that country to resist the Spanish invasion, the quantity of gunpowder and various munitions collected, with other details of like nature, furnished besides a bit of information of less vital interest. "In the windows of the queen's presence-chamber they have discovered a *great quantity of lice*, all clustered together," said the writer.

[1] "La reyna se avia retirado a San Gemes, que es a las espaldas de Huytal, la cassa de Londres, y para guarda de su persona decian haver señalada 4 mil hombres, y mil cavalleros que estuviessen siempre con ella, y a causa da estar tan medrosos los de Londres, llevaron a Don Pedro de Valdez y a todos los de mas que se tomaron en carros a Londres para que viesse el pueblo que avian tomado presos españoles con vos de ser deshecha toda la armada de V. Md," etc.

Note in Philip's hand: "Casa de plazer que fue monasterio—es un parque entre ella y el palacio que se llama Huytal, y no sé porque yo."—Mendoza to Philip II., August 20, 1588, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

Such a minute piece of statistics could not escape the microscopic eye of Philip. So, disregarding the soldiers and the gunpowder, he commented *only* on this last-mentioned clause of the letter; and he did it cautiously, too, as a king surnamed the Prudent should:

"But perhaps they were fleas," wrote Philip.[1]

Such examples—and many more might be given—sufficiently indicate the nature of the man on whom such enormous responsibilities rested, and who had been, by the adulation of his fellow-creatures, elevated into a god. And we may cast a glance upon him as he sits in his cabinet, buried among those piles of despatches, and receiving methodically, at stated hours, Idiaquez, or Moura, or Chinchon, to settle the affairs of so many millions of the human race; and we may watch exactly the progress of that scheme concerning which so many contradictory rumors were circulating in Europe. In the month of April a Walsingham could doubt, even in August an ingenuous controller could disbelieve, the reality of the great project, and the pope himself, even while pledging himself to assistance, had been systematically deceived. He had supposed the whole scheme rendered futile by the exploit of Drake at Cadiz, and had declared that "the Queen of England's distaff was worth more than Philip's sword, that the king was a poor creature, that he would never be able to come to a resolution, and that even if he should do

[1] "En les fenêtres de la chambre de présence en la cour de la Reyne on a trouvé fort grand nombre de poulx qui se sont coulés ensemble." There is a Spanish translation appended to this document, and on the margin, in Philip's hand, is written: "Gran numero de piojos o quiza pulgos."—Avisos de Londres, April 1, 1586, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

so, it would be too late";[1] and he had subsequently been doing his best, through his nuncio in France, to persuade the queen to embrace the Catholic religion, and thus save herself from the impending danger. Henry III. had even been urged by the pope to send a special ambassador to her for this purpose,—as if the persuasions of the wretched Valois were likely to be effective with Elizabeth Tudor,—and Burghley had, by means of spies in Rome, who pretended to be Catholics, given out intimations that the queen was seriously contemplating such a step.[2] Thus the pope, notwithstanding Cardinal Allen, the famous million, and the bull, was thought by Mendoza to be growing lukewarm in the Spanish cause, and to be urging upon the "Englishwoman" the propriety of converting herself, even at the late hour of May, 1588.[3]

[1] "Un Vandini, gran vanquero de Roma, que tiene correspondencia con este Rey X^mo y intelligencia con muchos Cat^eos le ha escrito haver dicho el Papa quando supo lo que Draques avia hecho en Cales, que Su Mag^d [Philip II.] era persona de poco, que nunca se acaveva de resolver, y quando lo hiziesse no seria en tiempo—han aqui no solo solemnizado pero publicado añadiendo que valia mas la rueca de la Reyna de Inglaterra que la espada del Rey de España," etc. —Mendoza to Idiaquez, July 16, 1587, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

[2] "Me he visto con el nuncio, y me ha dicho que Su Santi^d, avia meses, que pidio a este Rey embiasse a la de Inglaterra lo bien que le estaria hazerse Catolica, y esto por tener Su S^d avisos poder venir en ello con semejantes persuasiones que este Rey escrivio a su embax^re que tiene en Inglaterra le avisasse si estava en esta disposicion la Reyna, el qual respondio el Tesorero Cecil por medio ne espiones que tenia en Roma fingiendo ser Catolicos avia hecho llegar esta voz a Su S^d para ganar tiempo y entibiar le en persuadir la empresa a V. Mag^d y que agora de nuevo Su S^d avia significado al Card^l de Joyosa que seria muy bien que este Rey embiasse un embax^re extra^do para hazer este officio con la Ynglesa," etc.—Mendoza to Philip II., May 8, 1588, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

[3] Ibid.

But Philip for years had been maturing his scheme, while reposing entire confidence, beyond his own cabinet doors, upon none but Alexander Farnese; and the duke, alone of all men, was perfectly certain that the invasion would this year be attempted.

The captain-general of the expedition was the Marquis of Santa Cruz, a man of considerable naval experience and of constant good fortune, who in thirty years had never sustained a defeat.[1] He had, however, shown no desire to risk one, when Drake had offered him the memorable challenge in the year 1587, and perhaps his reputation of the invincible captain had been obtained by the same adroitness on previous occasions. He was no friend to Alexander Farnese, and was much disgusted when informed of the share allotted to the duke in the great undertaking.[2] A course of reproach and perpetual reprimand was the treatment to which he was, in consequence, subjected, which was not more conducive to the advancement of the expedition than it was to the health of the captain-general. Early in January the cardinal archduke was sent to Lisbon to lecture him, with instructions to turn a deaf ear to all his remonstrances, to deal with him peremptorily, to forbid his writing letters on the subject to his Majesty, and to order him to accept his post or to decline it without conditions, in which latter contingency he was to be informed that his successor was already decided upon.[3]

This was not the most eligible way, perhaps, for bringing the captain-general into a cheerful mood, particu-

[1] Herrera, iii. iii. 70.

[2] Las Advertencias de Su Maga para el Marques de Santa Cruz, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[3] Ibid.

larly as he was expected to be ready *in January* to sail to the Flemish coast.[1] Nevertheless, the marquis expressed a hope to accomplish his sovereign's wishes, and great had been the bustle in all the dockyards of Naples, Sicily, and Spain, particularly in the provinces of Guipuzcoa, Biscay, and Andalusia, and in the four great cities of the coast. War-ships of all dimensions, tenders, transports, soldiers, sailors, sutlers, munitions of war, provisions, were all rapidly concentrating in Lisbon as the great place of rendezvous; and Philip confidently believed, and as confidently informed the Duke of Parma, that he might be expecting the Armada at any time after the end of January.[2]

Perhaps in the history of mankind there has never been a vast project of conquest conceived and matured in so protracted and yet so desultory a manner as was this famous Spanish invasion. There was something almost puerile in the whims rather than schemes of Philip for carrying out his purpose. It was probable that some resistance would be offered, at least by the navy of England, to the subjugation of that country, and the king had enjoyed an opportunity, the preceding summer, of seeing the way in which English sailors did their work. He had also appeared to understand the necessity of covering the passage of Farnese from the Flemish ports into the Thames by means of the great Spanish fleet from Lisbon. Nevertheless, he never seemed to be aware that Farnese could not invade England quite by himself, and was perpetually expecting to hear that he had done so.

[1] Orden de Su Mag^{d} que se embio al S^{or} Card^{l} Archiduque, Enero, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Herrera, iii. iii. 90, 91.

"Holland and Zealand," wrote Alexander to Philip, "have been arming with their accustomed promptness; England has made great preparations. I have done my best to make the impossible possible; but your letter told me to wait for Santa Cruz, and to expect him very shortly. If, on the contrary, you had told me to make the passage without him, I would have made the attempt, although we had every one of us perished. Four ships of war could sink every one of my boats. Nevertheless, I beg to be informed of your Majesty's final order. If I am seriously expected to make the passage without Santa Cruz, I am ready to do it, although I should go all alone in a cockboat."[1]

But Santa Cruz, at least, was not destined to assist in the conquest of England; for, worn out with fatigue and vexation, goaded by the reproaches and insults of Philip, Santa Cruz was dead.[2] He was replaced in the chief command of the fleet by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a grandee of vast wealth, but with little capacity and less experience. To the iron marquis it was said that a golden duke[3] had succeeded; but the duke of gold did not find it easier to accomplish impossibilities than his predecessor had done. Day after day, throughout the months of winter and spring, the king had been writing that the fleet was just on the point of sailing, and as frequently he had been renewing to Alexander Farnese the intimation that perhaps, after all, he might find an opportunity of crossing to England without

[1] "Aunque huviesse de passar solo en una zabra."—Parma to Philip, December 21, 1587, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Strada, ii. ix. 549. Philip to Parma, February 18, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[3] Strada, ubi sup.

waiting for its arrival.[1] And Alexander, with the same regularity, had been informing his master that the troops in the Netherlands had been daily dwindling from sickness and other causes, till at last, instead of the thirty thousand effective infantry with which it had been originally intended to make the enterprise, he had not more than seventeen thousand in the month of April.[2] The six thousand Spaniards whom he was to receive from the fleet of Medina Sidonia would therefore be the very mainspring of his army.[3] After leaving no more soldiers in the Netherlands than were absolutely necessary for the defense of the obedient provinces against the rebels, he could only take with him to England twenty-three thousand men, even after the reinforcements from Medina. "When we talked of taking England by surprise," said Alexander, "we never thought of less than thirty thousand. Now that she is alert and ready for us, and that it is certain we must fight by sea and by land, fifty thousand would be few."[4] He almost ridiculed the king's suggestion that a feint might be made by way of besieging some few places in Holland or Zealand. The whole matter in hand, he said, had become as public as possible, and the only efficient blind was the peace negotiation; for many believed, as the English deputies were now treating at Ostend, that peace would follow.[5]

At last, on the 28th, 29th, and 30th May, 1588, the fleet, which had been waiting at Lisbon more than a

[1] Philip to Parma, March 6, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.
[2] Parma to Philip, March 20, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.
[3] "El nierνo principal."—Ibid.
[4] Parma to Philip, January 31, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.
[5] Same to same, March 20, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

month for favorable weather, set sail from that port, after having been duly blessed by the Cardinal Archduke Albert, viceroy of Portugal.[1]

There were rather more than one hundred and thirty ships in all, divided into ten squadrons.[2] There was the squadron of Portugal, consisting of ten galleons, and commanded by the captain-general, Medina Sidonia. In the squadron of Castile were fourteen ships of various sizes, under General Diego Flores de Valdez. This officer was one of the most experienced naval officers in the Spanish service, and was subsequently ordered, in consequence, to sail with the generalissimo in his flagship.[3] In the squadron of Andalusia were ten galleons and other vessels under General Pedro de Valdez. In the squadron of Biscay were ten galleons and lesser ships, under General Juan Martinez de Recalde, upper admiral of the fleet. In the squadron of Guipuzcoa were ten galleons, under General Miguel de Oquendo. In the squadron of Italy were ten ships, under General Martin de Bertendona. In the squadron of *urcas*, or store-ships, were twenty-three sail, under General Juan Gomez de Medina. The squadron of tenders, caravels, and other vessels numbered twenty-two sail, under General Antonio Hurtado de Mendoza. The squadron of four galleasses was commanded by Don Hugo de Moncada. The squadron of four *galeras*, or galleys, was in charge of Captain Diego de Medrado.

[1] Philip II. to Mendoza, April 24, 1588, and June 2, 1588, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MSS. Bor, iii. 321, 322.

[2] Herrera, iii. iii. 93 seq. Philip II. to Parma, May 13, 1588, says one hundred and fifty, but there were many small vessels and transports equipped which never left Spain. The number of effective ships of all kinds was probably less than one hundred and forty.

[3] Herrera, ubi sup.

Next in command to Medina Sidonia was Don Alonzo de Leyva, captain-general of the light horse of Milan. Don Francisco de Bobadilla was marshal-general of the camp. Don Diego de Pimentel was marshal of the camp to the famous Tercio, or legion of Sicily.[1]

The total tonnage of the fleet was 59,120; the number of guns was 3165. Of Spanish troops there were 19,295 on board; there were 8252 sailors and 2088 galley-slaves. Besides these, there was a force of noble volunteers, belonging to the most illustrious houses of Spain, with their attendants, amounting to nearly 2000 in all. There was also Don Martin Alaccon, administrator and vicar-general of the Holy Inquisition, at the head of some 290 monks of the mendicant orders, priests and familiars.[2] The grand total of those embarked was about 30,000. The daily expense of the fleet was estimated by Don Diego de Pimentel at 12,000 ducats a day, and the daily cost of the combined naval and military force under Farnese and Medina Sidonia was stated at 30,000 ducats.[3]

The size of the ships ranged from 1200 tons to 300. The galleons, of which there were about sixty, were huge, round-stemmed, clumsy vessels, with bulwarks three or four feet thick, and built up at stem and stern, like castles. The galleasses, of which there were four, were a third larger than the ordinary galley, and were rowed each by three hundred galley-slaves. They consisted of an enormous towering fortress at the stern, a

[1] Herrera, ubi sup. Compare Strada, ii. ix. 546 seq.; Bor, iii. xxv. 317 seq.; Meteren, xv. 270; Camden, iii. 410 seq.; Carnero, 226; Coloma, f. 5 seq.; Barrow, 266–270.

[2] Meteren, ubi sup.

[3] Examination of Don Diego de Pimentel before the council of Holland, apud Bor, iii. 325 seq.

castellated structure almost equally massive in front, with seats for the rowers amidships. At stem and stern and between each of the slaves' benches were heavy cannon. These galleasses were floating edifices, very wonderful to contemplate. They were gorgeously decorated. There were splendid state apartments, cabins, chapels, and pulpits in each, and they were amply provided with awnings, cushions, streamers, standards, gilded saints, and bands of music.[1] To take part in an ostentatious pageant, nothing could be better devised. To fulfil the great objects of a war-vessel—to sail and to fight—they were the worst machines ever launched upon the ocean. The four galleys were similar to the galleasses in every respect except that of size, in which they were by one third inferior.

All the ships of the fleet—galleasses, galleys, galleons, and hulks—were so encumbered with top-hamper, so overweighted in proportion to their draft of water, that they could bear but little canvas, even with smooth seas and light and favorable winds. In violent tempests, therefore, they seemed likely to suffer. To the eyes of the sixteenth century these vessels seemed enormous. A ship of 1300 tons was then a monster rarely seen, and a fleet numbering from 130 to 150 sail, with an aggregate tonnage of 60,000, seemed sufficient to conquer the world, and to justify the arrogant title, by which it had baptized itself, of the Invincible.

Such was the machinery which Philip had at last set afloat for the purpose of dethroning Elizabeth and establishing the Inquisition in England: one hundred and forty ships, eleven thousand Spanish veterans, as many more recruits, partly Spanish, partly Portuguese,

[1] Strada, ii. ix. 546. Meteren, xv. 270.

two thousand grandees, as many galley-slaves, and three hundred barefooted friars and inquisitors.

The plan was simple. Medina Sidonia was to proceed straight from Lisbon to Calais roads; there he was to wait for the Duke of Parma, who was to come forth from Nieuport, Sluis, and Dunkirk, bringing with him his 17,000 veterans, and to assume the chief command of the whole expedition. They were then to cross the Channel to Dover, land the army of Parma, reinforced with 6000 Spaniards from the fleet, and with these 23,000 men Alexander was to march at once upon London. Medina Sidonia was to seize and fortify the Isle of Wight, guard the entrance of the harbors against any interference from the Dutch and English fleets, and so soon as the conquest of England had been effected, he was to proceed to Ireland.[1] It had been the wish of Sir William Stanley that Ireland should be subjugated first, as a basis of operations against England; but this had been overruled. The intrigues of Mendoza and Farnese, too, with the Catholic nobles of Scotland had proved, after all, unsuccessful. King James had yielded to superior offers of money and advancement held out to him by Elizabeth, and was now, in Alexander's words, a confirmed heretic.[2]

There was no course left, therefore, but to conquer England at once. A strange omission had, however, been made in the plan from first to last. The commander of the whole expedition was the Duke of Parma; on his head was the whole responsibility. Not a gun was to be fired, if it could be avoided, until he had come forth

[1] Letters of Philip and of Parma already cited, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Parma to Philip II., June 8, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

with his veterans to make his junction with the Invincible Armada off Calais. Yet there was no arrangement whatever to enable him to come forth, not the slightest provision to effect that junction. It would almost seem that the letter-writer of the Escorial had been quite ignorant of the existence of the Dutch fleets off Dunkirk, Nieuport, and Flushing, although he had certainly received information enough of this formidable obstacle to his plan.

"Most joyful I shall be," said Farnese, writing on one of the days when he had seemed most convinced by Valentine Dale's arguments and driven to despair by his postulates, "to see myself with these soldiers on English ground, where, with God's help, I hope to accomplish your Majesty's demands." [1] He was much troubled, however, to find doubts entertained at the last moment as to his 6000 Spaniards; and certainly it hardly needed an argument to prove that the invasion of England with but 17,000 soldiers was a somewhat hazardous scheme. Yet the pilot Moresini had brought him letters from Medina Sidonia, in which the duke expressed hesitation about parting with these 6000 veterans, unless the English fleet should have been previously destroyed, and had also again expressed his hope that Parma would be punctual to the rendezvous.[2] Alexander immediately combated these views in letters to Medina and to the king. He avowed that he would not depart one tittle from the plan originally laid down. The 6000 men, and more if possible, were to be furnished him, and the Spanish Armada was to protect his own flotilla and to keep the Channel clear of enemies. No other scheme

[1] Parma to Philip, June 22, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Ibid.

was possible, he said, for it was clear that his collection of small, flat-bottomed river-boats and hoys could not even make the passage, except in smooth weather. They could not contend with a storm, much less with the enemy's ships, which would destroy them utterly in case of a meeting, without his being able to avail himself of his soldiers, who would be so closely packed as to be hardly movable, or of any human help. The preposterous notion that he should come out with his flotilla to make a junction with Medina off Calais was over and over again denounced by Alexander with vehemence and bitterness, and most boding expressions were used by him as to the probable result, were such a delusion persisted in.[1]

Every possible precaution, therefore, but one had been taken. The King of France, almost at the same instant in which Guise had been receiving his latest instructions from the Escorial for dethroning and destroying that monarch, had been assured by Philip of his inalienable affection, had been informed of the object of this great naval expedition,—which was not by any means, as Mendoza had stated to Henry, an enterprise against France or England, but only a determined attempt to clear the sea, once for all, of these English pirates who had done so much damage for years past on the high seas,—and had been requested, in case any Spanish ship should be driven by stress of weather into French ports, to afford it that comfort and protection to which the vessels of so close and friendly an ally were entitled.[2]

[1] Parma to Philip, MS. last cited.

[2] "Hableys antes al Rey de mi parte, y conviniendo hablarle, le direys que el atrevimiento de los corsarios ingleses me ha obligado a dessear limpiar dellos la mar, este verano, y que assi he mandado

Thus there were bread, beef, and powder enough, there were monks and priests enough, standards, galley-slaves, and inquisitors enough; but there were no light vessels in the Armada, and no heavy vessels in Parma's fleet. Medina could not go to Farnese, nor could Farnese come to Medina. The junction was likely to be difficult, and yet it had never once entered the heads of Philip or his councilors to provide for that difficulty. The king never seemed to imagine that Farnese, with 40,000 or 50,000 soldiers in the Netherlands, a fleet of 300 transports, and power to dispose of very large funds for one great purpose, could be kept in prison by a fleet of Dutch skippers and corsairs.

With as much sluggishness as might have been expected from their clumsy architecture, the ships of the Armada consumed nearly three weeks in sailing from Lisbon to the neighborhood of Cape Finisterre. Here they were overtaken by a tempest, and were scattered hither and thither, almost at the mercy of the winds

hazer una armada para este effecto, en la qual avra cuydado de hazer todo el buen tratamiento que es razon a sus buenos subditos que toparen, de que le he querido dar parte y pedir le como tambien lo hareys en mi nombre, y si algunos baxeles de mi armada aportaran con temporal a sus puertos, ordene que sean tratados conforme a la buena paz y hermandad que entre nosotros hay, quitandole por aqui la sospecha destas fuerzas, y *grangeandole para lo que se pretende*, y este oficio bastara por agora, sin llegar a mas particularidades," etc.—Philip II. to Mendoza, April 24, 1588, A. 56, 148, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

This letter reached Mendoza in Paris just before that envoy, according to his master's instructions, was assisting Guise to make his memorable stroke of the barricades.

There is another letter of the same purport nearly three months later. Philip II. to Mendoza, July 18, 1588, A. 56, 159, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

and waves;[1] for those unwieldy hulks were ill adapted to a tempest in the Bay of Biscay. There were those in the Armada, however, to whom the storm was a blessing. David Gwynn, a Welsh mariner, had sat in the Spanish hulks a wretched galley-slave, as prisoner of war, for more than eleven years, hoping, year after year, for a chance of escape from bondage.[2] He sat now among the rowers of the great galley, the *Vasana*, one of the humblest instruments by which the subjugation of his native land to Spain and Rome was to be effected.

Very naturally, among the ships which suffered most in the gale were the four huge, unwieldy galleys, a squadron of four under Don Diego de Medrado, with their enormous turrets at stem and stern, and their low and open waists. The chapels, pulpits, and gilded Madonnas proved of little avail in a hurricane. The *Diana*, largest of the four, went down with all hands; the *Princess* was laboring severely in the trough of the sea, and the *Vasana* was likewise in imminent danger. So the master of this galley asked the Welsh slave, who had far more experience and seamanship than he possessed himself, if it were possible to save the vessel. Gwynn saw an opportunity for which he had been waiting eleven years. He was ready to improve it. He pointed out to the captain the hopelessness of attempting to overtake the Armada. They should go down, he said, as the *Diana* had already done, and as the *Princess* was like at any moment to do, unless they took in every rag of sail, and did their best with their oars to gain the

[1] Herrera, Strada, Bor, Meteren, Camden, Carnero, Coloma, Barrow, ubi sup.

[2] Bor, iii. 322 seq.

nearest port. But in order that the rowers might exert themselves to the utmost, it was necessary that the soldiers, who were a useless encumbrance on deck, should go below. Thus only could the ship be properly handled. The captain, anxious to save his ship and his life, consented. Most of the soldiers were sent beneath the hatches; a few were ordered to sit on the benches among the slaves. Now, there had been a secret understanding for many days among these unfortunate men, nor were they wholly without weapons. They had been accustomed to make toothpicks and other trifling articles for sale out of broken sword-blades and other refuse bits of steel. There was not a man among them who had not thus provided himself with a secret stiletto.[1]

At first Gwynn occupied himself with arrangements for weathering the gale. So soon, however, as the ship had been made comparatively easy, he looked around him, suddenly threw down his cap, and raised his hand to the rigging. It was a preconcerted signal. The next instant he stabbed the captain to the heart, while each one of the galley-slaves killed the soldier nearest him; then, rushing below, they surprised and overpowered the rest of the troops, and put them all to death.[2]

Coming again upon deck, David Gwynn descried the fourth galley of the squadron, called the *Royal*, commanded by Commodore Medrado in person, bearing down upon them before the wind. It was obvious that the *Vasana* was already an object of suspicion.

"Comrades," said Gwynn, "God has given us liberty, and by our courage we must prove ourselves worthy of the boon."[3]

As he spoke there came a broadside from the galley

[1] Bor, iii. 322 seq. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

Royal, which killed nine of his crew. David, nothing daunted, laid his ship close alongside of the *Royal*, with such a shock that the timbers quivered again. Then at the head of his liberated slaves, now thoroughly armed, he dashed on board the galley, and, after a furious conflict, in which he was assisted by the slaves of the *Royal*, succeeded in mastering the vessel and putting all the Spanish soldiers to death. This done, the combined rowers, welcoming Gwynn as their deliverer from an abject slavery which seemed their lot for life, willingly accepted his orders. The gale had meantime abated, and the two galleys, well conducted by the experienced and intrepid Welshman, made their way to the coast of France, and landed at Bayonne on the 31st, the crew dividing among them the property found on board the two galleys. Thence, by land, the fugitives, four hundred and sixty-six in number,—Frenchmen, Spaniards, Englishmen, Turks, and Moors,—made their way to Rochelle. Gwynn had an interview with Henry of Navarre, and received from that chivalrous king a handsome present. Afterward he found his way to England, and was well commended by the queen. The rest of the liberated slaves dispersed in various directions.[1]

This was the first adventure of the Invincible Armada. Of the squadron of galleys, one was already sunk in the sea, and two of the others had been conquered by their own slaves. The fourth rode out the gale with difficulty, and joined the rest of the fleet, which ultimately reassembled at Coruña, the ships having, in distress, put in at first at Vivero, Ribadeo, Gijon, and other northern

[1] Bor, Meteren, xv. 272. Compare Camden, iv. 410, who had heard, however, nothing but the name of Gwynn, and who speaks of the "*treachery* of the Turkish rowers" (!).

ports of Spain.[1] At the Groyne, as the English of that day were accustomed to call Coruña, they remained a month, repairing damages and recruiting; and on the 22d of July[2] (N. S.) the Armada set sail. Six days later the Spaniards took soundings, thirty leagues from the Scilly Islands, and on Friday, the 29th of July, off the Lizard,[3] they had the first glimpse of the land of promise presented them by Sixtus V., of which they had at last come to take possession.

On the same day and night the blaze and smoke of ten thousand beacon-fires from the Land's End to Margate, and from the Isle of Wight to Cumberland, gave warning to every Englishman that the enemy was at last upon them. Almost at that very instant intelligence had been brought from the court to the lord admiral at Plymouth that the Armada, dispersed and shattered by the gales of June, was not likely to make its appearance that year; and orders had consequently been given to disarm the four largest ships and send them into dock.[4] Even Walsingham, as already stated, had participated in this strange delusion.[5]

Before Howard had time to act upon this ill-timed

[1] Herrera, iii. iii. 94.

[2] Medina Sidonia from his galleon *St. Martin* to Parma, July 25, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

The dates in the narrative will be always given according to the New Style, then already adopted by Spain, Holland, and France, although not by England. The dates thus given are, of course, ten days later than they appear in contemporary English records.

[3] Herrera, ubi sup.

[4] Meteren, xv. 272. Camden, iii. 410. Murdin, 615–621. The ships were the *Triumph*, *White Bear*, *Elizabeth Jonas*, and *Victory*. (Lingard, viii. 280.)

[5] Walsingham to Ed. Norris, July 9 (19), 1588, S. P. Office MS. See page 283, note 2.

suggestion, even had he been disposed to do so, he received authentic intelligence that the great fleet was off the Lizard. Neither he nor Francis Drake were the men to lose time in such an emergency, and before that Friday night was spent, sixty of the best English ships had been warped out of Plymouth harbor.[1]

On Saturday, 30th July, the wind was very light at southwest, with a mist and drizzling rain,[2] but by three in the afternoon the two fleets could descry and count each other through the haze.[3]

By nine o'clock, 31st July, about two miles from Looe,[4] on the Cornish coast, the fleets had their first meeting. There were 136 sail of the Spaniards, of which 90 were large ships, and 67 of the English.[5] It was a solemn moment. The long-expected Armada presented a pompous, almost a theatrical appearance. The ships seemed arranged for a pageant in honor of a victory already won. Disposed in form of a crescent, the horns of which were seven miles asunder, those gilded, towered, floating castles, with their gaudy standards and their martial music, moved slowly along the Channel, with an air of indolent pomp. Their captain-general, the golden duke, stood in his private shot-proof fortress[6] on the deck of his great galleon the *St. Martin*, surrounded by generals of infantry and colonels of cavalry, who knew as little as he did himself of naval matters. The English vessels, on the other hand,

[1] Herrera, ubi sup. Howard to Walsingham, July 21 (31), 1588, in Barrow, 288.

[2] Herrera, 101.

[3] Ibid. Howard to Walsingham, ubi sup.

[4] R. Tomson to ——, July 30 (August 9), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[5] Ibid.

[6] Meteren, xv. 274.

with a few exceptions, light, swift, and easily handled, could sail round and round those unwieldy galleons, hulks, and galleys rowed by fettered slave-gangs. The superior seamanship of free Englishmen, commanded by such experienced captains as Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins, from infancy at home on blue water, was manifest in the very first encounter. They obtained the weather-gage at once, and cannonaded the enemy at intervals with considerable effect, easily escaping at will out of range of the sluggish Armada, which was incapable of bearing sail in pursuit, although provided with an armament which could sink all its enemies at close quarters. "We had some small fight with them that Sunday afternoon," said Hawkins.[1]

Medina Sidonia hoisted the royal standard at the fore, and the whole fleet did its utmost, which was little, to offer general battle. It was in vain. The English, following at the heels of the enemy, refused all such invitations, and attacked only the rear-guard of the Armada, where Recalde commanded. That admiral, steadily maintaining his post, faced his nimble antagonists, who continued to tease, to maltreat, and to elude him, while the rest of the fleet proceeded slowly up the Channel, closely followed by the enemy. And thus the running fight continued along the coast, in full view of Plymouth, whence boats with reinforcements and volunteers were perpetually arriving to the English ships, until the battle had drifted quite out of reach of the town.

Already in this first "small fight" the Spaniards had learned a lesson, and might even entertain a doubt of

[1] Hawkins to Walsingham, July 31 (August 10), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

their invincibility. But before the sun set there were more serious disasters. Much powder and shot had been expended by the Spaniards to very little purpose, and so a master gunner on board Admiral Oquendo's flag-ship was reprimanded for careless ball-practice. The gunner, who was a Fleming, enraged with his captain, laid a train to the powder-magazine, fired it, and threw himself into the sea.[1] Two decks blew up. The great castle at the stern rose into the clouds, carrying with it the paymaster-general of the fleet, a large portion of treasure, and nearly two hundred men.[2] The ship was a wreck, but it was possible to save the rest of the crew. So Medina Sidonia sent light vessels to remove them, and wore with his flag-ship to defend Oquendo, who had already been fastened upon by his English pursuers. But the Spaniards, not being so light in hand as their enemies, involved themselves in much embarrassment by this manœuver; and there was much falling foul of each other, entanglement of rigging, and carrying away of yards. Oquendo's men, however, were ultimately saved and taken to other ships.[3]

Meantime Don Pedro de Valdez, commander of the Andalusian squadron, having got his galleon into collision with two or three Spanish ships successively, had at last carried away his foremast close to the deck, and the wreck had fallen against his mainmast. He lay crippled and helpless, the Armada was slowly deserting him, night was coming on, the sea was running high, and the English, ever hovering near, were ready to grapple with him. In vain did Don Pedro fire signals

[1] Report of certain mariners, August, 1588, S. P. Office MS.
[2] Herrera, iii. iii. 100–102. Camden, iii. 412. Bor, iii. 323.
[3] Ibid.

of distress. The captain-general, even as though the unlucky galleon had not been connected with the Catholic fleet, calmly fired a gun to collect his scattered ships, and abandoned Valdez to his fate. "He left me comfortless in sight of the whole fleet," said poor Pedro, "and greater inhumanity and unthankfulness I think was never heard of among men."[1]

Yet the Spaniard comported himself most gallantly. Frobisher, in the largest ship of the English fleet, the *Triumph*, of 1100 tons, and Hawkins, in the *Victory*, of 800, cannonaded him at a distance, but, night coming on, he was able to resist; and it was not till the following morning that he surrendered to the *Revenge*.[2]

Drake then received the gallant prisoner on board his flag-ship,—much to the disgust and indignation of Frobisher and Hawkins, thus disappointed of their prize- and ransom-money,[3]—treated him with much courtesy, and gave his word of honor that he and his men should be treated fairly, like good prisoners of war. This pledge was redeemed, for it was not the English, as it was the Spanish custom, to convert captives into slaves, but

[1] Valdez to Philip ("Englished"), August 31, 1588, S. P. Office MS. Compare Herrera, Bor, Camden, ubi sup.

[2] MS. letter of Valdez before cited. Bor, Camden, ubi sup. Meteren, xv. 272. Herrera, iii. iii. 100–102, who draws entirely from the journal of a Spanish officer in the Armada, and who calls the two famous English naval commanders Frobesquerio and Avesnisio.

Many English names look almost as strangely in their Spanish dress as these two familiar ones of Frobisher and Hawkins. Thus Dr. Bartholomew Clerk is called, for some mysterious reason, Dr. Quiberich; Colonel Patton becomes Colonel Reyton; while Lord High Admiral Howard, of Effingham, figures in the chronicles as Carlos Haurat, Count of Contuberland. (Herrera, iii. 49.)

[3] See page 397, note 1.

only to hold them for ransom. Valdez responded to Drake's politeness by kissing his hand, embracing him, and overpowering him with magnificent compliments.[1] He was then sent on board the ship of the lord admiral, who received him with similar urbanity, and expressed his regret that so distinguished a personage should have been so coolly deserted by the Duke of Medina. Don Pedro then returned to the *Revenge*, where, as the guest of Drake, he was a witness to all subsequent events up to the 10th of August, on which day he was sent to London with some other officers,[2] Sir Francis claiming his ransom as his lawful due.[3]

Here certainly was no very triumphant beginning for the Invincible Armada. On the very first day of their being in presence of the English fleet—then but sixty-seven in number, and vastly their inferior in size and weight of metal—they had lost the flag-ships of the Guipuzcoan and of the Andalusian squadrons, with a general-admiral, four hundred and fifty officers and men, and some one hundred thousand ducats of treasure. They had been outmanœuvered, outsailed, and thoroughly maltreated by their antagonists, and they had been unable to inflict a single blow in return. Thus the "small fight" had been a cheerful one for the opponents of the Inquisition, and the English were proportionably encouraged.

On Monday, 1st of August, Medina Sidonia placed the rear-guard—consisting of the galleasses, the galleons *St. Matthew*, *St. Luke*, *St. James*, and the *Florence*, and other ships, forty-three in all—under command of Don Antonio

[1] Meteren, Bor, ubi sup.

[2] Drake to Walsingham, July 31 (August 10), 1588, in Barrow, 303.

[3] Ibid.

de Leyva. He was instructed to entertain the enemy, so constantly hanging on the rear, to accept every chance of battle, and to come to close quarters whenever it should be possible. The Spaniards felt confident of sinking every ship in the English navy, if they could but once come to grappling; but it was growing more obvious every hour that the giving or withholding battle was entirely in the hands of their foes. Meantime, while the rear was thus protected by Leyva's division, the vanguard and main body of the Armada, led by the captain-general, would steadily pursue its way, according to the royal instructions, until it arrived at its appointed meeting-place with the Duke of Parma. Moreover, the Duke of Medina, dissatisfied with the want of discipline and of good seamanship hitherto displayed in his fleet, now took occasion to send a sergeant-major, with written sailing directions, on board each ship in the Armada, with express orders to hang every captain, without appeal or consultation, who should leave the position assigned him; and the hangmen were sent with the sergeant-majors to insure immediate attention to these arrangements.[1] Juan Gil was at the same time sent off in a sloop to the Duke of Parma, to carry the news of the movements of the Armada, to request information as to the exact spot and moment of the junction, and to beg for pilots acquainted with the French and Flemish coasts. "In case of the slightest gale in the world," said Medina, "I don't know how or where to shelter such large ships as ours."[2]

[1] Herrera, iii. iii. 105: "Sin replica ni consulta," etc.

[2] "Con el menor temporal del mundo non se sabe donde se pueden abrigar naos tan grandes."—Medina Sidonia to Parma, August 2, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

Disposed in this manner, the Spaniards sailed leisurely along the English coast with light westerly breezes, watched closely by the queen's fleet, which hovered at a moderate distance to windward, without offering, that day, any obstruction to their course.

By five o'clock on Tuesday morning, 2d of August, the Armada lay between Portland Bill and St. Albans Head, when the wind shifted to the northeast, and gave the Spaniards the weather-gage.[1] The English did their best to get to windward, but the duke, standing close in to the land with the whole Armada, maintained his advantage. The English then went about, making a tack seaward, and were soon afterward assaulted by the Spaniards. A long and spirited action ensued. Howard in his little *Ark-Royal*—the "odd ship of the world for all conditions"—was engaged at different times with Bertendona of the Italian squadron, with Alonzo de Leyva in the *Ratta*, and with other large vessels. He was hard pressed for a time, but was gallantly supported by the *Nonpareil*, Captain Tanner; and after a long and confused combat, in which the *St. Mark*, the *St. Luke*, the *St. Matthew*, the *St. Philip*, the *St. John*, the *St. James*, the *St. John Baptist*, the *St. Martin*, and many other great galleons with saintly and apostolic names, fought pell-mell with the *Lion*, the *Bear*, the *Bull*, the *Tiger*, the *Dreadnaught*, the *Revenge*, the *Victory*, the *Triumph*, and other of the more profanely baptized English ships, the Spaniards were again baffled in all their attempts to close with, and to board, their ever-attacking, ever-flying adversaries. The cannonading was incessant. "We had a sharp and a long fight," said

[1] Declaration of the Proceedings of the Two Fleets, July 19–31 (O. S.), 1588, S. P. Office MS. Herrera, iii. iii. 106.

Hawkins.[1] Boat-loads of men and munitions were perpetually arriving to the English, and many high-born volunteers—like Cumberland, Oxford, Northumberland, Raleigh, Brooke, Dudley, Willoughby, Noel, William Hatton, Thomas Cecil, and others—could no longer restrain their impatience, as the roar of battle sounded along the coasts of Dorset, but flocked merrily on board the ships of Drake, Hawkins, Howard, and Frobisher, or came in small vessels, which they had chartered for themselves, in order to have their share in the delights of the long-expected struggle.[2]

The action, irregular, desultory, but lively, continued nearly all day, and until the English had fired away most of their powder and shot.[3] The Spaniards, too, notwithstanding their years of preparation, were already short of light metal, and Medina Sidonia had been daily sending to Parma for a supply of four-, six-, and ten-pound balls.[4] So much lead and gunpowder had never before been wasted in a single day, for there was no great damage inflicted on either side. The artillery-practice was certainly not much to the credit of either nation.

"If her Majesty's ships had been manned with a full supply of good gunners," said honest William Thomas, an old artilleryman, "it would have been the woefullest time ever the Spaniard took in hand, and the most noble victory ever heard of would have been her Maj-

[1] Hawkins to Walsingham, July 31 (August 10), 1588, S. P. Office MS. Herrera, iii. iii. 106–108. Bor, iii. 323. Meteren, xv. 273. Camden, iii. 412, 413.

[2] Herrera, Bor, Meteren, Camden, ubi sup.

[3] MS. letter of Hawkins last cited.

[4] Medina Sidonia to Parma, August 2, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS. Herrera, iii. iii. 108.

esty's. But our sins were the cause that so much powder and shot were spent, so long time in fight, and in comparison so little harm done. It were greatly to be wished that her Majesty were no longer deceived in this way."[1]

Yet the English, at any rate, had succeeded in displaying their seamanship, if not their gunnery, to advantage. In vain the unwieldy hulks and galleons had attempted to grapple with their light-winged foes, who pelted them, braved them, damaged their sails and gearing, and then danced lightly off into the distance; until at last, as night fell, the wind came out from the west again, and the English regained and kept the weather-gage.

The queen's fleet, now divided into four squadrons, under Howard, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, amounted to near one hundred sail, exclusive of Lord Henry Seymour's division, which was cruising in the Straits of Dover. But few of all this number were ships of war, however, and the merchant vessels, although zealous and active enough, were not thought very effective. "If you had seen the simple service done by the merchants and coast ships," said Winter, "you would have said we had been little holpen by them, otherwise than that they did make a show."[2]

All night the Spaniards, holding their course toward Calais, after the long but indecisive conflict had terminated, were closely pursued by their wary antagonists.

[1] William Thomas, master gunner of Flushing (who much complained that the loss of its charter by the worshipful corporation of gunners, founded by Henry VIII., had caused its decay, and much mischief in consequence), to Burghley, September 30 (October 10), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Sir W. Winter to Walsingham, August 1 (11), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

On Wednesday, 3d of August, there was some slight cannonading, with but slender results; and on Thursday, the 4th, both fleets were off Dunnose, on the Isle of Wight. The great hulk *Santaña* and a galleon of Portugal, having been somewhat damaged the previous day, were lagging behind the rest of the Armada, and were vigorously attacked by the *Triumph* and a few other vessels. Don Antonio de Leyva, with some of the galleasses and large galleons, came to the rescue, and Frobisher, although in much peril, maintained an unequal conflict, within close range, with great spirit.[1]

Seeing his danger, the lord admiral, in the *Ark-Royal*, accompanied by the *Golden Lion*, the *White Bear*, the *Elizabeth*, the *Victory*, and the *Leicester*, bore boldly down into the very midst of the Spanish fleet, and laid himself within three or four hundred yards of Medina's flag-ship, the *St. Martin*, while his comrades were at equally close quarters with Vice-Admiral Recalde and the galleons of Oquendo, Mexia, and Almanza. It was the hottest conflict which had yet taken place.[2] Here at last was thorough English work. The two great fleets, which were there to subjugate and to defend the realm of Elizabeth, were nearly yard-arm and yard-arm together—all England on the lee. Broadside after broadside of great guns, volley after volley of harquebusry from maintop and rigging, were warmly exchanged, and much damage was inflicted on the Spaniards, whose gigantic ships were so easy a mark to aim at, while from their turreted heights they themselves fired for the most part harmlessly over the heads of their adversaries. The leaders of the Armada, however, were encouraged,

[1] Declaration of the Proceedings, etc., MS. before cited. Bor, Herrera, Meteren, Camden, ubi sup. [2] Ibid.

for they expected at last to come to even closer quarters, and there were some among the English who were mad enough to wish to board.

But so soon as Frobisher, who was the hero of the day, had extricated himself from his difficulty, the lord admiral—having no intention of risking the existence of his fleet, and with it perhaps the English crown, upon the hazard of a single battle, and having been himself somewhat damaged in the fight—gave the signal for retreat, and caused the *Ark-Royal* to be towed out of action. Thus the Spaniards were frustrated of their hopes, and the English, having inflicted much punishment at comparatively small loss to themselves, again stood off to windward, and the Armada continued its indolent course along the cliffs of Freshwater and Blackgang.[1]

On Friday, 5th August, the English, having received men and munitions from shore, pursued their antagonists at a moderate distance; and the lord admiral, profiting by the pause,—for it was almost a flat calm,—sent for Martin Frobisher, John Hawkins, Roger Townsend, Lord Thomas Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Edmund Sheffield, and on the deck of the *Ark-Royal* conferred the honor of knighthood on each for his gallantry in the action of the previous day.[2] Medina Sidonia, on his part, was again despatching messenger after messenger to the Duke of Parma, asking for small shot, pilots, and forty flyboats, with which to pursue the teasing English clippers.[3] The Catholic Armada, he said, being so large and heavy, was quite in the power

[1] Declaration, etc., MS. before cited.

[2] Camden, iii. 414. Bor, iii. 323, 324.

[3] Medina Sidonia to Parma, August 4, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

of its adversaries, who could assault, retreat, fight, or leave off fighting, while he had nothing for it but to proceed, as expeditiously as might be, to his rendezvous in Calais roads.

And in Calais roads the great fleet, sailing slowly all next day in company with the English, without a shot being fired on either side, at last dropped anchor on Saturday afternoon, August 6.

Here, then, the Invincible Armada had arrived at its appointed resting-place. Here the great junction of Medina Sidonia with the Duke of Parma was to be effected, and now at last the curtain was to rise upon the last act of the great drama so slowly and elaborately prepared.

That Saturday afternoon Lord Henry Seymour and his squadron of sixteen lay between Dungeness and Folkestone, waiting the approach of the two fleets. He spoke several coasting-vessels coming from the west, but they could give him no information, strange to say, either of the Spaniards or of his own countrymen.[1] Seymour, having hardly three days' provision in his fleet, thought that there might be time to take in supplies, and so bore in to the Downs. Hardly had he been there half an hour when a pinnace arrived from the lord admiral, with orders for Lord Henry's squadron to hold itself in readiness. There was no longer time for victualing, and very soon afterward the order was given to make sail and bear for the French coast. The wind was, however, so light that the whole day was spent before Seymour, with his ships, could cross the Channel. At last, toward seven in the evening, he saw the great

[1] Sir W. Winter to Walsingham, August 1 (11), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

Spanish Armada drawn up in a half-moon, and riding at anchor, the ships very near each other, a little to the eastward of Calais, and very near the shore.[1] The English, under Howard, Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins, were slowly following, and so soon as Lord Henry, arriving from the opposite shore, had made his junction with them, the whole combined fleet dropped anchor likewise very near Calais, and within one mile and a half of the Spaniards. That invincible force had at last almost reached its destination. It was now to receive the coöperation of the great Farnese, at the head of an army of veterans, disciplined on a hundred battle-fields, confident from countless victories, and arrayed as they had been with ostentatious splendor to follow the most brilliant general in Christendom on his triumphal march into the capital of England. The long-threatened invasion was no longer an idle figment of politicians, maliciously spread abroad to poison men's minds as to the intentions of a long-enduring but magnanimous and, on the whole, friendly sovereign. The mask had been at last thrown down, and the mild accents of Philip's diplomatists and their English dupes, interchanging protocols so decorously month after month on the sands of Bourbourg, had been drowned by the peremptory voice of English and Spanish artillery, suddenly breaking in upon their placid conferences. It had now become supererogatory to ask for Alexander's word of honor whether he had ever heard of Cardinal Allen's pamphlet, or whether his master contemplated hostilities against Queen Elizabeth.

Never, since England was England, had such a sight been seen as now revealed itself in those narrow straits

[1] Sir W. Winter to Walsingham, MS. last cited.

between Dover and Calais. Along that long, low, sandy shore, and quite within the range of the Calais fortifications, one hundred and thirty Spanish ships—the greater number of them the largest and most heavily armed in the world—lay face to face, and scarcely out of cannon-shot, with one hundred and fifty English sloops and frigates, the strongest and swiftest that the island could furnish, and commanded by men whose exploits had rung through the world.

Farther along the coast, invisible, but known to be performing a most perilous and vital service, was a squadron of Dutch vessels of all sizes, lining both the inner and outer edges of the sand-banks off the Flemish coasts, and swarming in all the estuaries and inlets of that intricate and dangerous cruising-ground between Dunkirk and Walcheren. Those fleets of Holland and Zealand, numbering some one hundred and fifty galleons, sloops, and flyboats, under Warmond, Nassau, Van der Does, De Moor, and Rosendael, lay patiently blockading every possible egress from Nieuport, or Gravelines, or Sluis, or Flushing, or Dunkirk, and longing to grapple with the Duke of Parma,[1] so soon as his fleet of gunboats and hoys, packed with his Spanish and Italian veterans, should venture to set forth upon the sea for their long-prepared exploit.

It was a pompous spectacle, that midsummer night, upon those narrow seas. The moon, which was at the full, was rising calmly upon a scene of anxious expectation. Would she not be looking, by the morrow's night, upon a subjugated England, a reënslaved Holland—upon the downfall of civil and religious liberty? Those ships of Spain, which lay there with their banners

[1] Bor, iii. 321 seq. Meteren, xv. 272, 273.

waving in the moonlight, discharging salvos of anticipated triumph and filling the air with strains of insolent music, would they not, by daybreak, be moving straight to their purpose, bearing the conquerors of the world to the scene of their cherished hopes?

That English fleet, too, which rode there at anchor, so anxiously on the watch, would that swarm of nimble, lightly handled, but slender vessels, which had held their own hitherto in hurried and desultory skirmishes, be able to cope with their great antagonist now that the moment had arrived for the death-grapple? Would not Howard, Drake, Frobisher, Seymour, Winter, and Hawkins be swept out of the straits at last, yielding an open passage to Medina, Oquendo, Recalde, and Farnese? Would those Hollanders and Zealanders, cruising so vigilantly among their treacherous shallows, dare to maintain their post, now that the terrible "Holofernese," with his invincible legions, was resolved to come forth?

So soon as he had cast anchor, Howard despatched a pinnace to the *Vanguard*, with a message to Winter to come on board the flag-ship.[1] When Sir William reached the *Ark*, it was already nine in the evening. He was anxiously consulted by the lord admiral as to the course now to be taken. Hitherto the English had been teasing and perplexing an enemy on the retreat, as it were, by the nature of his instructions. Although anxious to give battle, the Spaniard was forbidden to descend upon the coast until after his junction with Parma. So the English had played a comparatively easy game, hanging upon their enemy's skirts, maltreating him as they doubled about him, cannonading him from a distance, and slipping out of his reach at their

[1] Winter to Walsingham, MS. already cited.

pleasure. But he was now to be met face to face, and the fate of the two free commonwealths of the world was upon the issue of the struggle, which could no longer be deferred.

Winter, standing side by side with the lord admiral on the deck of the little *Ark-Royal*, gazed for the first time on those enormous galleons and galleys, with which his companion was already sufficiently familiar.

"Considering their hugeness," said he, "'t will not be possible to remove them but by a device." [1]

Then remembering, in a lucky moment, something that he had heard three years before of the fire-ships sent by the Antwerpers against Parma's bridge,—the inventor of which, the Italian Gianibelli, was at that very moment constructing fortifications on the Thames [2] to assist the English against his old enemy Farnese,—Winter suggested that some stratagem of the same kind should be attempted against the Invincible Armada.[3] There was no time nor opportunity to prepare such submarine volcanoes as had been employed on that memorable occasion; but burning ships, at least, might be sent among the fleet. Some damage would doubtless be thus inflicted by the fire, and perhaps a panic, suggested by the memories of Antwerp and by the knowledge that the famous Mantuan wizard was then a resident of England, would be still more effective. In Winter's opinion, the Armada might at least be compelled to slip its cables, and be thrown into some confusion if the project were fairly carried out.

[1] Winter to Walsingham, MS. already cited.

[2] Meteren, xv. 272.

[3] Thus distinctly stated by Sir William Winter, in his admirable letter of August 1 (11), MS. already cited.

Howard approved of the device, and determined to hold, next morning, a council of war for arranging the details of its execution.[1]

While the two sat in the cabin, conversing thus earnestly, there had well-nigh been a serious misfortune. The ship *White Bear*, of 1000 tons burden, and three others of the English fleet, all tangled together, came drifting with the tide against the *Ark*. There were many yards carried away, much tackle spoiled, and for a time there was great danger, in the opinion of Winter, that some of the very best ships in the fleet would be crippled and quite destroyed on the eve of a general engagement. By alacrity and good handling, however, the ships were separated, and the ill consequences of an accident, such as had already proved fatal to several Spanish vessels, were fortunately averted.[2]

Next day, Sunday, 7th August, the two great fleets were still lying but a mile and a half apart, calmly gazing at each other, and rising and falling at their anchors as idly as if some vast summer regatta were the only purpose of that great assemblage of shipping. Nothing as yet was heard of Farnese. Thus far, at least, the Hollanders had held him at bay, and there was still

[1] Winter's letter, MS.

It has been stated by many writers (Camden, iii. 415; Meteren, xv. 273, and others) that this project of the fire-ships was directly commanded by the queen. Others attribute the device to the lord admiral (Bor, iii. 324), or to Drake (Strada, ix. 559), while Coloma (i. 7) prefers to regard the whole matter as quite a trifling accident ("harto pequeño accidente"); but there is no doubt that the merit of the original suggestion belongs exclusively to Winter. To give the glory of the achievement to her Majesty, who knew nothing of it whatever, was a most gratuitous exhibition of loyalty.

[2] Winter's letter, MS.

breathing-time before the catastrophe. So Howard hung out his signal for council early in the morning, and very soon after Drake and Hawkins, Seymour, Winter, and the rest, were gravely consulting in his cabin.[1]

It was decided that Winter's suggestion should be acted upon, and Sir Henry Palmer was immediately despatched in a pinnace to Dover, to bring off a number of old vessels fit to be fired, together with a supply of light wood, tar, rosin, sulphur, and other combustibles most adapted to the purpose.[2] But as time wore away, it became obviously impossible for Palmer to return that night, and it was determined to make the most of what could be collected in the fleet itself.[3] Otherwise it was to be feared that the opportunity might be forever lost. Parma, crushing all opposition, might suddenly appear at any moment upon the Channel; and the whole Spanish Armada, placing itself between him and his enemies, would engage the English and Dutch fleets, and cover his passage to Dover. It would then be too late to think of the burning ships.

On the other hand, upon the decks of the Armada there was an impatience, that night, which increased every hour. The governor of Calais, M. de Gourdon, had sent his nephew on board the flag-ship of Medina Sidonia, with courteous salutations, professions of friendship, and bountiful refreshments. There was no fear, now that Mucio was for the time in the ascendancy, that the schemes of Philip would be interfered with by France. The governor had, however, sent serious warning of the dangerous position in which the Armada had placed itself. He was quite right. Calais

[1] Winter's letter, MS. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

roads were no safe anchorage for huge vessels like those of Spain and Portugal, for the tides and cross-currents to which they were exposed were most treacherous.[1] It was calm enough at the moment, but a westerly gale might in a few hours drive the whole fleet hopelessly among the sand-banks of the dangerous Flemish coast. Moreover, the duke, although tolerably well furnished with charts and pilots for the English coast, was comparatively unprovided against the dangers which might beset him off Dunkirk, Nieuport, and Flushing. He had sent messengers, day after day, to Farnese, begging for assistance of various kinds, but, above all, imploring his instant presence on the field of action.[2] It was the time and place for Alexander to assume the chief command. The Armada was ready to make front against the English fleet on the left, while on the right the duke, thus protected, might proceed across the Channel and take possession of England.

And the impatience of the soldiers and sailors on board the fleet was equal to that of their commanders. There was London almost before their eyes—a huge mass of treasure, richer and more accessible than those mines beyond the Atlantic which had so often rewarded Spanish chivalry with fabulous wealth. And there were men in those galleons who remembered the sack of Antwerp, eleven years before; men who could tell, from personal experience, how helpless was a great commercial city when once in the clutch of disciplined brigands; men who, in that dread Fury of Antwerp, had

[1] Herrera, iii. iii. 108.

[2] Medina Sidonia to Parma, August 2, 1588, August 4, 1588, August 5, 1588. Parma to Philip II., August 7, 1588, August 8, 1588. Arch. de Sim. MSS.

enriched themselves in an hour with the accumulations of a merchant's lifetime, and who had slain fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brides and bridegrooms, before each other's eyes, until the number of inhabitants butchered in the blazing streets rose to many thousands, and the plunder from palaces and warehouses was counted by millions, before the sun had set on the Great Fury. Those Spaniards and Italians and Walloons were now thirsting for more gold, for more blood; and as the capital of England was even more wealthy and far more defenseless than the commercial metropolis of the Netherlands had been, so it was resolved that the London Fury should be more thorough and more productive than the Fury of Antwerp, at the memory of which the world still shuddered. And these professional soldiers had been taught to consider the English as a pacific, delicate, effeminate race, dependent on good living, without experience of war, quickly fatigued and discouraged,[1] and even more easily to be plundered and butchered than were the excellent burghers of Antwerp.

And so these Southern conquerors looked down from their great galleons and galleasses upon the English vessels. More than three quarters of them were merchantmen. There was no comparison whatever between the relative strength of the fleets. In number they were about equal, being each from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty strong, but the Spaniards had twice the tonnage of the English, four times the artillery, and nearly three times the number of men.

Where was Farnese? Most impatiently the golden duke paced the deck of the *St. Martin*. Most eagerly were thousands of eyes strained toward the eastern

[1] Examination of Don Diego de Pimentel, in Bor, iii. 325, 326.

horizon to catch the first glimpse of Parma's flotilla. But the day wore on to its close, and still the same inexplicable and mysterious silence prevailed. There was utter solitude on the waters in the direction of Gravelines and Dunkirk—not a sail upon the sea in the quarter where bustle and activity had been most expected. The mystery was profound, for it had never entered the head of any man in the Armada that Alexander could not come out when he chose.[1]

And now to impatience succeeded suspicion and indignation, and there were curses upon sluggishness and upon treachery. For in the horrible atmosphere of duplicity in which all Spaniards and Italians of that epoch lived, every man suspected his brother, and already Medina Sidonia suspected Farnese of playing him false. There were whispers of collusion between the duke and the English commissioners at Bourbourg. There were hints that Alexander was playing his own game, that he meant to divide the sovereignty of the Netherlands with the heretic Elizabeth, to desert his great trust, and to effect, if possible, the destruction of his master's Armada, and the downfall of his master's sovereignty in the North. Men told each other, too, of a vague rumor, concerning which Alexander might have received information, and in which many believed, that Medina Sidonia was the bearer of secret orders to throw Farnese into bondage so soon as he should appear, to send him a disgraced captive back to Spain for punishment, and to place the baton of command in the hand of the Duke of Pastrana, Philip's bastard by the Eboli.[2] Thus, in the absence of Alexander, all was suspense and

[1] Examination, etc., last cited.

[2] Strada, ii. x. 567, 568.

suspicion. It seemed possible that disaster instead of triumph was in store for them through the treachery of the commander-in-chief. Four-and-twenty hours and more they had been lying in that dangerous roadstead, and although the weather had been calm and the sea tranquil, there seemed something brooding in the atmosphere.

As the twilight deepened, the moon became totally obscured, dark cloud-masses spread over the heavens, the sea grew black, distant thunder rolled, and the sob of an approaching tempest became distinctly audible.[1] Such indications of a westerly gale were not encouraging to those cumbrous vessels, with the treacherous quicksands of Flanders under their lee.

At an hour past midnight it was so dark that it was difficult for the most practised eye to pierce far into the gloom. But a faint drip of oars now struck the ears of the Spaniards as they watched from the decks. A few moments afterward the sea became suddenly luminous, and six flaming vessels appeared at a slight distance, bearing steadily down upon them before the wind and tide.[2]

There were men in the Armada who had been at the siege of Antwerp only three years before. They remembered with horror the devil-ships of Gianibelli, those floating volcanoes which had seemed to rend earth and ocean, whose explosion had laid so many thousands of soldiers dead at a blow, and which had shattered the bridge and floating forts of Farnese as though they had

[1] Strada, ii. x. 560.

[2] Winter's letter, MS. already cited. Compare Herrera, iii. iii. 108; Meteren, xv. 273; Bor, iii. 324 seq.; Strada, ii. x. 560, 561; Camden, iii. 415.

been toys of glass. They knew, too, that the famous engineer was at that moment in England.

In a moment one of those horrible panics which spread with such contagious rapidity among large bodies of men seized upon the Spaniards. There was a yell throughout the fleet, "The fire-ships of Antwerp, the fire-ships of Antwerp!" and in an instant every cable was cut, and frantic attempts were made by each galleon and galleass to escape what seemed imminent destruction. The confusion was beyond description. Four or five of the largest ships became entangled with each other. Two others[1] were set on fire by the flaming vessels, and were consumed. Medina Sidonia, who had been warned, even before his departure from Spain,[2] that some such artifice would probably be attempted, and who had even, early that morning, sent out a party of sailors in a pinnace[3] to search for indications of the scheme, was not surprised or dismayed. He gave orders, as well as might be, that every ship, after the danger should be past, was to return to its post and await his further orders.[4] But it was useless, in that moment of unreasonable panic, to issue commands. The despised Mantuan, who had met with so many rebuffs at Philip's court, and who, owing to official incredulity, had been but partially successful in his magnificent enterprise at

[1] This fact, mentioned by no historian, distinctly appears from Winter's letter, so often cited: "We perceived that there were *two* great fires more than ours (previously stated by him as six in number), and far greater and huger than any our fired vessels could make."

[2] "Advertido va el duque del intento de Drake quanto al quemar los navios."—Philip II. to Mendoza, June 21, 1588, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

[3] Herrera, iii. iii. 108

[4] Ibid.

Antwerp, had now, by the mere terror of his name, inflicted more damage on Philip's Armada than had hitherto been accomplished by Howard and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher, combined.

So long as night and darkness lasted, the confusion and uproar continued. When the Monday morning dawned, several of the Spanish vessels lay disabled, while the rest of the fleet was seen at a distance of two leagues from Calais, driving toward the Flemish coast. The threatened gale had not yet begun to blow, but there were fresh squalls from the west-southwest, which, to such awkward sailers as the Spanish vessels, were difficult to contend with. On the other hand, the English fleet were all astir, and ready to pursue the Spaniards, now rapidly drifting into the North Sea. In the immediate neighborhood of Calais, the flag-ship of the squadron of galleasses, commanded by Don Hugo de Moncada, was discovered using her foresail and oars, and endeavoring to enter the harbor. She had been damaged by collision with the *St. John of Sicily* and other ships during the night's panic, and had her rudder quite torn away.[1] She was the largest and most splendid vessel in the Armada, the show-ship of the fleet, "the very glory and stay of the Spanish navy,"[2] and during the previous two days she had been visited and admired by great numbers of Frenchmen from the shore.

Lord Admiral Howard bore down upon her at once, but as she was already in shallow water, and was rowing steadily toward the town, he saw that the *Ark* could

[1] Declaration of the Proceedings of the Two Fleets, MS. already cited.

[2] R. Tomson to ——, July 30 (August 9), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

not follow with safety. So he sent his long-boat to cut her out, manned with fifty or sixty volunteers, most of them "as valiant in courage as gentle in birth,"[1] as a partaker in the adventure declared. The *Margaret and Joan* of London, also following in pursuit, ran herself aground, but the master despatched his pinnace, with a body of musketeers, to aid in the capture of the galleass.[2]

That huge vessel failed to enter the harbor, and stuck fast upon the bar. There was much dismay on board, but Don Hugo prepared resolutely to defend himself. The quays of Calais and the line of the French shore were lined with thousands of eager spectators, as the two boats, rowing steadily toward a galleass which carried forty brass pieces of artillery and was manned with three hundred soldiers and four hundred and fifty slaves, seemed rushing upon their own destruction. Of these daring Englishmen, patricians and plebeians together, in two open pinnaces, there were not more than one hundred in number, all told. They soon laid themselves close to the *Capitana*, far below her lofty sides, and called on Don Hugo to surrender. The answer was a smile of derision from the haughty Spaniard, as he looked down upon them from what seemed an inaccessible height. Then one Wilton, cockswain of the *Delight*, of Winter's squadron, clambered up to the enemy's deck, and fell dead the same instant.[3] Then the English volunteers opened a volley upon the Spaniards. "They seemed safely ensconced in their ships," said bold Dick Tomson, of the *Margaret and Joan*, "while we, in our open pinnaces, and far under them, had nothing to

[1] R. Tomson to ——, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.

[3] Winter to Walsingham, MS. before cited.

shroud and cover us." Moreover, the numbers were seven hundred and fifty to one hundred. But the Spaniards, still quite disconcerted by the events of the preceding night, seemed under a spell. Otherwise it would have been an easy matter for the great galleass to annihilate such puny antagonists in a very short space of time.[1]

The English pelted the Spaniards quite cheerfully, however, with harquebus-shot whenever they showed themselves above the bulwarks, picked off a considerable number, and sustained a rather severe loss themselves, Lieutenant Preston, of the *Ark-Royal*, among others, being dangerously wounded. "We had a pretty skirmish for half an hour," said Tomson. At last Don Hugo de Moncada, furious at the inefficiency of his men, and leading them forward in person, fell back on his deck with a bullet through both eyes.[2] The panic was instantaneous, for meantime several other English boats, some with eight, ten, or twelve men on board, were seen pulling toward the galleass, while the dismayed soldiers at once leaped overboard on the land side, and attempted to escape by swimming and wading to the shore. Some of them succeeded, but the greater number were drowned. The few who remained, not more than twenty in all,[3] hoisted two handkerchiefs upon two rapiers as a signal of truce.[4] The English, accepting it as a signal of defeat, scrambled with great difficulty up the lofty sides of the *Capitana*, and for an

[1] Tomson's letter, MS. Compare Herrera, iii. iii. 108; Bor, iii. 324, 325; Meteren, xv. 273; Camden, iii. 415; Strada, ii. ix. 561; Coloma, i. 7, 8.

[2] Ibid. [3] Coloma, ubi sup.

[4] Tomson's letter, MS. before cited.

hour and a half occupied themselves most agreeably in plundering the ship and in liberating the slaves.[1]

It was their intention, with the flood-tide, to get the vessel off, as she was but slightly damaged and of very great value. But a serious obstacle arose to this arrangement. For presently a boat came alongside, with young M. de Gourdon and another French captain, and hailed the galleass. There was nobody on board who could speak French but Richard Tomson. So Richard returned the hail, and asked their business.[2] They said they came from the governor.

"And what is the governor's pleasure?" asked Tomson, when they had come up the side.

"The governor has stood and beheld your fight and rejoiced in your victory," was the reply, "and he says that for your prowess and manhood you well deserve the pillage of the galleass. He requires and commands you, however, not to attempt carrying off either the ship or its ordnance; for she lies aground under the battery of his castle, and within his jurisdiction, and does of right appertain to him."

This seemed hard upon the hundred volunteers who, in their two open boats, had so manfully carried a ship of 1200 tons, 40 guns, and 750 men; but Richard answered diplomatically.

"We thank M. de Gourdon," said he, "for granting the pillage to mariners and soldiers who had fought for it, and we acknowledge that without his good will we cannot carry away anything we have got, for the ship lies on ground directly under his batteries and bulwarks. Concerning the ship and ordnance, we pray that he would send a pinnace to my Lord Admiral Howard, who

[1] Bor, iii. 325. [2] Tomson's letter, MS. before cited.

is here in person hard by, from whom he will have an honorable and friendly answer, which we shall all obey."

With this the French officers, being apparently content, were about to depart, and it is not impossible that the soft answer might have obtained the galleass and the ordnance, notwithstanding the arrangement which Philip II. had made with his excellent friend Henry III. for aid and comfort to Spanish vessels in French ports. Unluckily, however, the inclination for plunder being rife that morning, some of the Englishmen hustled their French visitors, plundered them of their rings and jewels, as if they had been enemies, and then permitted them to depart. They rowed off to the shore, vowing vengeance, and within a few minutes after their return the battery of the fort was opened upon the English, and they were compelled to make their escape as they could with the plunder already secured, leaving the galleass in the possession of M. de Gourdon.[1]

This adventure being terminated, and the pinnaces having returned to the fleet, the lord admiral, who had been lying off and on,[2] now bore away with all his force in pursuit of the Spaniards. The Invincible Armada, already sorely crippled, was standing north-northeast, directly before a fresh topsail-breeze from the south-southwest. The English came up with them soon after 9 A. M. off Gravelines, and found them sailing in a half-moon, the admiral and vice-admiral in the center, and the flanks protected by the three remaining galleasses and by the great galleons of Portugal.[3]

Seeing the enemy approaching, Medina Sidonia

[1] Tomson's letter, MS. before cited. Compare Herrera, Bor, Meteren, Camden, Strada, Coloma, ubi sup.

[2] Winter's letter, MS. before cited. [3] Ibid.

ordered his whole fleet to luff to the wind and prepare for action.[1] The wind, shifting a few points, was now at west-northwest, so that the English had both the weather-gage and the tide in their favor. A general combat began at about ten, and it was soon obvious to the Spaniards that their adversaries were intending warm work. Sir Francis Drake, in the *Revenge*, followed by Frobisher, in the *Triumph*, Hawkins, in the *Victory*, and some smaller vessels, made the first attack upon the Spanish flag-ships. Lord Henry, in the *Rainbow*, Sir Henry Palmer, in the *Antelope*, and others, engaged with three of the largest galleons of the Armada, while Sir William Winter, in the *Vanguard*, supported by most of his squadron, charged the starboard wing.[2]

The portion of the fleet thus assaulted fell back into the main body. Four of the ships ran foul of each other,[3] and Winter, driving into their center, found himself within musket-shot of many of their most formidable ships.

"I tell you, on the credit of a poor gentleman," he said, "that there were five hundred discharges of demi-cannon, culverin, and demi-culverin from the *Vanguard;* and when I was farthest off in firing my pieces, I was not out of shot of their harquebus, and most time within speech one of another."[4]

The battle lasted six hours long, hot and furious; for now there was no excuse for retreat on the part of the Spaniards, but, on the contrary, it was the intention of the captain-general to return to his station off Calais,

[1] Herrera, iii. iii. 110.

[2] Ibid. Winter's letter, MS. Lord H. Seymour to the queen, in Barrow, 305.

[3] Winter's letter, MS.

[4] Ibid.

if it were within his power. Nevertheless, the English still partially maintained the tactics which had proved so successful, and resolutely refused the fierce attempts of the Spaniards to lay themselves alongside. Keeping within musket-range, the well-disciplined English mariners poured broadside after broadside against the towering ships of the Armada, which afforded so easy a mark; while the Spaniards, on their part, found it impossible, while wasting incredible quantities of powder and shot, to inflict any severe damage on their enemies. Throughout the action not an English ship was destroyed and not a hundred men were killed.[1] On the other hand, all the best ships of the Spaniards were riddled through and through, and with masts and yards shattered, sails and rigging torn to shreds, and a northwest wind still drifting them toward the fatal sand-banks of Holland, they labored heavily in a chopping sea, firing wildly, and receiving tremendous punishment at the hands of Howard, Drake, Seymour, Winter, and their followers. Not even Master Gunner Thomas could complain that day of "blind exercise" on the part of the English, with "little harm done" to the enemy. There was scarcely a ship in the Armada that did not suffer severely,[2] for nearly all were engaged in that memorable action off the sands of Gravelines. The captain-general himself, Admiral Recalde, Alonzo de Leyva,

[1] Herrera, iii. iii. 110.

[2] "God hath mightily preserved her Majesty's forces with the least losses that ever hath been heard of, being within the compass of so great volleys of shot, both small and great. I verily believe there is not threescore men lost of her Majesty's forces." —Captain J. Fenner to Walsingham, August 4 (14), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

Oquendo, Diego Flores de Valdez, Bertendona, Don Francisco de Toledo, Don Diego de Pimentel, Telles Enriquez, Alonzo de Luzon, Garibay, with most of the great galleons and galleasses, were in the thickest of the fight, and one after the other each of those huge ships was disabled. Three sank before the fight was over, many others were soon drifting helpless wrecks toward a hostile shore, and before five o'clock in the afternoon at least sixteen of their best ships had been sacrificed, and from four to five thousand soldiers killed.[1]

Nearly all the largest vessels of the Armada, therefore, having been disabled or damaged, according to a Spanish eye-witness, and all their small shot exhausted, Medina Sidonia reluctantly gave orders to retreat. The captain-general was a bad sailor, but he was a chivalrous Spaniard of ancient Gothic blood, and he felt deep mortification at the plight of his invincible fleet, together with undisguised resentment against Alexander Farnese, through whose treachery and incapacity he considered the great Catholic cause to have been so foully sacrificed. Crippled, maltreated, and diminished in number as were his ships, he would have still faced the enemy, but the winds and currents were fast driving him on a lee shore, and the pilots, one and all, assured him that it would be inevitable destruction to remain. After a slight and very ineffectual attempt to rescue Don Diego de Pimentel in the *St. Matthew*, who refused to leave his disabled ship, and Don Francisco de Toledo, whose great galleon, the *St. Philip*, was fast driving, a helpless wreck, toward Zealand, the Armada bore away north-northeast

[1] Bor, iii. 327. Herrera, ubi sup. Declaration of the Proceedings, MS. Howard to Walsingham, August 7 (17), 1588. Drake to the queen, August 8 (18), 1588, in Barrow, 306–310.

into the open sea, leaving those who could not follow to their fate.[1]

The *St. Matthew*, in a sinking condition, hailed a Dutch fisherman, who was offered a gold chain to pilot her into Nieuport. But the fisherman, being a patriot, steered her close to the Holland fleet, where she was immediately assaulted by Admiral van der Does, to whom, after a two hours' bloody fight, she struck her flag.[2] Don Diego, marshal of the camp to the famous legion of Sicily, brother of the Marquis of Tavera, nephew of the viceroy of Sicily, uncle to the viceroy of Naples, and numbering as many titles, dignities, and high affinities as could be expected of a grandee of the first class, was taken, with his officers, to The Hague.[3] "I was the means," said Captain Borlase, "that the best sort were saved, and the rest were cast overboard and slain at our entry. He fought with us two hours, and hurt divers of our men, but at last yielded."[4]

John van der Does, his captor, presented the banner of the *St. Matthew* to the great church of Leyden, where —such was its prodigious length—it hung from floor to ceiling without being entirely unrolled;[5] and there it hung, from generation to generation, a worthy companion to the Spanish flags which had been left behind when Valdez abandoned the siege of that heroic city fifteen years before.

The galleon *St. Philip*, one of the four largest ships in the Armada, dismasted and foundering, drifted toward

[1] Herrera, iii. iii. 109. Meteren, xv. 273, 274. Bor, iii. 325. Camden, iii. 415, 416.

[2] Bor, ubi sup. [3] Ibid.

[4] Borlase to Walsingham, August 3 (13), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[5] Bor, Meteren, ubi sup.

Nieuport, where Camp-Marshal Don Francisco de Toledo hoped in vain for succor. La Motte made a feeble attempt at rescue, but some vessels from the Holland fleet, being much more active, seized the unfortunate galleon, and carried her into Flushing. The captors found forty-eight brass cannon and other things of value on board, but there were some casks of Ribadavia wine, which was more fatal to her enemies than those pieces of artillery had proved. For while the rebels were refreshing themselves, after the fatigues of the capture, with large draughts of that famous vintage, the *St. Philip*, which had been bored through and through with English shot, and had been rapidly filling with water, gave a sudden lurch, and went down in a moment, carrying with her to the bottom three hundred of those convivial Hollanders.[1]

A large Biscay galleon, too, of Recalde's squadron, much disabled in action, and now, like many others, unable to follow the Armada, was summoned by Captain Cross, of the *Hope*, 48 guns, to surrender. Although foundering, she resisted, and refused to strike her flag. One of her officers attempted to haul down her colors, and was run through the body by the captain, who, in his turn, was struck dead by a brother of the officer thus slain. In the midst of this quarrel the ship went down with all her crew.[2]

Six hours and more, from ten till nearly five, the fight had lasted—a most cruel battle, as a Spaniard

[1] Coloma, i. 8vo. Compare Meteren, Bor, ubi sup., et al.

[2] Meteren, xv. 273vo, who relates the anecdote on the authority of some sailors who made their escape by jumping overboard, and who were picked up just before she sank. (Declaration of the Proceedings, etc., MS.)

declared. There were men in the Armada who had served in the action of Lepanto,[1] and who declared that famous encounter to have been far surpassed in severity and spirit by this fight off Gravelines. "Surely every man in our fleet did well," said Winter, "and the slaughter the enemy received was great."[2] Nor would the Spaniards have escaped even worse punishment, had not, most unfortunately, the penurious policy of the queen's government rendered her ships useless at last, even in this supreme moment. They never ceased cannonading the discomfited enemy until the ammunition was exhausted. "When the cartridges were all spent," said Winter, "and the munitions in some vessels gone altogether, we ceased fighting, but followed the enemy, who still kept away."[3] And the enemy, although still numerous, and seeming strong enough, if properly handled, to destroy the whole English fleet, fled before them. There remained more than fifty Spanish vessels above six hundred tons in size, besides sixty hulks and other vessels of less account, while in the whole English navy were but thirteen ships of or above that burden. "Their force is wonderful great and strong," said

[1] Howard to Walsingham, August 8 (18), 1588, S. P. Office MS. "Some make little account," says the lord admiral, "of the Spanish forces by sea, but, I do warrant you, all the world never saw such a force as theirs was. And some Spanish there we have taken, that were in the fight of Lepanto, do say that the worst of our four fights that we have had with them did exceed far the fight they had there; and they say that at some of our fights we had twenty times as much great shot there played than they had there."

"It was a most cruel battle (*cruelissima batalla*)," says Herrera, from the journal of a Spaniard present (iii. 108).

[2] Winter's letter, August 1 (11), 1588, MS. before cited.

[3] Ibid.

Howard, "but we pluck their feathers by little and little."[1]

For Medina Sidonia had now satisfied himself that he should never succeed in boarding those hard-fighting and swift-sailing craft, while, meantime, the horrible panic of Sunday night and the succession of fights throughout the following day had completely disorganized his followers. Crippled, riddled, shorn, but still numerous, and by no means entirely vanquished, the Armada was flying with a gentle breeze before an enemy who, to save his existence, could not have fired a broadside.

"Though our powder and shot was well-nigh spent," said the lord admiral, "we put on a brag countenance and gave them chase, as though we had wanted nothing."[2] And the brag countenance was successful, for that "one day's service had much appalled the enemy,"[3] as Drake observed; and still the Spaniards fled with a freshening gale all through the Monday night. "A thing greatly to be regarded," said Fenner, of the *Nonpareil*, "is that the Almighty had stricken them with a wonderful fear. I have hardly seen any of their companies succored of the extremities which befell them after their fights, but they have been left at utter ruin, while they bear as much sail as ever they possibly can."[4]

On Tuesday morning, 9th August, the English ships were off the isle of Walcheren, at a safe distance from the shore. "The wind is hanging westerly," said Rich-

[1] Howard to Walsingham, July 29 (August 8), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Same to same, August 7 (17), 1588, in Barrow, 306, 307.

[3] Drake to Walsingham, in Barrow, 301.

[4] Fenner to Walsingham, August 4 (14), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

ard Tomson, of the *Margaret and Joan*, "and we drive our enemies apace, much marveling in what port they will direct themselves. Those that are left alive are so weak and heartless that they could be well content to lose all charges and to be at home, both rich and poor."[1]

"In my conscience," said Sir William Winter, "I think the duke would give his dukedom to be in Spain again."[2]

The English ships, one hundred and four in number,[3] being that morning half a league to windward, the duke gave orders for the whole Armada to lay to and await their approach. But the English had no disposition to engage, for at that moment the instantaneous destruction of their enemies seemed inevitable. Ill managed, panic-stricken, staggering before their foes, the Spanish fleet was now close upon the fatal sands of Zealand. Already there were but six and a half fathoms of water, rapidly shoaling, under their keels, and the pilots told Medina that all were irretrievably lost, for the freshening northwester was driving them steadily upon the banks. The English, easily escaping the danger, hauled their wind, and paused to see the ruin of the proud Armada accomplished before their eyes. Nothing but a change of wind at the instant could save them from perdition. There was a breathless shudder of suspense, and then there came the change. Just as the foremost ships were about to ground on the Ooster Zand, the wind suddenly veered to the southwest, and the Spanish ships, quickly squaring their sails to the new impulse, stood out once more into the open sea.[4]

[1] Tomson's letter, MS. before cited.
[2] Winter's letter, MS. before cited.
[3] Herrera, 110. [4] Ibid. Camden, iii. 416.

All that day the galleons and galleasses, under all the canvas which they dared to spread, continued their flight before the southwesterly breeze, and still the lord admiral, maintaining the brag countenance, followed, at an easy distance, the retreating foe. At 4 P. M. Howard fired a signal-gun and ran up a flag of council. Winter could not go, for he had been wounded in action, but Seymour and Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and the rest, were present, and it was decided that Lord Henry should return, accompanied by Winter and the rest of the inner squadron, to guard the Thames mouth against any attempt of the Duke of Parma, while the lord admiral and the rest of the navy should continue the pursuit of the Armada.[1]

Very wroth was Lord Henry at being deprived of his share in the chase. "The lord admiral was altogether desirous to have me strengthen him," said he, "and having done so to the utmost of my good will and the venture of my life, and to the distressing of the Spaniards, which was thoroughly done on the Monday last, I now find his Lordship jealous and loath to take part of the honor which is to come. So he has used his authority to command me to look to our English coast, threatened by the Duke of Parma. I pray God my lord admiral do not find the lack of the *Rainbow* and her companions, for I protest before God I vowed I would be as near or nearer with my little ship to encounter our enemies as any of the greatest ships in both armies."[2]

There was no insubordination, however, and Seymour's squadron, at twilight of Tuesday evening, August 9,—

[1] Winter's letter, MS.

[2] Lord H. Seymour to Walsingham, August 1 (11), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

according to orders, so that the enemy might not see their departure,—bore away for Margate.[1] But although Winter and Seymour were much disappointed at their enforced return, there was less enthusiasm among the sailors of the fleet. Pursuing the Spaniards without powder or fire, and without beef and bread to eat, was not thought amusing by the English crews. Howard had not three days' supply of food in his lockers, and Seymour and his squadron had not food for one day. Accordingly, when Seymour and Winter took their departure, "they had much ado," so Winter said, "with the staying of many ships that would have returned with them, besides their own company."[2] Had the Spaniards, instead of being panic-stricken, but turned on their pursuers, what might have been the result of a conflict with starving and unarmed men?[3]

Howard, Drake, and Frobisher, with the rest of the fleet, followed the Armada through the North Sea from Tuesday night (9th August) till Friday (the 12th), and still the strong southwester swept the Spaniards before them, uncertain whether to seek refuge, food, water, and room to repair damages in the realms of the treacherous King of Scots, or on the iron-bound coasts of Norway. Medina Sidonia had, however, quite abandoned his intention of returning to England, and was only anxious for a safe return to Spain. So much did he dread that northern passage, unpiloted, around the grim Hebrides,

[1] Winter's letter, MS. [2] Ibid.

[3] "Had the English been well furnished with victuals and munition," says Stow, "they would in the pursuit have brought the Spaniards to their mercy. On the other hand, had the Spaniards but two days longer continued fight, they must have driven the English to retreat for want of shot and powder, leaving the Spaniards masters of the field" (719).

that he would probably have surrendered, had the English overtaken him and once more offered battle. He was on the point of hanging out a white flag, as they approached him for the last time, but yielded to the expostulations of the ecclesiastics on board the *St. Martin*, who thought, no doubt, that they had more to fear from England than from the sea, should they be carried captive to that country, and who persuaded him that it would be a sin and a disgrace to surrender before they had been once more attacked.[1]

On the other hand, the Devonshire skipper, Vice-Admiral Drake, now thoroughly in his element, could not restrain his hilarity as he saw the Invincible Armada of the man whose beard he had so often singed rolling through the German Ocean, in full flight from the country which was to have been made, that week, a Spanish province. Unprovided as were his ships, he was for risking another battle, and it is quite possible that the brag countenance might have proved even more successful than Howard thought.

"We have the army of Spain before us," wrote Drake, from the *Revenge*, "and hope with the grace of God to wrestle a pull with him. There never was anything pleased me better than seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northward. God grant you have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Mary's Port, among his orange-trees."[2]

[1] Meteren, xv. 274, on the authority of certain Dutch fishermen, who had been impressed on board the *St. Martin*. Reyd, viii. 147.

[2] Drake to Walsingham, July 31 (August 10), 1588, in Barrow, 304.

But Howard decided to wrestle no further pull. Having followed the Spaniards till Friday, 12th of August, as far as the latitude of 56° 17′, the lord admiral called a council.[1] It was then decided, in order to save English lives and ships, to put into the Firth of Forth for water and provisions, leaving two "pinnaces to dog the fleet until it should be past the isles of Scotland."[2] But the next day, as the wind shifted to the northwest, another council decided to take advantage of the change, and bear away for the North Foreland, in order to obtain a supply of powder, shot, and provisions.[3]

Up to this period, the weather, though occasionally threatening, had been moderate. During the week which succeeded the eventful night off Calais, neither the Armada nor the English ships had been much impeded in their manœuvers by storms or heavy seas. But on the following Sunday, 14th of August, there was a change. The wind shifted again to the southwest, and during the whole of that day and the Monday blew a tremendous gale.[4] "'T was a more violent storm," said Howard, "than was ever seen before at this time of the year."[5] The retreating English fleet was scattered; many ships were in peril "among the ill-favored sands off Norfolk," but within four or five days all arrived safely in Margate roads.[6]

Far different was the fate of the Spaniards. Over their Invincible Armada, last seen by the departing English midway between the coasts of Scotland and

[1] Bor, iii. 326.

[2] Fenner to Walsingham, August 4 (14), 1588, S. P. Office MS. Howard to Walsingham, August 7 (17), 1588, in Barrow, 306.

[3] Fenner's letter, MS. last cited. [4] Ibid.

[5] Howard to Walsingham, August 8 (18), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[6] Ibid.

Denmark, the blackness of night seemed suddenly to descend. A mystery hung for a long time over their fate. Damaged, leaking, without pilots, without a competent commander, the great fleet entered that furious storm, and was whirled along the iron crags of Norway and between the savage rocks of Faroe and the Hebrides. In those regions of tempest the insulted North wreaked its full vengeance on the insolent Spaniards. Disaster after disaster marked their perilous track; gale after gale swept them hither and thither, tossing them on sand-banks or shattering them against granite cliffs. The coasts of Norway, Scotland, Ireland, were strewn with the wrecks of that pompous fleet which claimed the dominion of the seas, with the bones of those invincible legions which were to have sacked London and made England a Spanish viceroyalty.

Through the remainder of the month of August there was a succession of storms. On the 2d September a fierce southwester drove Admiral Oquendo in his galleon, together with one of the great galleasses, two large Venetian ships, the *Ratta* and the *Balauzara*, and thirty-six other vessels, upon the Irish coast, where nearly every soul on board perished, while the few who escaped to the shore, notwithstanding their religious affinity with the inhabitants, were either butchered in cold blood, or sent coupled in halters from village to village, in order to be shipped to England.[1] A few ships were driven on the English coast; others went ashore near Rochelle.

Of the four galleasses and four galleys, one of each returned to Spain. Of the ninety-one great galleons and hulks, fifty-eight were lost and thirty-three returned.[2]

[1] Drake, in Stow, 750 seq. Barrow, 319. Meteren, xv. 274. Bor, iii. 326, 327.

[2] Meteren and Bor, ubi sup.

Of the tenders and zabras, seventeen were lost and eighteen returned. Of one hundred and thirty-four vessels which sailed from Coruña in July, but fifty-three,[1] great and small, made their escape to Spain, and these were so damaged as to be utterly worthless. The Invincible Armada had not only been vanquished, but annihilated.

Of the thirty thousand men who sailed in the fleet, it is probable that not more than ten thousand ever saw their native land again. Most of the leaders of the expedition lost their lives. Medina Sidonia reached Santander in October, and, as Philip for a moment believed, "with the greater part of the Armada," although the king soon discovered his mistake.[2] Recalde, Diego Flores de Valdez, Oquendo, Maldonado, Bobadilla, Manriquez, either perished at sea or died of exhaustion immediately after their return. Pedro de Valdez, Vasco de Silva, Alonzo de Sayas, Pimentel, Toledo, with many other nobles, were prisoners in England and Holland. There was hardly a distinguished family in Spain not placed in mourning, so that, to relieve the universal gloom, an edict was published forbidding the wearing of mourning at all. On the other hand, a merchant of Lisbon, not yet reconciled to the Spanish conquest of his country, permitted himself some tokens of hilarity at the defeat of the Armada, and was immediately

[1] Meteren and Bor, ubi sup. Compare Strada, ii. ix. 563, who sets before his readers the "absurd discrepancy" between the English-Dutch and the Spanish accounts of these losses. According to the Spaniards, thirty-three vessels were lost or captured, and ten thousand men were missing. According to their enemies, only ten thousand men and about sixty ships escaped. Meteren's account (xv. 274) is minute and seems truthful, and is followed in the text.

[2] Philip II. to Parma, October 10, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

hanged by express command of Philip. Thus, as men said, one could neither cry nor laugh within the Spanish dominions.[1]

This was the result of the invasion, so many years preparing, and at an expense almost incalculable. In the year 1588 alone the cost of Philip's armaments for the subjugation of England could not have been less than six millions of ducats, and there was at least as large a sum on board the Armada itself, although the pope refused to pay his promised million.[2] And with all this outlay, and with the sacrifice of so many thousand lives, nothing had been accomplished, and Spain, in a moment, instead of seeming terrible to all the world, had become ridiculous.[3]

"Beaten and shuffled together from the Lizard to Calais, from Calais driven with squibs from their anchors, and chased out of sight of England about Scotland and Ireland," as the Devonshire skipper expressed himself, it must be confessed that the Spaniards presented a sorry sight. "Their invincible and dreadful navy," said Drake, "with all its great and terrible ostentation, did not in all their sailing about England so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cockboat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheepcote on this land."[4]

[1] Reyd, viii. 148.

[2] Philip to Parma, October 10, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[3] The wits of Rome were very severe upon Philip. "S'il y a aucun," said a pasquil stuck up in that city, "qui sache des nouvelles de l'armée d'Espagne, perdue en mer depuis trois semaines ou environ, et qui puisse apprendre ce qu'elle est devenue, qu'il en vienne a revelation, et s'addresse au palais St. Pierre ou le St. Père lui fera donner son vin."—L'Estoile, 263.

[4] Drake, in Stow, before cited.

Meanwhile Farnese sat chafing under the unjust reproaches heaped upon him, as if he, and not his master, had been responsible for the gigantic blunders of the invasion.[1]

"As for the Prince of Parma," said Drake, "I take him to be as a bear robbed of her whelps."[2] The admiral was quite right. Alexander was beside himself with rage. Day after day he had been repeating to Medina Sidonia and to Philip that his flotilla and transports could scarcely live in any but the smoothest sea, while the supposition that they could serve a warlike purpose he pronounced absolutely ludicrous. He had always counseled the seizing of a place like Flushing, as a basis of operations against England, but had been overruled; and he had at least reckoned upon the Invincible Armada to clear the way for him before he should be expected to take the sea.[3]

With prodigious energy and at great expense he had constructed or improved internal water-communications from Ghent to Sluis, Nieuport, and Dunkirk. He had thus transported all his hoys, barges, and munitions for the invasion from all points of the obedient Netherlands to the sea-coast, without coming within reach of the Hollanders and Zealanders, who were keeping close watch on the outside. But those Hollanders and Zea-

[1] "It seems the Duke of Parma is in a great chafe," said Seymour, "to see his ships in durance at Dunkirk, also to find such discomfiture of the Spanish fleet hard by his nose. I can say no more, but God doth show his mighty hand for protecting this little island."—Seymour to Walsingham, August 7 (17), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Drake to Walsingham, August 10 (20), 1588, in Barrow, 310.

[3] Parma's letters to Philip before cited, passim, Arch. de Sim. MS.

landers, guarding every outlet to the ocean, occupying every hole and cranny of the coast, laughed the invaders of England to scorn, braving them, jeering them, daring them to come forth, while the Walloons and Spaniards shrank before such amphibious assailants, to whom a combat on the water was as natural as upon dry land. Alexander, upon one occasion, transported with rage, selected a band of one thousand musketeers, partly Spanish, partly Irish, and ordered an assault upon those insolent boatmen. With his own hand, so it was related, he struck dead more than one of his own officers who remonstrated against these commands; and then the attack was made by his thousand musketeers upon the Hollanders, and every man of the thousand was slain.[1]

He had been reproached for not being ready, for not having embarked his men; but he had been ready for a month, and his men could be embarked in a single day. "But it was impossible," he said, "to keep them long packed up on board vessels so small that there was no room to turn about in; the people would sicken, would rot, would die."[2] So soon as he had received information of the arrival of the fleet before Calais, which was on the 8th August, he had proceeded the same night to Nieuport and embarked sixteen thousand men, and before dawn he was at Dunkirk, where the troops stationed in that port were as rapidly placed on board the transports.[3] Sir William Stanley, with his seven hundred

[1] Bor, iii. 323, 324. Strada, ii. ix. 562. Reyd, viii. 147.

[2] "Porque los baxeles son tan pequeños que no hay plaza para revolverse. La gente se enfermeria, pudriera, y perderia."—Parma to Philip, August 8, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[3] Parma to Philip, August 10, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

Irish kernes, were among the first shipped for the enterprise.[1] Two days long these regiments lay heaped together, like sacks of corn, in the boats, as one of their officers described it,[2] and they lay cheerfully, hoping that the Dutch fleet would be swept out of the sea by the Invincible Armada, and patiently expecting the signal for setting sail to England. Then came the Prince of Ascoli, who had gone ashore from the Spanish fleet at Calais, accompanied by Sergeant-Major Gallinato and other messengers from Medina Sidonia, bringing the news of the fire-ships and the dispersion and flight of the Armada.[3]

"God knows," said Alexander, "the distress in which this event has plunged me, at the very moment when I expected to be sending your Majesty my congratulations on the success of the great undertaking. But these are the works of the Lord, who can recompense your Majesty by giving you many victories, and the fulfilment of your Majesty's desires, when he thinks the proper time arrived. Meantime let him be praised for all, and let your Majesty take great care of your health, which is the most important thing of all."[4]

Evidently the Lord did not think the proper time yet arrived for fulfilling his Majesty's desires for the subjugation of England, and meanwhile the king might find what comfort he could in pious commonplaces and in attention to his health.

But it is very certain that, of all the high parties concerned, Alexander Farnese was the least reprehensible for the overthrow of Philip's hopes. No

[1] Meteren, xv. 273, 274. [2] Strada, ii. x. 559, 562.
[3] Parma to Philip, August 10, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.
[4] Ibid.

man could have been more judicious, as it has been sufficiently made evident in the course of this narrative, in arranging all the details of the great enterprise, in pointing out all the obstacles, in providing for all emergencies. No man could have been more minutely faithful to his master, more treacherous to all the world besides. Energetic, inventive, patient, courageous, and stupendously false, he had covered Flanders with canals and bridges, had constructed flotillas and equipped a splendid army, as thoroughly as he had puzzled Controller Croft. And not only had that diplomatist and his wiser colleagues been hoodwinked, but Elizabeth and Burghley, and for a moment even Walsingham, were in the dark, while Henry III. had been his passive victim, and the magnificent Balafré a blind instrument in his hands. Nothing could equal Alexander's fidelity but his perfidy. Nothing could surpass his ability to command but his obedience. And it is very possible that had Philip followed his nephew's large designs, instead of imposing upon him his own most puerile schemes, the result for England, Holland, and all Christendom might have been very different from the actual one. The blunder against which Farnese had in vain warned his master was the stolid ignorance in which the king and all his councilors chose to remain of the Holland and Zealand fleet. For them Warmond and Nassau, and Van der Does and Joost de Moor, did not exist, and it was precisely these gallant sailors, with their intrepid crews, who held the key to the whole situation.

To the queen's glorious naval commanders, to the dauntless mariners of England, with their well-handled vessels, their admirable seamanship, their tact, and their courage, belonged the joys of the contest, the triumph,

and the glorious pursuit; but to the patient Hollanders and Zealanders, who, with their hundred vessels, held Farnese, the chief of the great enterprise, at bay, a close prisoner with his whole army in his own ports, daring him to the issue, and ready, to the last plank of their fleet and to the last drop of their blood, to confront both him and the Duke of Medina Sidonia, an equal share of honor is due. The safety of the two free commonwealths of the world in that terrible contest was achieved by the people and the mariners of the two states combined.

Great was the enthusiasm, certainly, of the English people as the volunteers marched through London to the place of rendezvous, and tremendous were the cheers when the brave queen rode on horseback along the lines of Tilbury. Glowing pictures are revealed to us of merry little England, arising in its strength, and dancing forth to encounter the Spaniards, as if to a great holiday. "It was a pleasant sight," says that enthusiastic merchant tailor John Stow, "to behold the cheerful countenances, courageous words and gestures, of the soldiers, as they marched to Tilbury, dancing, leaping wherever they came, as joyful at the news of the foe's approach as if lusty giants were to run a race. And Bellona-like did the queen infuse a second spirit of loyalty, love, and resolution into every soldier of her army, who, ravished with their sovereign's sight, prayed heartily that the Spaniards might land quickly, and when they heard they were fled, began to lament."[1]

But if the Spaniards had not fled, if there had been no English navy in the Channel, no squibs at Calais, no Dutchmen off Dunkirk, there might have been a

[1] Stow, 749.

different picture to paint. No man who has studied the history of those times can doubt the universal and enthusiastic determination of the English nation to repel the invaders. Catholics and Protestants felt alike on the great subject. Philip did not flatter himself with assistance from any English papists, save exiles and renegades like Westmoreland, Paget, Throgmorton, Morgan, Stanley, and the rest. The bulk of the Catholics, who may have constituted half the population of England, although malcontent, were not rebellious; and notwithstanding the precautionary measures taken by government against them, Elizabeth proudly acknowledged their loyalty.[1]

But loyalty, courage, and enthusiasm might not have sufficed to supply the want of numbers and discipline. According to the generally accepted statement of contemporary chroniclers, there were some seventy-five

[1] "Said it was their intention to occupy the whole kingdom of England; to keep the English queen a prisoner, but to treat her as a queen, until the king should otherwise ordain. Said that they had understood that there were many Catholics in England, but that they made not much account of them, knowing that the queen had taken care that they should not give any assistance, and believing that most of them would have fought for their native land," etc.—Answers of Don Diego de Pimentel to Interrogations before Adrian van der Myle, John van Olden-Barneveldt, Admiral Villiers, and Famars, in Bor, iii. xxiii. 325, 326.

"This invasion, tending to the reducing of this realm to the subjection of a stranger—a matter so greatly misliked generally by the subjects of this realm of all sorts and of all religions, yea, by no small number of them that are known to be addicted to the Romish religion, who are resolutely bent to withstand the same with the employment of their goods and hazard of their lives," etc. —Queen to the commissioners at Bourbourg (signed, but stayed by her Majesty's order), July 17 (27), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

thousand men under arms: twenty thousand along the southern coast, twenty-three thousand under Leicester, and thirty-three thousand under Lord Chamberlain Hunsdon, for the special defense of the queen's person.[1]

But it would have been very difficult, in the moment of danger, to bring anything like these numbers into the field. A drilled and disciplined army, whether of regulars or of militiamen, had no existence whatever. If the merchant vessels which had been joined to the royal fleet were thought by old naval commanders to be only good to make a show, the volunteers on land were likely to be even less effective than the marine militia, so much more accustomed than they to hard work. Magnificent was the spirit of the great feudal lords as they rallied round their queen. The Earl of Pembroke offered to serve at the head of three hundred horse and five hundred footmen, armed at his own cost, and all ready to "hazard the blood of their hearts" in defense of her person. "Accept hereof, most excellent sovereign," said the earl, "from a person desirous to live no longer than he may see your Highness enjoy your blessed estate, maugre the beards of all confederated Leaguers."[2]

The Earl of Shrewsbury, too, was ready to serve at the head of his retainers, to the last drop of his blood. "Though I be old," he said, "yet shall your quarrel make me young again. Though lame in body, yet lusty in heart to lend your greatest enemy one blow, and to stand near your defense, every way wherein your Highness shall employ me."[3]

[1] Camden, iii. 405.

[2] Pembroke to the queen, July 28 (August 7), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Shrewsbury to the queen, August 9 (19), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

But there was perhaps too much of this feudal spirit. The lieutenant-general complained bitterly that there was a most mischievous tendency among all the militiamen to escape from the queen's colors, in order to enroll themselves as retainers to the great lords.[1] This spirit was not favorable to efficient organization of a national army. Even had the commander-in-chief been a man of genius and experience it would have been difficult for him, under such circumstances, to resist a splendid army, once landed, and led by Alexander Farnese; but even Leicester's most determined flatterers hardly ventured to compare him in military ability with that first general of his age. The best soldier in England was unquestionably Sir John Norris, and Sir John was now marshal of the camp to Leicester. The ancient quarrel between the two had been smoothed over, and, as might be expected, the earl hated Norris more bitterly than before, and was perpetually vituperating him, as he had often done in the Netherlands. Roger Williams, too, was intrusted with the important duties of master of the horse, under the lieutenant-general, and Leicester continued to bear the grudge toward that honest Welshman which had begun in Holland. These were not promising conditions in a camp, when an invading army was every day expected; nor was the completeness or readiness of the forces sufficient to render harmless the quarrels of the commanders.

The Armada had arrived in Calais roads on Saturday afternoon, the 6th August. If it had been joined on that day, or the next, as Philip and Medina Sidonia fully expected, by the Duke of Parma's flotilla, the

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, July 24 (August 3), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

invasion would have been made at once. If a Spanish army had ever landed in England at all, that event would have occurred on the 7th August. The weather was not unfavorable, the sea was smooth, and the circumstances under which the catastrophe of the great drama was that night accomplished were a profound mystery to every soul in England. For aught that Leicester or Burghley or Queen Elizabeth knew at the time, the army of Farnese might, on Monday, have been marching upon London. Now, on that Monday morning the army of Lord Hunsdon was not assembled at all, and Leicester, with but four thousand men under his command, was just commencing his camp at Tilbury.[1] The "Bellona-like" appearance of the queen on her white palfrey, with truncheon in hand, addressing her troops in that magnificent burst of eloquence which has so often been repeated, was not till eleven days afterward, August 9 (19);[2] not till the great Armada, shattered and tempest-tossed, had been, a week long, dashing itself against the cliffs of Norway and the Faroes, on its forlorn retreat to Spain.

Leicester, courageous, self-confident, and sanguine as ever, could not restrain his indignation at the parsimony with which his own impatient spirit had to contend. "Be you assured," said he, *on the 3d August, when the Armada was off the Isle of Wight*, "if the Spanish fleet

[1] "I have a most apt place to begin our camp in, not far from the fort, at a place called West Tilbury."—Leicester to Privy Council, July 24 (August 3), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

"I did peruse and make choice of the ground for the encamping of the soldiers. Yesterday went to Chelmsford to order all the soldiers hither this day."—Same to Walsingham, July 25 (August 4), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Lingard, viii. 285.

arrive safely in the narrow seas, the Duke of Parma will join presently with all his forces, and lose no time in invading this realm. Therefore I beseech you, my good lords, let no man, by hope or other abuse, prevent your speedy providing defense against this mighty enemy now knocking at our gate."[1]

For even at this supreme moment doubts were entertained at court as to the intentions of the Spaniards.

Next day he informed Walsingham that his four thousand men had arrived. "They be as forward men and willing to meet the enemy as I ever saw," said he.[2] He could not say as much in praise of the commissariat. "Some want the captains showed," he observed, "for these men arrived without one meal of victuals, so that, on their arrival, they had not one barrel of beer nor loaf of bread—enough after twenty miles' march to have discouraged them and brought them to mutiny. I see many causes to increase my former opinion of the dilatory wants you shall find upon all sudden hurly-burlies. In no former time was ever so great a cause, and albeit her Majesty hath appointed an army to resist her enemies if they land, yet how hard a matter it will be to gather men together, I find it now. If it will be five days to gather these countrymen, judge what it will be to look in short space for those that dwell forty, fifty, sixty miles off."[3]

He had immense difficulty in feeding even this slender force. "I made proclamation," said he, "two days ago, in all market towns, that victualers should come to the

[1] Leicester to Privy Council, July 24 (August 3), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Same to Walsingham, July 25 (August 4), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Same to same, July 26 (August 5), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

camp and receive money for their provisions, but there is not one victualer come in to this hour. I have sent to all the justices of peace about it from place to place. I speak it that timely consideration be had of these things, and that they be not deferred till the worst come. Let her Majesty *not defer the time*, upon any supposed hope, *to assemble a convenient force of horse and foot about her*. Her Majesty cannot be strong enough too soon, and if her navy had not been strong and abroad as it is, what care had herself and her whole realm been in by this time! And what care she will be in if her forces be not only assembled, but an army presently dressed to withstand the mighty enemy that is to approach her gates!"

"God doth know, I speak it not to bring her to charges. I would she had less cause to spend than ever she had, and her coffers fuller than ever they were; but I will prefer her life and safety, and the defense of the realm, before all sparing of charges in the present danger."[1]

Thus, on the 5th August no army had been assembled, not even the body-guard of the queen, and Leicester, with four thousand men, unprovided with a barrel of beer or a loaf of bread, was about commencing his intrenched camp at Tilbury. On the 6th August the Armada was in Calais roads, expecting Alexander Farnese to lead his troops upon London!

Norris and Williams, on the news of Medina Sidonia's approach, had rushed to Dover, much to the indignation of Leicester, just as the earl was beginning his intrenchments at Tilbury. "I assure you I am angry with Sir John Norris and Sir Roger Williams," he said. "I am here cook, caterer, and huntsman. I am left with no one to supply Sir John's place as marshal, but, for a day

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, July 26 (August 5), MS. before cited.

or two, am willing to work the harder myself. I ordered them both to return this day early, which they faithfully promised. Yet, on arriving this morning, I hear nothing of either, and have nobody to marshal the camp either for horse or foot. This manner of dealing doth much mislike me in them both. I am ill-used. 'T is now four o'clock, but here 's not one of them. If they come not this night, I assure you I will not receive them into office, nor bear such loose, careless dealing at their hands. If you saw how weakly I am assisted you would be sorry to think that we here should be the front against the enemy that is so mighty, if he should land here. And seeing her Majesty hath appointed me her lieutenant-general, I look that respect be used toward me, such as is due to my place." [1]

Thus the ancient grudge between Leicester and the Earl of Sussex's son was ever breaking forth, and was not likely to prove beneficial at this eventful season.

Next day the Welshman arrived, and Sir John promised to come back in the evening. Sir Roger brought word from the coast that Lord Henry Seymour's fleet was in want both of men and powder. "Good Lord!" exclaimed Leicester, "how is this come to pass, that both he and my lord admiral are so weakened of men? I hear they be running away. I beseech you, assemble your forces, and play not away this kingdom by delays. Hasten our horsemen hither, and footmen. . . . If the Spanish fleet come to the narrow seas the Prince of Parma will play another part than is looked for." [2]

As the Armada approached Calais, Leicester was

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, July 25 (August 4), 1588, MS. already cited.

[2] Same to same, July 26 (August 5), 1588, MS. already cited.

informed that the soldiers at Dover began to leave the coast. It seemed that they were dissatisfied with the penuriousness of the government. "Our soldiers do break away at Dover, or are not pleased. I assure you, without wages, the people will not tarry, and contributions go hard with them. Surely I find that her Majesty must needs deal liberally and be at charges to entertain her subjects that have chargeably and liberally used themselves to serve her."[1] The lieutenant-general even thought it might be necessary for him to proceed to Dover in person, in order to remonstrate with these discontented troops; for it was possible that those ill-paid, undisciplined, and very meager forces would find much difficulty in opposing Alexander's march to London, if he should once succeed in landing. Leicester had a very indifferent opinion, too, of the train-bands of the metropolis. "For your Londoners," he said, "I see their *service will be little*, except they have their own captains, and having them, *I look for none at all by them*, when we shall meet the enemy."[2] This was not complimentary, certainly, to the training of the famous Artillery Garden, and furnished a still stronger motive for defending the road over which the capital was to be approached. But there was much jealousy, both among citizens and nobles, of any authority intrusted to professional soldiers. "I know what burghers be well enough," said the earl, "as brave and well entertained as ever the Londoners were. If they should go forth from the city they should have good leaders. You know the imperfections of the time, how few leaders you have, and the gentlemen of the

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, July 28 (August 7), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Ibid.

counties are very loath to have any captains placed with them. So that the beating out of our best captains is like to be cause of great danger."[1]

Sir John Smith, a soldier of experience, employed to drill and organize some of the levies, expressed still more disparaging opinions than those of Leicester concerning the probable efficiency in the field of these English armies.[2] The earl was very angry with the knight, however, and considered him incompetent, insolent, and ridiculous. Sir John seemed, indeed, more disposed to keep himself out of harm's way than to render service to the queen by leading awkward recruits against Alexander Farnese. He thought it better to nurse himself.

"You would laugh to see how Sir John Smith has dealt since my coming," said Leicester. "He came to me, and told me that his disease so grew upon him as he must needs go to the baths. I told him I would not be against his health, but he saw what the time was, and what pains he had taken with his countrymen, and that I had provided a good place for him. Next day he came again, saying little to my offer then, and seemed desirous, for his health, to be gone. I told him what place I did appoint, which was a regiment of a great part of his countrymen. He said his health was dear to him, and he desired to take leave of me, which I yielded unto. Yesterday, being our muster-day, he came again to me to dinner; but such foolish and vainglorious paradoxes he burst withal, without any cause offered, as made all that knew anything smile and answer little, but in sort

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, July 28 (August 7), MS. already cited.

[2] Hardwicke Papers, i. 575. Strype, iv. 47. Lingard, viii. 273.

rather to satisfy men present than to argue with him."[1]

And the knight went that day to review Leicester's choice troops, the four thousand men of Essex, but was not much more deeply impressed with their proficiency than he had been with that of his own regiment. He became very censorious.

"After the muster," said the lieutenant-general, "he entered again into such strange cries for ordering of men, and for the fight with the weapon, as made me think he was not well. God forbid he should have charge of men that knoweth so little, as I dare pronounce that he doth."[2]

Yet the critical knight was a professional campaigner, whose opinions were entitled to respect; and the more so, it would seem, because they did not materially vary from those which Leicester himself was in the habit of expressing. And these interior scenes of discord, tumult, parsimony, want of organization, and unsatisfactory mustering of troops were occurring on the very Saturday and Sunday when the Armada lay in sight of Dover cliffs, and when the approach of the Spaniards on the Dover road might at any moment be expected.

Leicester's jealous and overbearing temper itself was also proving a formidable obstacle to a wholesome system of defense. He was already displeased with the amount of authority intrusted to Lord Hunsdon, disposed to think his own rights invaded, and desirous that the lord chamberlain should accept office under himself. He wished saving clauses as to his own authority inserted in Hunsdon's patent. "Either it must be so, or I shall

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, July 28 (August 7), 1588, MS. already cited.

[2] Ibid.

have wrong," said he, "if he absolutely command where my patent doth give me power. You may easily conceive what absurd dealings are likely to fall out if you allow two absolute commanders." [1]

Looking at these pictures of commander-in-chief, officers, and rank and file, as painted by themselves, we feel an inexpressible satisfaction that in this great crisis of England's destiny there were such men as Howard, Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, Seymour, Winter, Fenner, and their gallant brethren, cruising that week in the Channel, and that Nassau and Warmond, De Moor and Van der Does, were blockading the Flemish coast.

There was but little preparation to resist the enemy, once landed. There were no fortresses, no regular army, no population trained to any weapon. There were patriotism, loyalty, courage, and enthusiasm in abundance; but the commander-in-chief was a queen's favorite, odious to the people, with very moderate abilities, and eternally quarreling with officers more competent than himself, and all the arrangements were so hopelessly behindhand that although great disasters might have been avenged, they could scarcely have been avoided.

Remembering that the Invincible Armada was lying in Calais roads on the 6th of August, hoping to cross to Dover the next morning, let us ponder the words addressed on that very day to Queen Elizabeth by the lieutenant-general of England.

"My most dear and gracious Lady," said the earl, "it is most true that those enemies that approach your kingdom and person are your undeserved foes, and being so, and hating you for a righteous cause, there is the less

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, MS. already cited.

fear to be had of their malice or their forces, for there is a most just God that beholdeth the innocence of that heart. The cause you are assailed for is his and his Church's, and he never failed any that faithfully do put their chief trust in his goodness. He hath, to comfort you withal, given you great and mighty means to defend yourself, which means I doubt not but your Majesty will timely and princely use them, and your good God, that ruleth all, will assist you and bless you with victory."[1]

He then proceeded to give his opinion on two points concerning which the queen had just consulted him—the propriety of assembling her army, and her desire to place herself at the head of it in person.

On the first point one would have thought discussion superfluous on the 6th of August. "For your army, *it is more than time it were gathered and about you*," said Leicester, "or so near you as you may have the use of it at a few hours' warning. The reason is that your mighty enemies are at hand, and if God suffers them to pass by your fleet, you are sure they will attempt their purpose of landing with all expedition. And albeit your navy be very strong, but, as we have always heard, the other is not only far greater, but their forces of men much beyond yours. No doubt if the Prince of Parma come forth, their forces by sea shall not only be greatly augmented, but his power to land shall the easier take effect whensoever he shall attempt it. Therefore it is most requisite that your Majesty, at all events, have as great a force every way as you can devise, for there is no dalliance at such a time nor with such an enemy. You shall otherwise hazard your own honor, besides

[1] Leicester to the queen, July 27 (August 6), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

your person and country, and must offend your gracious God, that gave you these forces and power, *though you will not use them when you should.*" [1]

It seems strange enough that such phrases should be necessary when the enemy was knocking at the gate; but it is only too true that the land forces were never organized until the hour of danger had, most fortunately and unexpectedly, passed by. Suggestions at this late moment were now given for the defense of the throne, the capital, the kingdom, and the life of the great queen, which would not have seemed premature had they been made six months before, but which, when offered in August, excite unbounded amazement. Alexander would have had time to march from Dover to Durham before these directions, now leisurely stated with all the air of novelty, could be carried into effect.

"Now for the placing of your army," says the lieutenant-general on the memorable Saturday, 6th of August, "no doubt but I think about London the meetest, and I suppose that others will be of the same mind. And your Majesty should forthwith give the *charge thereof to some special nobleman* about you, and likewise place all your chief officers that every man *may know what he shall do, and gather as many good horse*, above all things, as you can, and the oldest, best, and assuredest captains to lead; for therein will consist the greatest hope of good success under God. And so soon as your army is assembled, *let them by and by be exercised, every man to know his weapon*, and that there be all other things prepared in readiness for your army, as if they should march upon a day's warning, especially carriages, and a commissary of victuals, and a master of ordnance." [2]

[1] Leicester to the queen. MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.

Certainly, with Alexander of Parma on his way to London at the head of his Italian pikemen, his Spanish musketeers, his famous veteran legion, "that nursing mother of great soldiers,"[1] it was indeed more than time that every man should know what he should do, that an army of Englishmen should be assembled, and that every man should know his weapon. "By and by" was easily said, and yet on the 6th of August it was by and by that an army, not yet mustered, not yet officered, not yet provided with a general, a commissary of victuals, or a master of ordnance, was to be exercised—"every man to know his weapon."

English courage might ultimately triumph over the mistakes of those who governed the country, and over those disciplined brigands by whom it was to be invaded. But meantime every man of those invaders had already learned on a hundred battle-fields to know *his* weapon.

It was a magnificent determination on the part of Elizabeth to place herself at the head of her troops; and the enthusiasm which her attitude inspired, when she had at last emancipated herself from the delusions of diplomacy and the seductions of thrift, was some recompense, at least, for the perils caused by her procrastination. But Leicester could not approve of this hazardous though heroic resolution.[2]

[1] "Aquel Tercio Viejo, padre de todos los demas, y seminario de los mayores solados que ha visto en nuestro tiempo Europa."—Coloma, ii. 26vo.

[2] Leicester to the queen, MS. before cited.

"Now for your person," he said, "being the most dainty and sacred thing we have in this world to care for, a man must tremble when he thinks of it, especially finding your Majesty to have that princely courage to transport yourself to the uttermost confines of your realm to meet your enemies and defend your subjects, I can-

The danger passed away. The Invincible Armada was driven out of the Channel by the courage, the splendid seamanship, and the enthusiasm of English sailors and volunteers. The Duke of Parma was kept a close prisoner by the fleets of Holland and Zealand, and the great storm of the 14th and 15th of August at last completed the overthrow of the Spaniards.

It was, however, supposed for a long time that they would come back, for the disasters which had befallen them in the North were but tardily known in England. The sailors by whom England had been thus defended in her utmost need were dying by hundreds, and even thousands, of ship-fever, in the latter days of August. Men sickened one day, and died the next, so that it seemed probable that the ten thousand sailors by whom the English ships of war were manned would have almost wholly disappeared at a moment when their ser-

not, most dear Queen, consent to that; for upon your well-doing consists all and some for your whole kingdom, and therefore preserve it above all! Yet will I not that, in some sort, so princely and so rare a magnanimity should not appear to your people and the world as it is, and thus far, if it please you, you may do it to draw yourself to your house at Havering; and your army, being about London, as at Stratford, Eastham, Hackney, and the villages thereabout, shall be alway not only a defense, but a ready supply to those counties of Essex and Kent, if need be, and in the meantime your Majesty may comfort this army and the people of both those counties, and may see both the camp and the forts. It is not above fourteen miles from Havering, and a very convenient place for your Majesty to lie in by the way. To rest you at the camp I trust you will be pleased with your poor lieutenant's cabin, and within a mile there is a gentleman's house where you may also lie. Thus you may comfort not only these thousands, but many more that shall hear of it, and thus far, but no farther, can I consent to adventure your person."

vices might be imperatively required. Nor had there been the least precaution taken for cherishing and saving these brave defenders of their country. They rotted in their ships, or died in the streets of the naval ports, because there were no hospitals to receive them.[1]

"'T is a most pitiful sight," said the lord admiral, "to see here at Margate how the men, having no place where they can be received, die in the streets. I am driven of force myself to come on land to see them bestowed in some lodgings; and the best I can get is barns and such outhouses, and the relief is small that I can provide for them here. It would *grieve any man's heart to see men that have served so valiantly die so miserably.*"[2]

The survivors, too, were greatly discontented; for, after having been eight months at sea, and enduring great privations, they could not get their wages. "Finding it to come thus scantily," said Howard, "it breeds a marvelous alteration among them."[3]

But more dangerous than the pestilence or the discontent was the misunderstanding which existed at the moment between the leading admirals of the English fleet. Not only was Seymour angry with Howard, but Hawkins and Frobisher were at daggers drawn with Drake; and Sir Martin—if contemporary affidavits can be trusted—did not scruple to heap the most virulent abuse upon Sir Francis, calling him, in language better fitted for the forecastle than the quarter-deck, a thief and a coward,

[1] Lord Howard to the queen, same to Walsingham, same to Privy Council, August 22 (September 1), 1588, S. P. Office MSS.

[2] Howard to Burghley, August 10 (20), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Howard to Privy Council, August 22 (September 1), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

for appropriating the ransom of Don Pedro Valdez, in which both Frobisher and Hawkins claimed at least an equal share with himself.[1]

And anxious enough was the lord admiral—with his sailors perishing by pestilence, with many of his ships so weakly manned that, as Lord Henry Seymour declared, there were not mariners enough to weigh the

[1] "The tenth (twentieth) day of August, 1588, I arrived at Harwich," says Matthew Starke, mariner on board the *Revenge*, flagship of Sir Francis Drake, "and delivered letters sent by the lord admiral to the Lord Sheffield. . . . I found with him Sir John Hawkins, Sir Martin Frobisher, with divers others. . . . Then Sir Martin Frobisher began some speeches concerning the service done in this action, and said: 'Sir Francis Drake reporteth that no man hath done any good service but he, but he shall well understand that others have done as good service as he, and better too. He came bragging up at the first, indeed, and gave them his prow and his broadside, and then kept his luff, and was glad that he was gone again, like a cowardly knave or traitor—I rest doubtful which, but the one I will swear.

"'Further,' said he, 'he hath done good service indeed, for he took Don Pedro; for after he had seen her in the evening that she had spent her masts, then, like a coward, he kept by her all night, because he would have the spoil. He thinketh to cozen us of our shares of fifteen thousand ducats, but we will have our shares, *or I will make him spend the best blood in his belly*, for he hath done enough of those cozening cheats already.

"'He hath used certain speeches of me,' continued Sir Martin, 'which I will make him eat again, or I will make him spend the best blood in his belly. Furthermore, he reporteth that no man hath done so good service as he; but he lieth in his teeth, for there are others that have done as good, and better too.'

"Then he demanded of me if we, in the *Revenge*, did not see Don Pedro overnight or no. Unto which I answered no. Then he told me that I lied, for she was seen to all the fleet. Unto which I answered I would lay my head that not any one man in the fleet did see her until it was morning, that we were within two or three cables' lengths of her. Whereunto he answered, 'Aye,

anchors,[1] and with the great naval heroes, on whose efforts the safety of the realm depended, wrangling like fisherwomen among themselves—when rumors came, as they did almost daily, of the return of the Spanish Armada, and of new demonstrations on the part of Farnese. He was naturally unwilling that the fruits of English valor on the seas should now be sacrificed by the false economy of the government. He felt that, after all that had been endured and accomplished, the queen and her councilors were still capable of leaving

marry, you were within two or three cables' lengths, for you were no farther off all night, but lay ahull by her.' Whereunto I answered, 'No, for we bare a good sail all night, off and on.'

"Then he asked me to what end we stood off from the fleet all night. I answered that we had descried three or four hulks, and to that end we wrought, not knowing what they were. Then said he: 'Sir Francis was appointed to bear a light all that night, which light we looked for, but there was none to be seen; and in the morning, when we should have dealt with them, there was not about five or six near to the admiral, by reason we saw not his light.' After this and many more speeches which I am not able to remember, the Lord Sheffield demanded of me what I was. Unto which I answered I had been in the action with Sir Francis in the *Revenge* this seven or eight months. Then he demanded of me, 'What art thou—a soldier?' And I answered, 'I am a mariner, like your Honor.' Then said he, 'I have no more to say unto you. You may depart.'

"All this I do confess to be true, as it was spoken by Sir Martin Frobisher, and do acknowledge it in the presence of these parties whose names are hereunder written. Captain Platt; Captain Vaughan; Mr. Grange, master of the *Arke;* John Graye, master of the *Revenge;* Captain Spendeloe.

"Moreover, he said that Sir Francis was the cause of all these troubles, and in this action he showed himself the most coward. By me, Matthew Starke, August 10 (20), 1588."—S. P. Office MS.

[1] Seymour to Walsingham, August 23 (September 2), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

England at the mercy of a renewed attempt. "I know not what you think at the court," said he; "but I think, and so do all here, that there cannot be too great forces maintained for the next five or six weeks. God knoweth whether the Spanish fleet will not, after refreshing themselves in Norway, Denmark, and the Orkneys, return. I think they dare not go back to Spain with this dishonor to their king and overthrow of the pope's credit. Sir, sure bind, sure find. A kingdom is a grand wager. Security is dangerous, and *if God had not been our best friend*, we should have found it so."[1]

Nothing could be more replete with sound common sense than this simple advice, given as it was in utter ignorance of the fate of the Armada, after it had been lost sight of by the English vessels off the Firth of Forth, and of the cold refreshment which it had found in Norway and the Orkneys. But Burghley had a store of pithy apothegms, for which he knew he could always find sympathy in the queen's breast, and with which he could answer these demands of admirals and generals. "To spend in time convenient is wisdom," he observed; "to continue charges without needful cause bringeth repentance"; "to hold on charges without knowledge of the certainty thereof and of means how to support them is lack of wisdom";[2] and so on.

[1] Howard to Walsingham, August 8 (18), 1588, S. P. Office MS. "Some haply may say that winter cometh on apace," said Drake, "but my poor opinion is that I dare not advise her Majesty to hazard a kingdom with the saving of a little charge. The Duke of Parma is nigh, and will not let to send daily to the Duke of Sidonia, if he may find him."—Drake to Walsingham, August 8 (18), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Memorial in Burghley's hand, August 12 (22), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

Yet the Spanish fleet might have returned into the Channel, for aught the lord treasurer on the 22d August knew, or the Dutch fleet might have relaxed in its vigilant watching of Farnese's movements. It might have then seemed a most plentiful lack of wisdom to allow English sailors to die of plague in the streets for want of hospitals, and to grow mutinous for default of pay. To have saved under such circumstances would perhaps have brought repentance.

The invasion of England by Spain had been most portentous. That the danger was at last averted is to be ascribed to the enthusiasm of the English nation, both patricians and plebeians, to the heroism of the little English fleet, to the spirit of the naval commanders and volunteers, to the stanch and effective support of the Hollanders, and to the hand of God shattering the Armada at last; but very little credit can be conscientiously awarded to the diplomatic or the military efforts of the queen's government.[1] Miracles alone, in the

[1] An exception is always to be made in favor of the secretary of state. Although stunned for a moment by the superhuman perfidy of Philip and Farnese, and deceived by false intelligence as to the condition of the Armada after the gale near Coruña, Walsingham had been ever watchful, and constantly uttering words of solemn warning. "Plain-dealing is best among friends," said Seymour. "I will not flatter you, but you have fought more with your pen than many here in our English navy with their enemies. But that your place and most necessary attendance about her Majesty cannot be spared, your value and deserts opposite the enemy had showed itself."

"For myself," added the bold sailor, who was much dissatisfied at the prospect of "being penned and moored in roads," instead of cruising after the Spaniards, "I have not spared my body, which, I thank God, is able to go through thick and thin. . . . Spare me not while I am abroad, for when God shall return me, I

opinion of Roger Williams, had saved England on this occasion from perdition.[1]

Toward the end of August, Admiral de Nassau paid a visit to Dover with forty ships, "well appointed and furnished."[2] He dined and conferred with Seymour, Palmer, and other officers, Winter being still laid up with his wound, and expressed the opinion that Medina Sidonia would hardly return to the Channel after the banquet he had received from her Majesty's navy between Calais and Gravelines. He also gave the information that the states had sent fifty Dutch vessels in pursuit of the Spaniards, and had compelled all the herring-fishermen for the time to serve in the ships of war, although the prosperity of the country depended on that industry. "I find the man very wise, subtle, and cunning," said Seymour of the Dutch admiral, "and therefore do I trust him."[3]

Nassau represented the Duke of Parma as evidently discouraged, as having already disembarked his troops, and as very little disposed to hazard any further enterprise against England. "I have left twenty-five kromstevens," said he, "to prevent his egress from Sluis, and I am immediately returning thither myself. The tide will not allow his vessels at present to leave Dunkirk, and I shall not fail, before the next full moon, to place myself before that place, to prevent their coming

will be kin to the bear. I will hold to the stake before I come abroad again."—Lord H. Seymour to Walsingham, from the *Rainbow*, August 18 (28), 1588, S. P. Office MS. Same to same, August 23 (September 2), 1588, MS.

[1] R. Williams to Walsingham, July, 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Seymour to Walsingham, August 17 (27), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[3] Same to same, August 14 (24), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

out, or to have a brush with them if they venture to put to sea."[1]

But after the scenes on which the last full moon had looked down in those waters, there could be no further pretense on the part of Farnese to issue from Sluis and Dunkirk, and England and Holland were thenceforth saved from all naval enterprises on the part of Spain.

Meantime the same uncertainty which prevailed in England as to the condition and the intentions of the Armada was still more remarkable elsewhere. There was a systematic deception practised not only upon other governments, but upon the King of Spain as well. Philip, as he sat at his writing-desk, was regarding himself as the monarch of England, long after his Armada had been hopelessly dispersed.[2]

In Paris rumors were circulated during the first ten days of August that England was vanquished, and that the queen was already on her way to Rome as a prisoner, where she was to make expiation, barefoot, before his Holiness. Mendoza, now more magnificent than ever, stalked into Notre Dame with his drawn sword in his hand, crying out with a loud voice, "Victory, victory!"[3] and on the 10th of August ordered bonfires to be made before his house, but afterward thought better of that scheme.[4] He had been deceived by a variety of reports

[1] "Cependant je ne fauldrai de me retourner contre la prochaine lune devant Dunquerque pour empêcher la sortie a ceux dedans, ou de me mêler avec eux s'ils se délibérent se mettre en mer."—Justinus de Nassau to Walsingham, August 17 (27), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Philip II. to Parma, August 18, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[3] Stow, 744–750.

[4] Sir E. Stafford to Walsingham, August 1 (11), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

sent to him day after day by agents on the coast, and the King of France, better informed by Stafford, but not unwilling thus to feed his spite against the insolent ambassador, affected to believe his fables. He even confirmed them by intelligence, which he pretended to have himself received from other sources, of the landing of the Spaniards in England without opposition, and of the entire subjugation of that country without the striking of a blow.[1]

Hereupon, on the night of August 10, the envoy—"like a wise man," as Stafford observed[2]—sent off four couriers, one after another, with the great news to Spain, that his master's heart might be rejoiced, and caused a pamphlet on the subject to be printed and distributed over Paris.[3] "I will not waste a large sheet of paper to express the joy which we must all feel," he wrote to Idiaquez, "at this good news. God be praised for all, who gives us small chastisements to make us better, and then, like a merciful Father, sends us infinite rewards."[4] And in the same strain he wrote, day after day, to Moura and Idiaquez, and to Philip himself.

[1] Reyd, viii. 148.

[2] Stafford to Walsingham, MS. last cited.

[3] Ibid. Reyd, ubi sup.

[4] "No quiero ocupar V. M. con larga carta el Regozijo que tendra con las buenas nuevas con que queria despachar. Dios sea alavado por todo, qui nos muestra chicos castigos por enmendarnos, y da como padre de misericordia infinitos mercedes y beneficios." —Mendoza to Idiaquez, August 13, 1588, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS. Same to Philip II., same date.

The envoy thought that the "Almighty Father of mercy had conferred as infinite rewards and benefits," upon his Spanish children, the sacking of London, and the butchering of the English nation—rewards and benefits similar to those which they had formerly enjoyed in the Netherlands.

Stafford, on his side, was anxious to be informed by his government of the exact truth, whatever it were, in order that these figments of Mendoza might be contradicted. "That which cometh from me," he said, "will be believed, for I have not been used to tell lies, and in very truth I have not the face to do it."[1]

And the news of the Calais squibs, of the fight off Gravelines, and the retreat of the Armada toward the north, could not be very long concealed. So soon, therefore, as authentic intelligence reached the English envoy of those events—which was not, however, for *nearly ten days* after their occurrence[2]—Stafford in his turn wrote a pamphlet, in answer to that of Mendoza, and decidedly the more successful one of the two. It cost him but five crowns, he said, to print four hundred copies of it, but those in whose name it was published got one hundred crowns by its sale. The English ambassador was unwilling to be known as the author, although "desirous of touching up the impudence of the Spaniard"; but the king had no doubt of its origin. Poor Henry, still smarting under the insults of Mendoza and Mucio, was delighted with this blow to Philip's presumption, was loud in his praises of Queen Elizabeth's valor, prudence, and marvelous fortune, and declared that what she had just done could be compared to the greatest exploits of the most illustrious men in history.[3] "So soon as ever he saw the pamphlet," said

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, August 1 (11), MS. before cited.

[2] Same to same, August 9 (19), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

[3] "Este Rey ha loado, hablandose con algunos de sus favoridos grandemente del valor, animo, y prudencia de la Reyna de Inglaterra, favorecida de una maravillosa fortuna, diziendo que lo que ella avia hecho ultimamente se podia comparar con las mayores hazañas de los hombres mas ilustres del tiempo passado, pues

Stafford, "he offered to lay a wager it was my doing, and laughed at it heartily."[1] And there were malicious pages about the French court, who also found much amusement in writing to the ambassador, begging his interest with the Duke of Parma that they might obtain from that conqueror some odd refuse town or so in England, such as York, Canterbury, London, or the like, till the luckless Don Bernardino was ashamed to show his face.[2]

A letter from Farnese, however, of 10th August, apprised Philip before the end of August of the Calais disaster, and caused him great uneasiness, without driving him to despair. "At the very moment," wrote the king to Medina Sidonia, "when I was expecting news of the effect hoped for from my Armada, I have learned the retreat from before Calais, *to which it was compelled by the weather* [!]; and I have received a very great shock, which keeps me in anxiety not to be exaggerated. Nevertheless, I hope in our Lord that he will have provided a remedy, and that if it was possible for you to return upon the enemy, to come back to the appointed

avia osado con solas sus fuerzas aguardar las que eran tan pujantes como las de España y combatir las, cerrando juntamente el paso a la armada del duca de Parma, que era no menos poderosa, y aver tardado quatro años V. Mag^d^ con juntar semejantes armadas, poniendo al mundo en admiracion de ser las de las quales se podia dezir aver trionfado la Reyna de Inglaterra."—Mendoza to Philip, October 13, 1588, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS.

Of course all the exploits of the English and Dutch admirals and their crews were, in the opinion of Henry III., the work of Queen Elizabeth. It was the royal prudence, valor, and good fortune which saved England, not the merits of Drake and Howard, Nassau and De Moor.

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, MS. before cited.

[2] Stow, 744–750.

post, and to watch an opportunity for the great stroke, you will have done as the case required; and so I am expecting, with solicitude, to hear what has happened, and please God it may be that which is so suitable for his service."[1]

And in the same strain, melancholy yet hopeful, were other letters despatched on that day to the Duke of Parma. "The satisfaction caused by your advices on the 8th August of the arrival of the Armada near Calais, and of your preparations to embark your troops, was changed into a sentiment which you can imagine, by your letter of the 10th. The anxiety thus occasioned it would be impossible to exaggerate, although, the cause being such as it is, there is no ground for distrust. Perhaps the Armada, keeping together, has returned upon the enemy and given a good account of itself, with the help of the Lord. So I still promise myself that you will have performed your part in the enterprise in such wise as that the service intended to the Lord may have been executed, and repairs made to the reputation of all, which has been so much compromised."[2]

[1] "Al tiempo que se aguardavan nuevas del effeto que de las fuerzas dessa armada se esperaba, se ha entendido la derrota que desde sobre Cales la forço a tomar el temporal, y recibido muy gran sobresalto que me tiene con mas cuydado que se puede encarecer, aunque espero en nuestro Señor que avra proveydo de remedio, y que os fue posible rebolver sobre el enemigo y acudir al puesto señalado, y atender el effecto principal lo pariades como pedia el caso, y assi aguardo con desseo aviso de lo sucedido, que plega a Dios sea lo que tanto conviene a su servicio."—Philip II. to Medina Sidonia, August 31, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] "Prometo me de vos que avreys executado lo que os toca de manera que se consiga al servicio que se ha pretendido hazer a Dios, *y el reparo de la reputacion de todos que esta tan empeñada.*" The underlined words were stricken out by Philip from the draft

And the king's drooping spirits were revived by fresh accounts which reached him in September, by way of France. He now learned that the Armada had taken captive four Dutch men-of-war and many English ships; that, after the Spaniards had been followed from Calais roads by the enemy's fleet, there had been an action, which the English had attempted in vain to avoid, off Newcastle; that Medina Sidonia had charged upon them so vigorously as to sink twenty of their ships, and to capture twenty-six others, good and sound; that the others, to escape perdition, had fled, after suffering great damage, and had then gone to pieces, all hands perishing; that the Armada had taken a port in Scotland, where it was very comfortably established; that the flag-ship of Lord Admiral Howard, of Drake, and of that "distinguished mariner Hawkins" had all been sunk in action, and that no soul had been saved except Drake, who had escaped in a cockboat. "This is good news," added the writer, "and it is most certain."[1]

The king pondered seriously over these conflicting accounts, and remained very much in the dark. Half the month of September went by, and he had heard nothing official since the news of the Calais catastrophe. It may be easily understood that Medina Sidonia, while

of the letter,—prepared, as usual, by the secretary,—with the note in the king's hand: "See if it be well to omit the passage erased, because in that which God does, or by which he is served, there is no gaining or losing of reputation, and it is better not to speak of it at all" ("Pues en lo que Dios haze, y es servido, no ay que perder ni ganar reputacion, y es major no hablar en ello").—Philip II. to Parma, August 31, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[1] Avisos de Dunquerque, August 30, 1588. Carta de Roan de Juan de Gamarra, August 31, 1588. "A sido buena nueva, y esto es certissimo." Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MSS.

flying round the Orkneys, had not much opportunity for despatching couriers to Spain, and as Farnese had not written since the 10th August, Philip was quite at a loss whether to consider himself triumphant or defeated. From the reports by way of Calais, Dunkirk, and Rouen, he supposed that the Armada had inflicted much damage on the enemy. He suggested accordingly, on the 3d September, to the Duke of Parma that he might now make the passage to England, while the English fleet, if anything was left of it, was repairing its damages. "'T will be easy enough to conquer the country," said Philip, "so soon as you set foot on the soil. Then perhaps our Armada can come back and station itself in the Thames to support you."[1]

Nothing could be simpler. Nevertheless, the king felt a pang of doubt lest affairs, after all, might not be going on so swimmingly; so he dipped his pen in the inkstand again, and observed with much pathos: "But if this hope must be given up, you must take the isle of Walcheren: something must be done to console me."[2]

And on the 15th September he was still no wiser. "This business of the Armada leaves me no repose," he said; "I can think of nothing else. I don't content myself with what I have written, but write again and again, although in great want of light. I hear that the Armada has sunk and captured many English ships, and is refitting in a Scotch port. If this is in the territory of Lord Huntley, I hope he will stir up the Catholics of that country."[3]

And so, in letter after letter, Philip clung to the delu-

[1] Philip II. to Parma, September 3, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Philip II. to Parma, September 15, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

sion that Alexander could yet cross to England, and that the Armada might sail up the Thames. The duke was directed to make immediate arrangements to that effect with Medina Sidonia, at the very moment when that tempest-tossed grandee was painfully creeping back toward the Bay of Biscay with what remained of his invincible fleet.

Sanguine and pertinacious, the king refused to believe in the downfall of his long-cherished scheme; and even when the light was at last dawning upon him, he was like a child crying for a fresh toy, when the one which had long amused him had been broken. If the Armada were really very much damaged, it was easy enough, he thought, for the Duke of Parma to make him a new one, while the old one was repairing. "In case the Armada is too much shattered to come out," said Philip, "and winter compels it to stay in that port, *you must cause another Armada to be constructed at Emden* and the adjacent towns, at my expense, and, with the two together, you will certainly be able to conquer England."[1]

And he wrote to Medina Sidonia in similar terms. That naval commander was instructed to enter the Thames at once, if strong enough. If not, he was to winter in the Scotch port which he was supposed to have captured. Meantime Farnese would build a new fleet at Emden, and in the spring the two dukes would proceed to accomplish the great purpose.[2]

But at last the arrival of Medina Sidonia at Santander[3] dispelled these visions, and now the king appeared in

[1] Philip II. to Parma, MS. last cited.

[2] Philip II. to Medina Sidonia, September 15, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[3] Philip II. to Parma, October 10, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS.

another attitude. A messenger, coming post-haste from the captain-general, arrived in the early days of October at the Escorial. Entering the palace, he found Idiaquez and Moura pacing up and down the corridor before the door of Philip's cabinet, and was immediately interrogated by those councilors, most anxious, of course, to receive authentic intelligence at last as to the fate of the Armada.[1] The entire overthrow of the great project was now, for the first time, fully revealed in Spain; the fabulous victories over the English, and the annihilation of Howard and all his ships, were dispersed in air. Broken, ruined, forlorn, the Invincible Armada, so far as it still existed, had reached a Spanish port. Great was the consternation of Idiaquez and Moura as they listened to the tale, and very desirous was each of the two secretaries that the other should discharge the unwelcome duty of communicating the fatal intelligence to the king.[2]

At last Moura consented to undertake the task, and entering the cabinet, he found Philip seated at his desk. Of course he was writing letters.[3] Being informed of the arrival of a messenger from the North, he laid down his pen and inquired the news. The secretary replied that the accounts concerning the Armada were by no means so favorable as could be wished. The courier was then introduced, and made his dismal report. The king did not change countenance. "Great thanks," he observed, "do I render to Almighty God, by whose generous hand I am gifted with such power that I could easily, if I chose, place another fleet upon the seas. Nor is it of very great importance that a running stream

[1] Strada, ii. ix. 564. [2] Ibid.

[3] "Regem literas scribentem reperit."—Ibid.

should be sometimes intercepted, so long as the fountain from which it flows remains inexhaustible."

So saying, he resumed his pen, and serenely proceeded with his letters.[1] Christopher Moura stared with unaffected amazement at his sovereign, thus tranquil while a shattered world was falling on his head, and then retired to confer with his colleague.

"And how did his Majesty receive the blow?" asked Idiaquez.

"His Majesty thinks nothing of the blow," answered Moura, "nor do I, consequently, make more of this great calamity than does his Majesty."[2]

So the king, as fortune flew away from him, wrapped himself in his virtue; and his councilors, imitating their sovereign, arrayed themselves in the same garment. Thus draped, they were all prepared to bide the pelting of the storm, which was only beating figuratively on their heads, while it had been dashing the king's mighty galleons on the rocks, and drowning by thousands the wretched victims of his ambition. Soon afterward, when the particulars of the great disaster were thoroughly known, Philip ordered a letter to be addressed in his name to all the bishops of Spain, ordering a solemn thanksgiving to the Almighty for the safety of that portion of the Invincible Armada which it had pleased him to preserve.[3]

And thus, with the sound of mourning throughout Spain,—for there was scarce a household of which some

[1] Strada, ii. ix. 564: "His dictis calamum resumit, et eadem qua ceperat tranquillitate vultus ad scribendum redit."

[2] "Rex, inquit, totum hoc infortunium nihili facit, nec ego pluris quam ipse."—Ibid.

[3] Ibid., ii. ix. 565. Herrera, iii. iii. 113.

beloved member had not perished in the great catastrophe,—and with the peals of merry bells over all England and Holland, and with a solemn Te Deum resounding in every church, the curtain fell upon the great tragedy of the Armada.

CHAPTER XX

Alexander besieges Bergen-op-Zoom—Pallavicini's attempt to seduce Parma—Alexander's fury—He is forced to raise the siege of Bergen—Gertruydenberg betrayed to Parma—Indignation of the states—Exploits of Schenck—His attack on Nimwegen—He is defeated and drowned—English-Dutch expedition to Spain—Its meager results—Death of Guise and of the queen mother—Combinations after the murder of Henry III.—"Tandem fit surculus arbor."

THE fever of the past two years was followed by comparative languor. The deadly crisis was past, the freedom of Europe was saved, Holland and England breathed again; but tension now gave place to exhaustion. The events in the remainder of the year 1588, with those of 1589, although important in themselves, were the immediate results of that history which has been so minutely detailed in these volumes, and can be indicated in a very few pages.

The Duke of Parma, melancholy, disappointed, angry, stung to the soul by calumnies as stupid as they were venomous, and already afflicted with a painful and lingering disease, which his friends attributed to poison administered by command of the master whom he had so faithfully served, determined, if possible, to afford the consolation which that master was so plaintively demanding at his hands.

So Alexander led the splendid army which had been

packed in, and unpacked from, the flatboats of Nieuport and Dunkirk against Bergen-op-Zoom, and besieged that city in form. Once of great commercial importance, although somewhat fallen away from its original prosperity, Bergen was well situate on a little stream which connected it with the tide-waters of the Schelde, and was the only place in Brabant, except Willemstad, still remaining to the states. Opposite lay the isle of Tholen, from which it was easily to be supplied and reinforced. The Vosmeer, a branch of the Schelde, separated the island from the main, and there was a path along the bed of that estuary, which, at dead low water, was practicable for wading. Alexander, accordingly, sent a party of eight hundred pikemen, under Montigny, Marquis of Renty, and Ottavio Mansfeld, supported on the dike by three thousand musketeers, across the dangerous ford, at ebb-tide, in order to seize this important island. It was an adventure similar to those which, in the days of the grand commander, and under the guidance of Mondragon, had been on two occasions so brilliantly successful. But the isle of Tholen was now defended by Count Solms and a garrison of fierce, amphibious Zealanders,—of those determined bands which had just been holding Farnese and his fleet in prison and daring him to the issue,—and the invading party, after fortunately accomplishing their night journey along the bottom of the Vosmeer, were unable to effect a landing, were driven with considerable loss into the waves again, and compelled to find their way back as best they could, along their dangerous path, and with a rapidly rising tide. It was a blind and desperate venture, and the Vosmeer soon swallowed four hundred of the Spaniards. The rest, half drowned or smothered,

succeeded in reaching the shore, the chiefs of the expedition, Renty and Mansfeld, having been with difficulty rescued by their followers, when nearly sinking in the tide.[1]

The duke continued the siege, but the place was well defended by an English and Dutch garrison, to the number of five thousand, and commanded by Colonel Morgan, that bold and much experienced Welshman, so well known in the Netherland wars. Willoughby and Maurice of Nassau and Olden-Barneveldt were, at different times, within the walls; for the duke had been unable to invest the place so closely as to prevent all communications from without, and, while Maurice was present, there were almost daily sorties from the town, with many a spirited skirmish, to give pleasure to the martial young prince.[2] The English officers, Vere and Baskerville, and two Netherland colonels, the brothers Bax, most distinguished themselves on these occasions. The siege was not going on with the good fortune which had usually attended the Spanish leaguer of Dutch cities, while, on the 29th September, a personal incident came to increase Alexander's dissatisfaction and melancholy.

On that day the duke was sitting in his tent, brooding, as he was apt to do, over the unjust accusations which had been heaped upon him in regard to the failure of the Armada, when a stranger was announced. His name, he said, was Giacomo Morone, and he was the bearer of a letter from Sir Horace Pallavicini, a Genoese gentleman long established in London, and known to be on confidential terms with the English government.

[1] Bor, iii. xxv. 338–341. Parma to Philip II., October 1, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS. Herrera, iii. ii. 114 seq.

[2] Bor, ubi sup.

Alexander took the letter, and glancing at the bottom of the last page, saw that it was not signed.

"How dare you bring me a despatch without a signature?" he exclaimed. The messenger, who was himself a Genoese, assured the duke that the letter was most certainly written by Pallavicini, who had himself placed it, sealed, in his hands, and that he had supposed it signed, although he had, of course, not seen the inside.

Alexander began to read the note, which was not a very long one, and his brow instantly darkened. He read a line or two more, when, with an exclamation of fury, he drew his dagger, and seizing the astonished Genoese by the throat, was about to strike him dead. Suddenly mastering his rage, however, by a strong effort, and remembering that the man might be a useful witness, he flung Morone from him.

"If I had Pallavicini here," he said, "I would treat him as I have just refrained from using you. And if I had any suspicion that you were aware of the contents of this letter, I would send you this instant to be hanged."[1]

The unlucky despatch-bearer protested his innocence of all complicity with Pallavicini, and his ignorance of the tenor of the communication by which the duke's wrath had been so much excited. He was then searched

[1] "Y como fué viendo la desverguenza y vellaqueria me altero de manera que me levante de donde estaba con resolucion de darle estocadas, y Dios me alumbró con ponerme delante que convenia que este hombre se guardase a buen recado, porque V. M. pueda entender del lo que para este negº reporte me; y le dijé que si yo tuviesse al Palavicino se la daria cual el merece, y a vos si supiese que sabeis este negº, os mandaria luego colgar. Acabé de leer la carta, y cuanto mas la vi y consideré la hallé mas vellaca y enconsonada."—Parma to Philip II., September 29, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS. Compare Strada, ii. l. iii. 573 seq.

and cross-examined most carefully by Richardot and other councilors, and, his innocence being made apparent, he was ultimately discharged.

The letter of Pallavicini was simply an attempt to sound Farnese as to his sentiments in regard to a secret scheme, which could afterward be arranged in form, and according to which he was to assume the sovereignty of the Netherlands himself, to the exclusion of his king, to guarantee to England the possession of the cautionary towns, until her advances to the states should be refunded, and to receive the support and perpetual alliance of the queen in his new and rebellious position.[1]

Here was additional evidence, if any were wanting, of the universal belief in his disloyalty; and Alexander, faithful, if man ever were, to his master, was cut to the heart, and irritated almost to madness, by such insolent propositions. There is neither proof nor probability that the queen's government was implicated in this intrigue of Pallavicini, who appears to have been inspired by the ambition of achieving a bit of Machiavellian policy quite on his own account. Nothing came of the proposition, and the duke, having transmitted to the king a minute narrative of the affair, together with indignant protestations of the fidelity which all the world seemed determined to dispute, received most affectionate replies from that monarch, breathing nothing but unbounded confidence in his nephew's innocence and devotion.[2]

[1] Parma to Philip, MS. last cited. Orazio Pallavicini to Giacomo Morone, August 31, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS. Strada, ubi sup.

[2] Parma to Idiaquez, October 1, 1588. Philip to Parma, October 17, 1588. Idiaquez to Parma, October 17, 1588. Arch. de Sim. MSS.

Such assurances from any other man in the world might have disarmed suspicion, but Alexander knew his master too well to repose upon his word, and remembered too bitterly the last hours of Don John of Austria —whose dying pillow he had soothed, and whose death had been hastened, as he knew, either by actual poison or by the hardly less fatal venom of slander—to regain tranquillity as to his own position.

The king was desirous that Pallavicini should be invited over to Flanders, in order that Alexander, under pretense of listening to his propositions, might draw from the Genoese all the particulars of his scheme, and then, at leisure, inflict the punishment which he had deserved.[1] But insuperable obstacles presented themselves, nor was Alexander desirous of affording still further pretexts for his slanderers.

Very soon after this incident—most important as showing the real situation of various parties, although without any immediate result—Alexander received a visit in his tent from another stranger. This time the visitor was an Englishman, one Lieutenant Grimstone, and the object of his interview with the duke was not political, but had a direct reference to the siege of Bergen. He was accompanied by a countryman of his own, Redhead by name, a camp-sutler by profession. The two represented themselves as deserters from the besieged city, and offered, for a handsome reward, to conduct a force of Spaniards, by a secret path, into one of the gates. The duke questioned them narrowly, and being satisfied with their intelligence and coolness, caused them to take an oath on the Evangelists that they were not playing him false. He then selected a band of one

[1] Idiaquez to Parma, MS. last cited.

hundred musketeers, partly Spaniards, partly Walloons, to be followed at a distance by a much more considerable force, two thousand in number, under Sancho de Leyva and the Marquis of Renty, and appointed the following night for an enterprise against the city, under the guidance of Grimstone.

It was a wild autumnal night, moonless, pitch-dark, with a storm of wind and rain. The waters were out,—for the dikes had been cut in all directions by the defenders of the city,—and, with exception of some elevated points occupied by Parma's forces, the whole country was overflowed. Before the party set forth on their daring expedition, the two Englishmen were tightly bound with cords, and led, each, by two soldiers instructed to put them to instant death if their conduct should give cause for suspicion. But both Grimstone and Redhead preserved a cheerful countenance, and inspired a strong confidence in their honest intention to betray their countrymen. And thus the band of bold adventurers plunged at once into the darkness, and soon found themselves contending with the tempest and wading breast-high in the black waters of the Schelde.

After a long and perilous struggle they at length reached the appointed gate. The external portcullis was raised, and the fifteen foremost of the band rushed into the town. At the next moment, Lord Willoughby, who had been privy to the whole scheme, cut with his own hand the cords which held the portcullis, and entrapped the leaders of the expedition, who were all at once put to the sword, while their followers were thundering at the gate. The lieutenant and sutler, who had thus overreached that great master of dissimulation, Alexander Farnese, were at the same time unbound by

their comrades, and rescued from the fate intended for them.

Notwithstanding the probability, when the portcullis fell, that the whole party had been deceived by an artifice of war, the adventurers, who had come so far, refused to abandon the enterprise, and continued an impatient battery upon the gate. At last it was swung wide open, and a furious onslaught was made by the garrison upon the Spaniards. There was a fierce, brief struggle, and then the assailants were utterly routed. Some were killed under the walls, while the rest were hunted into the waves. Nearly every one of the expedition (a thousand in number) perished.[1]

It had now become obvious to the duke that his siege must be raised. The days were gone when the walls of Dutch towns seemed to melt before the first scornful glance of the Spanish invader, and when a summons meant a surrender, and a surrender a massacre. Now, strong in the feeling of independence, and supported by the courage and endurance of their English allies, the Hollanders had learned to humble the pride of Spain as it had never been humbled before. The hero of a hundred battle-fields, the inventive and brilliant conqueror of Antwerp, seemed in the deplorable issue of the Eng-

[1] Parma to Philip II., October 30, 1588, Arch. de Sim. MS. Meteren, xv. 275vo. Bor, iii. xxv. 340. Herrera, iii. ii. 118 seq. Strada, ii. x. 582, 585. Carnero, Guerras de Flandes (Bruselas, 1625), 231, 232. Coloma, Guerras de los Estados Baxos, i. 10, 11. Sir W. Drury to Burghley, October 20 (30), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

"Seemeth to my simple opinion a great commendation unto the gentleman that could so sweetly charm so wise and learned a master in his own art as the Duke of Parma is," etc.

The Jesuit Strada, however, who narrates all the trickeries of

lish invasion to have lost all his genius, all his fortune. A cloud had fallen upon his fame, and he now saw himself, at the head of the best army in Europe, compelled to retire, defeated and humiliated, from the walls of Bergen. Winter was coming on apace; the country was flooded; the storms in that bleak region and inclement season were incessant; and he was obliged to retreat before his army should be drowned.

On the night of 12th–13th November he set fire to his camp, and took his departure. By daybreak he was descried in full retreat, and was hotly pursued by the English and Dutch from the city, who drove the great Alexander and his legions before them in ignominious flight. Lord Willoughby, in full view of the retiring enemy, indulged the allied forces with a chivalrous spectacle. Calling a halt, after it had become obviously useless, with their small force of cavalry, to follow any longer, through a flooded country, an enemy who had abandoned his design, he solemnly conferred the honor of knighthood, in the name of Queen Elizabeth, on the officers who had most distinguished themselves during the siege, Francis Vere, Baskerville, Powell, Parker,

Philip and of Farnese with so much applause, is shocked at the duplicity of Lieutenant Grimstone, and Coloma is ineffably disgusted at such sharp practice.

It has been stated by Meteren (xv. 275vo) and others that Sir William Stanley was in this expedition, and that he very narrowly escaped being taken with the first fifteen. This would have been probable enough, had he been there, for his valor was equal to his treachery. But Parma does not mention his name in the letters describing the adventure, and it is therefore unlikely that he was present. At any rate, he escaped capture, and, with it, a traitor's death. Strada says expressly, "Stanlaeo ad id operis nequaquam adhibito."

Knowles, and on the two Netherland brothers, Paul and Marcellus Bax.[1]

The Duke of Parma then went into winter quarters in Brabant, and before the spring that obedient province had been eaten as bare as Flanders had already been by the friendly Spaniards.

An excellent understanding between England and Holland had been the result of their united and splendid exertions against the Invincible Armada. Late in the year 1588 Sir John Norris had been sent by the queen to offer her congratulations and earnest thanks to the states for their valuable assistance in preserving her throne, and to solicit their coöperation in some new designs against the common foe.[2] Unfortunately, however, the epoch of good feeling was but of brief duration. Bitterness and dissension seemed the inevitable conditions of the English-Dutch alliance. It will be remembered that, on the departure of Leicester, several cities had refused to acknowledge the authority of Count Maurice and the states, and that civil war in the scarcely born commonwealth had been the result. Medemblik, Naarden, and the other contumacious cities had, however, been reduced to obedience after the reception of the earl's resignation, but the important city of Gertruydenberg had remained in a chronic state of mutiny. This rebellion had been partially appeased during the year 1588 by the efforts of Willoughby, who had strengthened the garrison by reinforcements of English troops under com-

[1] Bor, ubi sup. Meteren. Compare Coloma, i. 11, 12; Herrera, ubi sup.; Strada, x. 588.

[2] Propositions of Sir John Norris to council of state, Bor, iii. xxv. 361, 362. Sir Ed. Norris to ——, October 29 (November 8), 1588, S. P. Office MS.

mand of his brother-in-law, Sir John Wingfield. Early in 1589, however, the whole garrison became rebellious, disarmed and maltreated the burghers, and demanded immediate payment of the heavy arrearages still due to the troops. Willoughby, who, much disgusted with his career in the Netherlands, was about leaving for England, complaining that the states had not only left him without remuneration for his services, but had not repaid his own advances, nor even given him a complimentary dinner, tried in vain to pacify them. A rumor became very current, moreover, that the garrison had opened negotiations with Alexander Farnese, and accordingly Maurice of Nassau,—of whose patrimonial property the city of Gertruydenberg made a considerable proportion, to the amount of eight thousand pounds sterling a year,[1]—after summoning the garrison, in his own name and that of the states, to surrender, laid siege to the place in form. It would have been cheaper, no doubt, to pay the demands of the garrison in full and allow them to depart. But Maurice considered his honor at stake. His letters of summons, in which he spoke of the rebellious commandant and his garrison as self-seeking foreigners and mercenaries, were taken in very ill part. Wingfield resented the statement in very insolent language, and offered to prove its falsehood with his sword against any man and in any place whatever. Willoughby wrote to his brother-in-law, from Flushing, when about to embark, disapproving of his conduct and of his language; and to Maurice, deprecating hostile measures against a city under the protection of Queen Elizabeth. At any rate, he claimed that Sir John Wingfield and his wife, the Countess of Kent, with their

[1] Ortel to Wolley, April 9, 1589, S. P. Office MS.

newly born child, should be allowed to depart from the place. But Wingfield expressed great scorn at any suggestion of retreat, and vowed that he would rather surrender the city to the Spaniards than tolerate the presumption of Maurice and the states. The young prince accordingly opened his batteries, but, before an entrance could be effected into the town, was obliged to retire at the approach of Count Mansfeld with a much superior force. Gertruydenberg was now surrendered to the Spaniards (10th April, 1589), in accordance with a secret negotiation which had been proceeding all the spring, and had been brought to a conclusion at last. The garrison received twelve months' pay in full and a gratuity of five months in addition, and the city was then reduced into obedience to Spain and Rome, on the terms which had been usual during the government of Farnese.[1]

The loss of this city was most severe to the Republic, for the enemy had thus gained an entrance into the very heart of Holland. It was a more important acquisition to Alexander than even Bergen-op-Zoom would have been, and it was a bitter reflection that to the treachery of Netherlanders and of their English allies this great disaster was owing. All the wrath aroused a year before by the famous treason of Yorke and Stanley, and which had been successfully extinguished, now flamed forth afresh. The states published a placard denouncing the men who had thus betrayed the cause of freedom and surrendered the city of Gertruydenberg to the Spaniards as perjured traitors whom it was made lawful to hang, whenever or wherever caught, without trial or sentence,

[1] Bor, iii. xxvi. 403–419. Strada, ii. x. 600–609. Coloma, i. 20–23.

and offering fifty florins a head for every private soldier and one hundred florins for any officer of the garrison. A list of these Englishmen and Netherlanders, so far as known, was appended to the placard, and the catalogue was headed by the name of Sir John Wingfield.[1]

Thus the consequences of the fatal event were even more deplorable than the loss of the city itself. The fury of Olden-Barneveldt at the treason was excessive, and the great advocate governed the policy of the Republic, at this period, almost like a dictator.[2] The states, easily acknowledging the sway of the imperious orator, became bitter and wrathful with the English, side by side with whom they had lately been so cordially standing.

Willoughby, on his part, now at the English court, was furious with the states, and persuaded the leading councilors of the queen, as well as her Majesty herself, to adopt his view of the transaction. Wingfield, it was

[1] Bor, ubi sup. Bodley to Burghley, April 10 (20), 1589, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. iv. p. 144, MS.

[2] "For all here is directed by Holland, and Holland is carried away by Barneveldt, whose resolutions are so full of self-will, and so opposite to her Majesty's proceedings, as there are of the wisest among themselves that fear by his dealing some great alteration. For the hindrance of which, I cannot propose any better means than if that course which is held between him and Ortel might be stopped in England. For matters here are so handled at this present, as in whatsoever cause the States-General, or they of Holland and Zealand, have to deal with her Majesty, they neither propose it before to the council of state, nor impart it with her Majesty's lieutenant or councilors; but, by Barneveldt's direction, solicit all by Ortel, and so receive their despatch. Whereunto the reputation of every action doth redound unto him, and her Majesty's lieutenant and ministers are little regarded."—Bodley to Burghley, February 20 (March 2), 1589, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. iv. p. 55, MS.

asserted, was quite innocent in the matter; he was entirely ignorant of the French language, and therefore was unable to read a word of the letters addressed to him by Maurice and the replies which had been signed by himself. Whether this strange excuse ought to be accepted or not, it is quite certain that he was no traitor like Yorke and Stanley, and no friend to Spain; for he had stipulated for himself the right to return to England, and had neither received nor desired any reward. He hated Maurice and he hated the states, but he asserted that he had been held in durance, that the garrison was mutinous, and that he was no more responsible for the loss of the city than Sir Francis Vere had been, who had also been present, and whose name had been subsequently withdrawn in honorable fashion from the list of traitors, by authority of the states. His position, so far as he was personally concerned, seemed defensible, and the queen was thoroughly convinced of his innocence. Willoughby complained that the Republic was utterly in the hands of Barneveldt, that no man ventured to lift his voice or his eyes in presence of the terrible advocate who ruled every Netherlander with a rod of iron, and that his violent and threatening language to Wingfield and himself at the dinner-table in Bergen-op-Zoom on the subject of the mutiny (when one hundred of the Gertruydenberg garrison were within sound of his voice) had been the chief cause of the rebellion.[1] Inspired by these remonstrances, the queen once more emptied the vials of her wrath upon the United Netherlands. The criminations and recriminations seemed endless, and it was most fortunate that Spain had been weakened, that Alexander, a prey to melancholy and to

[1] Bor, ubi sup.

lingering disease, had gone to the baths of Spa to recruit his shattered health, and that his attention and the schemes of Philip for the year 1589 and the following period were to be directed toward France. Otherwise the commonwealth could hardly have escaped still more severe disasters than those already experienced in this unfortunate condition of its affairs and this almost hopeless misunderstanding with its most important and vigorous friend.[1]

While these events had been occurring in the heart of the Republic, Martin Schenck, that restless freebooter, had been pursuing a bustling and most lucrative career on its outskirts. All the episcopate of Cologne, that debatable land of the two rival paupers, Bavarian Ernest

[1] Bor, ubi sup. and 443–457.

Willoughby published a very bitter pamphlet in reply to the severe attacks of Olden-Barneveldt and his partizans. "The child of Milord Willoughby is born at last," said Joachim Ortel; "the book is printed, and is as full of lies as an egg is of meat (*so vol leugens als een ey vol suyvels*)."

Walsingham, as might be supposed, much regretted these misunderstandings, although he was inclined to censure the states. "I like very well," he said, "that the placard should rather be answered by Lord Willoughby than by her Majesty. But to have it not answered at all were the best. . . . Their ingratitude is great, yet seeing we cannot sever ourselves from them without infinite danger, their errors are to be winked at for a time. It may be that the disgrace inflicted on them through the loss of Gertruydenberg will somewhat humble them; for seeing Barneveldt, the principal ringleader amongst them, begins to stick sail, I think the rest will stoop. But when I look into their strange course in publishing their placard, after the loss of the town to hazard the loss of her Majesty's favor, I must conclude that with the loss of the town they have lost their wits."—Walsingham to Burghley, April 27 (May 7), 1589, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. iv. p. 171, MS.

and Gerard Truchses, trembled before him. Mothers scared their children into quiet with the terrible name of Schenck, and farmers and land-younkers throughout the electorate and the lands of Berg, Cleves, and Juliers paid their blackmail, as if it were a constitutional impost, to escape the levying process of the redoubtable partizan.

But Martin was no longer seconded, as he should have been, by the states, to whom he had been ever faithful since he forsook the banner of Spain for their own; and he had even gone to England and complained to the queen of the shortcomings of those who owed him so much. His ingenious and daring exploit, the capture of Bonn, has already been narrated, but the states had neglected the proper precautions to secure that important city. It had consequently, after a six months' siege, been surrendered to the Spaniards under Prince Chimay, on the 19th of September;[1] while, in December following, the city of Wachtendonk, between the Rhine and Meuse, had fallen into Mansfeld's hands.[2] Rheinberg, the only city of the episcopate which remained to the deposed Truchses, was soon afterward invested by the troops of Parma, and Schenck in vain summoned the States-General to take proper measures for its defense. But with the enemy now eating his way toward the heart of Holland, and with so many dangers threatening them on every side, it was thought imprudent to go so

[1] Strada, x. 584–595. Coloma, i. 12–14. Bor, iii. xxv. 328.

[2] Strada, x. 599, who states that bombshells, which he elaborately describes, were first used at this siege of Wachtendonk. They had been invented, he says, a few days before its commencement, by an artisan of Venlo, for his own misfortune and that of his city; for he set the town of Venlo on fire, and burned down two thirds of it, by a premature explosion of his new projectiles.

far away to seek the enemy. So Gerard retired in despair into Germany, and Martin did what he could to protect Rheinberg, and to fill his own coffers at the expense of the whole countryside.

He had built a fort, which then and long afterward bore his name,—Schenckenschans, or "Schenck's Sconce," —at that important point where the Rhine, opening its two arms to inclose the "Good Meadow" island of Batavia, becomes on the left the Waal, while on the right it retains its ancient name; and here, on the outermost edge of the Republic, and looking straight from his fastness into the fruitful fields of Münster, Westphalia, and the electorate, the industrious Martin devoted himself with advantage to his favorite pursuits.

On the 7th of August, on the heath of Lippe, he had attacked a body of Spanish musketeers, more than a thousand strong, who were protecting a convoy of provisions, treasure, and furniture sent by Farnese to Verdugo, royal governor of Friesland. Schenck, without the loss of a single man, had put the greater part of these Spaniards and Walloons to the sword, and routed the rest. The leader of the expedition, Colonel Aristotle Patton, who had once played him so foul a trick in the surrender of Guelders, had soon taken to flight, when he found his ancient enemy upon him, and, dashing into the Lippe, had succeeded, by the strength and speed of his horse, in gaining the opposite bank and effecting his escape. Had he waited many minutes longer it is probable that the treacherous Aristotle would have passed a comfortless half-hour with his former comrade. Treasure to the amount of seven thousand crowns in gold, five hundred horses, with jewels, plate, and other articles of value, were the fruit of this adventure, and Schenck

returned with his followers, highly delighted, to Schenckenschans,[1] and sent the captured Spanish colors to her Majesty of England as a token.[2]

A few miles below his fortress was Nimwegen, and toward that ancient and wealthy city Schenck had often cast longing eyes. It still held for the king, although on the very confines of Batavia; but while acknowledging the supremacy of Philip, it claimed the privileges of the empire. From earliest times it had held its head very high among imperial towns, had been one of the three chief residences of the Emperor Charlemagne, and still paid the annual tribute of a gloveful of pepper to the German Empire.[3]

On the evening of the 10th of August, 1589, there was a wedding-feast in one of the splendid mansions of the stately city. The festivities were prolonged until deep in the midsummer's night, and harp and viol were still inspiring the feet of the dancers, when on a sudden, in the midst of the holiday groups, appeared the grim visage of Martin Schenck, the man who never smiled. Clad in no wedding-garment, but in armor of proof, with morion on head and sword in hand, the great freebooter strode heavily through the ball-room, followed by a party of those terrible musketeers who never gave or asked for quarter, while the affrighted revelers fluttered away before them.

Taking advantage of a dark night, he had just dropped down the river from his castle with five-and-twenty

[1] Strada, x. 630, 631. Coloma, ii. 26, 27. Bor, iii. xxvi. 459. Bodley to Walsingham, August 2 (12), 1589, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. v. p. 60, MS.

[2] Bodley to Burghley, August 20 (30), 1589, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. iv. p. 55, MS.

[3] Guicciardini, in voce.

barges, had landed with his most trusted soldiers in the foremost vessels, had battered down the Gate of St. Anthony, and surprised and slain the guard. Without waiting for the rest of his boats, he had then stolen with his comrades through the silent streets, and torn away the latticework and other slight defenses on the rear of the house which they had now entered, and through which they intended to possess themselves of the market-place. Martin had long since selected this mansion as a proper position for his enterprise, but he had not been bidden to the wedding, and was somewhat disconcerted when he found himself on the festive scene which he had so grimly interrupted. Some of the merrymakers escaped from the house and proceeded to alarm the town, while Schenck hastily fortified his position and took possession of the square. But the burghers and garrison were soon on foot, and he was driven back into the house. Three times he recovered the square by main strength of his own arm, seconded by the handful of men whom he had brought with him, and three times he was beaten back by overwhelming numbers into the wedding-mansion. The arrival of the greater part of his followers, with whose assistance he could easily have mastered the city in the first moments of surprise, was mysteriously delayed. He could not account for their prolonged absence, and was meanwhile supported only by those who had arrived with him in the foremost barges.

The truth—of which he was ignorant—was that the remainder of the flotilla, borne along by the strong and deep current of the Waal, then in a state of freshet, had shot past the landing-place, and had ever since been vainly struggling against wind and tide to force their

way back to the necessary point. Meantime Schenck and his followers fought desperately in the market-place, and desperately in the house which he had seized. But a whole garrison, and a town full of citizens in arms, proved too much for him, and he was now hotly besieged in the mansion, and at last driven forth into the streets.

By this time day was dawning; the whole population, soldiers and burghers, men, women, and children, were thronging about the little band of marauders, and assailing them with every weapon and every missile to be found. Schenck fought with his usual ferocity, but at last the musketeers, in spite of his indignant commands, began rapidly to retreat toward the quay. In vain Martin stormed and cursed, in vain with his own hand he struck more than one of his soldiers dead.[1] He was swept along with the panic-stricken band, and when, shouting and gnashing his teeth with frenzy, he reached the quay at last, he saw at a glance why his great enterprise had failed. The few empty barges of his own party were moored at the steps; the rest were half a mile off, contending hopelessly against the swollen and rapid Waal. Schenck, desperately wounded, was left almost alone upon the wharf, for his routed followers had plunged helter-skelter into the boats, several of which, overladen in the panic, sank at once, leaving the soldiers to drown or struggle with the waves. The game was lost. Nothing was left the freebooter but retreat. Reluctantly turning his back on his enemies, now in full cry close behind him, Schenck sprang into the last remaining boat, just pushing from the quay. Already overladen, it foundered with his additional

[1] "Schencius irâ furens et frendens . . . suorum nonnullis sua manu interemptis," etc.—Strada, x. 632.

weight, and Martin Schenck, encumbered with his heavy armor, sank at once to the bottom of the Waal.[1]

Some of the fugitives succeeded in swimming down the stream, and were picked up by their comrades in the barges below the town, and so made their escape. Many were drowned with their captain. A few days afterward the inhabitants of Nimwegen fished up the body of the famous partizan. He was easily recognized by his armor, and by his truculent face, still wearing the scowl with which he had last rebuked his followers. His head was taken off at once, and placed on one of the turrets of the town, and his body, divided in four, was made to adorn other portions of the battlements, so that the burghers were enabled to feast their eyes on the remnants of the man at whose name the whole country had so often trembled.

This was the end of Sir Martin Schenck of Nideggen, knight, colonel, and brigand, save that ultimately his dissevered limbs were packed in a chest, and kept in a church tower, until Maurice of Nassau, in course of time becoming master of Nimwegen, honored the valiant and on the whole faithful freebooter with a Christian and military burial.[2]

[1] Bor, iii. xxvi. 459, 460. Wagenaer, viii. 307, 308. Strada, x. 631–633. Coloma, ii. 27. Bodley to Walsingham, August 3 (13), 1589, S. P. Office MS. Bentivoglio, ii. v. 335. Haraei Tum. Belg., iii. 425.

[2] Bor, Wagenaer, Strada, ubi sup.

"The townsmen since have fished for Schenck, and found him in his armor, and since have cut him in quarters and set him on their gates, which extraordinary inhumanity doth so exasperate the states as they will publish an edict upon it, that no quarter shall be kept with Nimwegen."—Bodley to Walsingham, August 9 (19), 1589, S. P. Office MS.

A few months later (October, 1589) another man who had been playing an important part in the Netherlands drama lost his life. Count Meurs and Nieuwenaar, stadholder of Utrecht, Gelderland, and Overyssel, while inspecting some newly invented fireworks, was suddenly killed by their accidental ignition and explosion.[1] His death left vacant three great stadholderates, which before long were to be conferred upon a youth whose power henceforth was rapidly to grow greater.

The misunderstanding between Holland and England continuing, Olden-Barneveldt, Aertsens, and Buys refusing to see that they had done wrong in denouncing the Dutch and English traitors who had sold Gertruydenberg to the enemy, and the queen and her councilors persisting in their anger at so insolent a proceeding, it may easily be supposed that there was no great heartiness in the joint expedition against Spain, which had been projected in the autumn of 1588, and was accomplished in the spring and summer of 1589.

Nor was this well-known enterprise fruitful of any remarkable result. It had been decided to carry the war into Spain itself, and Don Antonio, Prior of Crato, Bastard of Portugal, and pretender to its crown, had persuaded himself and the English government that his name would be potent to conjure with in that kingdom, hardly yet content with the Spanish yoke. Supported by a determined force of English and Dutch adventurers, he boasted that he should excite a revolution by the magic of his presence, and cause Philip's throne to tremble, in return for the audacious enterprise of that monarch against England.

If a foray were to be made into Spain, no general and

[1] Bor, iii. xxvi. 480.

Maurice of Nassau.

MAURITIUS AVR. PRINC. COM. NASS. MARC. &c.
VERÆ ET VLISS CONF. BELG. PROV. GUB.

no admiral could be found in the world so competent to the adventure as Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake. They were accompanied, too, by Sir Edward Norris, and another of those "chickens of Mars," Henry Norris, by the indomitable and ubiquitous Welshman, Roger Williams, and by the young Earl of Essex, whom the queen in vain commanded to remain at home, and who, somewhat to the annoyance of the leaders of the expedition, concealed himself from her Majesty's pursuit, and at last embarked in a vessel which he had equipped, in order not to be cheated of his share in the hazard and the booty. "If I speed well," said the spendthrift but valiant youth, "I will adventure to be rich; if not, I will never live to see the end of my poverty."[1]

But no great riches were to be gathered in the expedition. With some fourteen thousand men and one hundred and sixty vessels,—of which six were the queen's ships of war, including the famous *Revenge* and the *Dreadnaught*, and the rest armed merchantmen, English and forty Hollanders,—and with a contingent of fifteen hundred Dutchmen under Nicholas van Meetkerken and Van Laen, the adventurers set sail from Plymouth on the 18th of April, 1589.

They landed at Coruña,—at which place they certainly could not expect to create a Portuguese revolution, which was the first object of the expedition,—destroyed some shipping in the harbor, captured and sacked the lower town, and were repulsed in the upper; marched with six thousand men to Burgos; crossed the bridge at push of pike, and routed ten thousand Spaniards under Andrada and Altamira, Edward Norris receiving a

[1] Essex to the vice-chamberlain, March, 1589, in Barrow's Life of Drake, 377.

desperate blow on the head at the passage of the bridge, and being rescued from death by his brother John; took sail for the south after this action, in which they had killed a thousand Spaniards and had lost but two men of their own; were joined off Cape Finisterre by Essex; landed a force at Peniche, the castle of which place surrendered to them and acknowledged the authority of Don Antonio; and thence marched with the main body of the troops, under Sir John Norris, forty-eight miles to Lisbon, while Drake, with the fleet, was to sail up the Tagus.

Nothing like a revolution had been effected in Portugal. No one seemed to care for the Pretender, or even to be aware that he had ever existed, except the governor of Peniche Castle, a few ragged and barefooted peasants, who, once upon the road, shouted "Viva Don Antonio!" and one old gentleman by the wayside, who brought him a plate of plums. His hopes of a crown faded rapidly, and when the army reached Lisbon it had dwindled to not much more than four thousand effective men,—the rest being dead of dysentery, or on the sick-list from imprudence in eating and drinking,—while they found that they had made an unfortunate omission in their machinery for assailing the capital, having not a single field-piece in the whole army. Moreover, as Drake was prevented by bad weather and head winds from sailing up the Tagus, it seemed a difficult matter to carry the city. A few cannon, and the coöperation of the fleet, were hardly to be dispensed with on such an occasion. Nevertheless, it would perhaps have proved an easier task than it appeared; for so great was the panic within the place that a large number of the inhabitants had fled, the Cardinal Viceroy Archduke Albert

had but a very insufficient guard, and there were many gentlemen of high station who were anxious to further the entrance of the English, and who were afterward hanged or garroted for their hostile sentiments to the Spanish government.[1]

While the leaders were deliberating what course to take, they were informed that Count Fuentes and Henriquez de Guzman, with six thousand men, lay at a distance of two miles from Lisbon, and that they had been proclaiming by sound of trumpet that the English had been signally defeated before Lisbon and that they were in full retreat.

Fired at this bravado, Norris sent a trumpet to Fuentes and Guzman, with a letter signed and sealed, giving them the lie in plainest terms, appointing the next day for a meeting of the two forces, and assuring them that when the next encounter should take place it should be seen whether a Spaniard or an Englishman would be first to fly; while Essex, on his part, sent a note defying either or both those boastful generals to single combat. Next day the English army took the field, but the Spaniards retired before them; and nothing came of this exchange of cartels, save a threat on the part of Fuentes to hang the trumpeter who had brought the messages. From the execution of this menace he refrained, however, on being assured that the deed would be avenged by the death of the Spanish prisoner of highest rank then in English hands, and thus the trumpeter escaped.

Soon afterward the fleet set sail from the Tagus, landed, and burned Vigo on their way homeward, and returned to Plymouth about the middle of July.

Of the thirteen thousand came home six thousand,

[1] Bor, iii. xxvi. 439.

the rest having perished of dysentery and other disorders. They had braved and insulted Spain, humbled her generals, defied her power, burned some defenseless villages, frightened the peasantry, set fire to some shipping, destroyed wine, oil, and other merchandise, and had divided among the survivors of the expedition, after landing in England, five shillings a head prize-money; but they had not effected a revolution in Portugal. Don Antonio had been offered nothing by his faithful subjects but a dish of plums, so that he retired into obscurity from that time forward. And all this was scarcely a magnificent result for the death of six or seven thousand good English and Dutch soldiers, and the outlay of considerable treasure.

As a freebooting foray—and it was nothing else—it could hardly be thought successful, although it was a splendid triumph compared with the result of the long and loudly heralded Invincible Armada.[1]

[1] For particulars of this expedition, see Camden, iv. 429–433; Stow, 751–756; Barrow's Life of Drake, with the letters of Drake, Norris, and others, 335–379; Bor, iii. xxvi. 430–443; Herrera, iii. v. 170 seq.

Sir Roger Williams to the lord chancellor, lord treasurer, and Secretary Walsingham, July, 1589, S. P. Office MS.:

"Had we gone to Lisbon," says the Welsh knight, "and not touched at the Groyne, we had found the town unprovided with men of war, in such sort, with the favor of God, we had carried it away without blows. . . . We have returned the most of our ships into England that *should have been* laden with rich merchandise and great treasure. With that lading, our sovereign and your Honors might have returned our shipping unto us with a new supply. In going into the Groyne, we lost a number of brave men in dislodging. At the least two thousand took their course—some for England, some for France. There we took our sickness, partly by the hot winds, but chiefly by the old clothes and baggage of those

In France, great events during the remainder of 1588 and the following year, and which are well known even to the most superficial student of history, had much changed the aspect of European affairs. It was fortunate for the two commonwealths of Holland and England, engaged in the great struggle for civil and religious liberty and national independence, that the attention of Philip became more and more absorbed, as time wore on, with the affairs of France. It seemed necessary for him firmly to establish his dominion in that country before attempting once more the conquest of England or the recovery of the Netherlands. For France had been brought more nearly to anarchy and utter decomposition than ever. Henry III., after his fatal forgiveness of the deadly offense of Guise, felt day by day more keenly that he had transferred his scepter, such as it was, to that dangerous intriguer. Bitterly did the king

which returned with the Duke of Medina out of England. There we lost many a day, in the which time the enemy arrived, and placed his forces where he thought most necessariest, chiefly in Lisbon. Notwithstanding, when we arrived, we gave the law in the field, that none durst fight with us, in twelve days, with five thousand footmen, and, God knows, poor people, save two thousand, and those all volunteers. All the horsemen we had amounted not to forty-five; we had not any Portuguese to speak of, and such as we had did us more hurt than good. . . . Some will say, How could you have kept Lisbon? Believe it not. With six thousand we would have kept it against all Spain and Portugal. . . . Our journey was most honorable and profitable unto our sovereign and estate. First, and principally, the world will speak how five thousand Englishmen dared the Spaniards to battle at the gates of Lisbon—not stealing, but after giving leave to arm two months; for the world must think they knew where we meant to direct our course, when Don Antonio dislodged from his house at London," etc.

regret having refused the prompt offer of Alphonse Corse on the Day of the Barricades; for now, so long as the new generalissimo should live, the luckless Henry felt himself a superfluity in his own realm. The halcyon days were forever past when, protected by the swords of Joyeuse and of Epergnon, the monarch of France could pass his life playing at cup and ball, or snipping images out of pasteboard, or teaching his parrots to talk, or his lap-dogs to dance. His royal occupations were gone, and murder now became a necessary preliminary to any future tranquillity or enjoyment. Discrowned as he felt himself already, he knew that life or liberty was only held by him now at the will of Guise. The assassination of the duke in December was the necessary result of the barricades in May, and accordingly that assassination was arranged with an artistic precision of which the world had hardly suspected the Valois to be capable, and which Philip himself might have envied.

The story of the murders of Blois, the destruction of Guise and his brother the cardinal, and the subsequent imprisonment of the Archbishop of Lyons, the Cardinal Bourbon, and the Prince de Joinville, now, through the death of his father, become the young Duke of Guise—all these events are too familiar in the realms of history, song, romance, and painting to require more than this slight allusion here.

Never had an assassination been more technically successful, yet its results were not commensurate with the monarch's hopes. The deed which he had thought premature in May was already too late in December. His mother denounced his cruelty now, as she had, six months before, execrated his cowardice. And the old

queen, seeing that her game was played out, that the cards had all gone against her, that her son was doomed, and her own influence dissolved in air, felt that there was nothing left for her but to die. In a week she was dead, and men spoke no more of Catherine de' Medici, and thought no more of her than if, in the words of a splenetic contemporary, "she had been a dead she-goat."[1] Paris howled with rage when it learned the murders of Blois, and the sixteen quarters became more furious than ever against the Valois. Some wild talk there was of democracy and republicanism after the manner of Switzerland, and of dividing France into cantons; and there was an earnest desire on the part of every grandee, every general, every soldier of fortune, to carve out a portion of French territory with his sword, and to appropriate it for himself and his heirs. Disintegration was making rapid progress, and the epoch of the last Valois seemed more dark and barbarous than the times of the degenerate Carlovingians had been. The letter-writer of the Escorial, who had earnestly warned his faithful Mucio,[2] week after week, that dangers were impending over him, and that "some trick would be played upon him," should he venture into the royal presence, now acquiesced in his assassination, and placidly busied himself with fresh combinations and newer tools.

Baffled, hunted, scorned by all besides, the luckless

[1] L'Estoile.

[2] A. 56, 148, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS., passim.

E. g., "Con Mucio a quien siempre aconsejad que mire por si y no se dexe engañar y *hazer alguna burla*, pues anda a tanto peligro." And, in the king's own hand, "Y se acuerde de su padre."—Philip to Mendoza, September 3, 1588, MS.

Henry now threw himself into the arms of the Béarnese —the man who could and would have protected him long before, had the king been capable of understanding their relative positions and his own true interests. Could the Valois have conceived the thought of religious toleration, his throne even then might have been safe. But he preferred playing the game of the priests and bigots, who execrated his name and were bent upon his destruction. At last, at Plessis-les-Tours, the Béarnese, in his shabby old chamois jacket and his well-dented cuirass, took the silken Henry in his arms, and the two, the hero and the fribble, swearing eternal friendship, proceeded to besiege Paris. A few weeks later the dagger of Jacques Clément put an end forever to the line of Valois.[1] Luckless Henry III. slept with his forefathers, and Henry of Bourbon and Navarre proclaimed himself King of France. Catherine and her four sons

[1] The spelling of the sixteenth century, in all European languages, was capricious and unsettled; yet the little note in which the Duchess Mary of Luxembourg announced the death of Henry III. is a curiosity, even for that age:

"Qui la ette tue—sa ette par un Jacobin qui luy a donne dun cou de pissetolle dan la tayte. Ill i a dotre nouvelle beaucoup avantajeuse pour les bon Catolique. jay donne charge a se deporteur de les vous dire."—Duchesse Maria de Luxembourg au Commandeur Moreo, August 9, 1589, Arch. de Sim. MS.

Philip's wonderful comment on the words "pissetolle" and "tayte" in this communication has been already published, but will bear repetition:

"Perhaps," he wrote with his own hand, "'pissetolle' is some kind of knife, and 'tayte,' I don't know if it can be anything else than head, which is not 'tayte,' but 'tete,' or 'teyte,' as you know."

"Quizá es alguna manera de cuchillo, y la tayte no sé si podria ser otra coza que cabeza, qui no es tayte, sino tete, o teyte, como sabreys."

had all passed away at last, and it would be a daring and a dexterous schemer who should now tear the crown, for which he had so long and so patiently waited, from the iron grasp of the Béarnese. Philip had a more difficult game than ever to play in France. It would be hard for him to make valid the claims of the Infanta and any husband he might select for her to the crown of her grandfather Henry II. It seemed simple enough for him, while waiting the course of events, to set up a royal effigy before the world in the shape of an effete old Cardinal Bourbon, to pour oil upon its head and to baptize it Charles X.; but meantime the other Bourbon was no effigy, and he called himself Henry IV.

It was easy enough for Paris and Madam League and Philip the Prudent to cry woe upon the heretic; but the cheerful leader of the Huguenots was a philosopher, who in the days of St. Bartholomew had become orthodox to save his life, and who was already "instructing himself" anew in order to secure his crown. Philip was used to deal with fanatics, and had often been opposed by a religious bigotry as fierce as his own; but he might perhaps be baffled by a good-humored free-thinker, who was to teach him a lesson in political theology of which he had never dreamed.

The Leaguers were not long in doubt as to the meaning of "instruction," and they were thoroughly persuaded that, so soon as Henry IV. should reconcile himself with Rome, their game was likely to become desperate.

Nevertheless, prudent Philip sat in his elbow-chair, writing his apostils, improving himself and his secretaries in orthography, but chiefly confining his attention to the affairs of France. The departed Mucio's brother Mayenne was installed as chief stipendiary of Spain and

lieutenant-general for the League in France, until Philip should determine within himself in what form to assume the sovereignty of that kingdom. It might be questionable, however, whether that corpulent duke, who spent more time in eating than Henry IV. did in sleeping, and was longer in reading a letter than Henry in winning a battle, were likely to prove a very dangerous rival, even with all Spain at his back, to the lively Béarnese. But time would necessarily be consumed before the end was reached, and time and Philip were two. Henry of Navarre and France was ready to open his ears to instruction; but even he had declared, several years before, that "a religion was not to be changed like a shirt." So while the fresh garment was airing for him at Rome, and while he was leisurely stripping off the old, he might perhaps be taken at a disadvantage. Fanaticism on both sides, during this process of instruction, might be roused. The Huguenots, on their part, might denounce the treason of their great chief, and the papists, on theirs, howl at the hypocrisy of the pretended conversion. But Henry IV. had philosophically prepared himself for the denunciations of the Protestants, while determined to protect them against the persecutions of the Romanism to which he meant to give his adhesion. While accepting the title of renegade, together with an undisputed crown, he was not the man to rekindle those fires of religious bigotry which it was his task to quench, now that they had lighted his way to the throne. The demands of his Catholic supporters for the exclusion from the kingdom of all religions but their own were steadily refused.[1]

And thus the events of 1588 and 1589 indicated that

[1] De Thou, t. x. liv. lxxxix. 270, 680. Péréfixe, 80, 96. L'Estoile, 258, 291.

the great game of despotism against freedom would be played, in the coming years, upon the soil of France. Already Elizabeth had furnished the new king with twenty-two thousand pounds in gold,—a larger sum, as he observed, than he had ever seen before in his life,[1]—and the states of the Netherlands had provided him with as much more.[2] Willoughby, too, and tough Roger Williams, and Baskerville, and Umpton, and Vere, with four thousand English pikemen at their back, had already made a brief but spirited campaign in France;[3] and the Duke of Parma, after recruiting his health, so far as it was possible, at Spa, was preparing himself to measure swords with that great captain of Huguenots, who now assumed the crown of his ancestors, upon the same ground. It seemed probable that for the coming years England would be safe from Spanish invasion, and that Holland would have a better opportunity than it had ever enjoyed before of securing its liberty and perfecting its political organization. While Parma, Philip, and Mayenne were fighting the Béarnese for the crown of France, there might be a fairer field for the new commonwealth of the United Netherlands.

And thus many of the personages who have figured in these volumes have already passed away. Leicester had died just after the defeat of the Armada, and the thrifty queen, while dropping a tear upon the grave of "sweet Robin," had sold his goods at auction to defray his debts to herself; and Meurs, and Martin Schenck, and Mucio, and Henry III., and Catherine de' Medici,

[1] Camden, iv. 436.

[2] Bodley to Burghley, August 20, 1589, Brit. Museum, Galba, d. iv. p. 55, MS.

[3] Camden, ubi sup.

were all dead. But Philip the Prudent remained, and Elizabeth of England, and Henry of France and Navarre, and John of Olden-Barneveldt; and there was still another personage, a very young man still, but a deep-thinking, hard-working student, fagging steadily at mathematics and deep in the works of Stevinus, who, before long, might play a conspicuous part in the world's great drama. But, previously to 1590, Maurice of Nassau seemed comparatively insignificant, and he could be spoken of by courtiers as a cipher, and as an unmannerly boy just let loose from school.

CHAPTER XXI

Effect of the assassination of Henry III.—Concentration of forces for the invasion of France—The Netherlanders determine on striking a blow for freedom—Organization of a Dutch army —Stratagem to surprise the castle of Breda—Intrepidity and success of the enterprise.

THE dagger of Jacques Clément had done much, and was likely to do more, to change the face of Europe. Another proof was afforded that assassination had become a regular and recognized factor in the political problems of the sixteenth century. Another illustration was exhibited of the importance of the individual, even although that individual was in himself utterly despicable, to the working out of great historical results. It seemed that the murder of Henry III., that forlorn caricature of kingship and of manhood, was likely to prove eminently beneficial to the cause of the Netherland commonwealth. Five years earlier the murder of William the Silent had seemed to threaten its very existence.

For Philip the Prudent, now that France was deprived of a head, conceived that the time had arrived when he might himself assume the sovereignty of that kingdom. While a thing of straw, under the name of Charles X. and shape of a Cardinal Bourbon, was set up to do battle with that living sovereign and soldier, the heretic Béarnese, the Duke of Parma was privately ordered to bend

all his energies toward the conquest of the realm in dispute, under pretense of assisting the Holy League.

Accordingly, early in the year 1590, Alexander concentrated a considerable force on the French frontier in Artois and Hainault, apparently threatening Bergen-op-Zoom and other cities in South Holland, but in reality preparing to invade France. The Duke of Mayenne, who had assumed the title of lieutenant-general of that kingdom, had already visited him at Brussels in order to arrange the plan of the campaign.[1]

While these measures were in preparation, an opportunity was likely to be afforded to the Netherlanders of striking a blow or two for liberty and independence, now that all the force that possibly could be spared was to be withdrawn by their oppressors and to be used for the subjugation of their neighbors. The question was whether there would be a statesman and a soldier ready to make use of this golden opportunity.

There was a statesman ripe and able who, since the death of the Taciturn, had been growing steadily in the estimation of his countrymen, and who already was paramount in the councils of the States-General. There was a soldier, still very young, who was possessed of the strongest hereditary claims to the confidence and affection of the United Provinces, and who had been passing a studious youth in making himself worthy of his father and his country. Fortunately, too, the statesman and the soldier were working most harmoniously together. John of Olden-Barneveldt, with his great experience and vast and steady intellect, stood side by side with young Maurice of Nassau at this important crisis in the history of the new commonwealth.

[1] Bor, iii. xxvi. 516, 518.

At length the twig was becoming the tree,—*tandem fit surculus arbor*,—according to the device assumed by the son of William the Silent after his father's death.

The Netherlands had sore need of a practical soldier to contend with the scientific and professional tyrants against whom they had so long been struggling, and Maurice, although so young, was preëminently a practical man. He was no enthusiast; he was no poet. He was at that period certainly no politician. Not often at the age of twenty has a man devoted himself for years to pure mathematics for the purpose of saving his country. Yet this was Maurice's scheme. Four years long and more, when most other youths in his position and at that epoch would have been alternating between frivolous pleasures and brilliant exploits in the field, the young prince had spent laborious days and nights with the learned Simon Stevinus of Bruges. The scientific work which they composed in common, the credit of which the master assigned to the pupil, might have been more justly attributed, perhaps, to the professor than to the prince, but it is certain that Maurice was an apt scholar.

In that country, ever held in existence by main human force against the elements, the arts of engineering, hydrostatics, and kindred branches were of necessity much cultivated. It was reserved for the young mathematician to make them as potent against a human foe.

Moreover, there were symptoms that the military discipline, learning, and practical skill which had almost made Spain the mistress of the world were sinking into decay. Farnese, although still in the prime of life, was broken in health, and there seemed no one fit to take the place of himself and his lieutenants when they should

be removed from the scene where they had played their parts so consummately. The army of the Netherlands was still to be created. Thus far the contest had been mainly carried on by domestic militia and foreign volunteers or hirelings. The train-bands of the cities were aided in their struggles against Spanish pikemen and artillerists, Italian and Albanian cavalry, by the German riders, whom every little potentate was anxious to sell to either combatant according to the highest bid, and by English mercenaries, whom the love of adventure or the hope of plunder sent forth under such well-seasoned captains as Williams and Morgan, Vere and the Norrises, Baskerville and Willoughby.

But a Dutch army there was none, and Maurice had determined that at last a national force should be created. In this enterprise he was aided and guided by his cousin Louis William, stadholder of Friesland—the quaint, rugged little hero, young in years, but almost a veteran in the wars of freedom, who was as genial and intellectual in council as he was reckless and impulsive in the field.

Louis William had felt that the old military art was dying out and that there was nothing to take its place. He was a diligent student of antiquity. He had revived in the swamps of Friesland the old manœuvers, the quickness of wheeling, the strengthening, without breaking, ranks or columns, by which the ancient Romans had performed so much excellent work in their day, and which seemed to have passed entirely into oblivion. Old colonels and rittmasters, who had never heard of Leo the Thracian nor the Macedonian phalanx, smiled and shrugged their shoulders as they listened to the questions of the young count, or gazed with profound astonish-

ment at the eccentric evolutions to which he was accustoming his troops. From the heights of superior wisdom they looked down with pity upon these innovations on the good old battle order. They were accustomed to great solid squares of troops wheeling in one way, steadily, deliberately, all together, by one impulse and as one man. It was true that in narrow fields, and when the enemy was pressing, such stately evolutions often became impossible or insured defeat; but when the little stadholder drilled his soldiers in small bodies of various shapes, teaching them to turn, advance, retreat, wheel in a variety of ways, sometimes in considerable masses, sometimes man by man, sending the foremost suddenly to the rear, or bringing the hindmost ranks to the front, and began to attempt all this in narrow fields as well as in wide ones, and when the enemy was in sight, men stood aghast at his want of reverence, or laughed at him as a pedant. But there came a day when they did not laugh, neither friends nor enemies. Meantime the two cousins, who directed all the military operations in the provinces, understood each other thoroughly and proceeded to perfect their new system, to be adopted at a later period by all civilized nations.[1]

The regular army of the Netherlands was small in number at that moment, not more than twenty thousand foot with two thousand horse, but it was well disciplined, well equipped, and, what was of great importance, regularly paid. Old campaigners complained that in the halcyon days of paper enrolments a captain could earn more out of his company than a colonel now received for his whole regiment. The days when a thousand men were paid for, with a couple of hundred

[1] Reyd, viii. 162.

in the field, were passing away for the United Provinces and existed only for Italians and Spaniards. While, therefore, mutiny on an organized and extensive scale seemed almost the normal condition of the unpaid legions of Philip, the little army of Maurice was becoming the model for Europe to imitate.

The United Provinces were as yet very far from being masters of their own territory. Many of their most important cities still held for the king. In Brabant, such towns as Breda, with its many dependencies, and Gertruydenberg; on the Waal, the strong and wealthy Nimwegen, which Martin Schenck had perished in attempting to surprise; on the Yssel, the thriving city of Zutphen, whose fort had been surrendered by the traitor Yorke, and the stately Deventer, which had been placed in Philip's possession by the treachery of Sir William Stanley; on the borders of Drenthe, the almost impregnable Coevorden, key to the whole Zwollian country; and in the very heart of ancient Netherland, Groningen, capital of the province of the same name, which the treason of Renneberg had sold to the Spanish tyrant—all these flourishing cities and indispensable strongholds were garrisoned by foreign troops, making the idea of Dutch independence a delusion.

While Alexander of Parma, sorely against his will and in obedience to what he deemed the insane suggestions of his master, was turning his back on the Netherlands in order to relieve Paris, now hard pressed by the Béarnese, an opportunity offered itself of making at least a beginning in the great enterprise of recovering these most valuable possessions.

The fair and pleasant city of Breda lies on the Merk, a slender stream, navigable for small vessels, which finds

its way to the sea through the great canal of the Dintel. It had been the property of the Princes of Orange, Barons of Breda, and had passed with the other possessions of the family to the house of Châlons-Nassau. Henry of Nassau had, half a century before, adorned and strengthened it by a splendid palace-fortress, which, surrounded by a deep and double moat, thoroughly commanded the town. A garrison of five companies of Italian infantry and one of cavalry lay in this castle, which was under the command of Edward Lanzavecchia, governor both of Breda and of the neighboring Gertruydenberg.

Breda was an important strategical position. It was, moreover, the feudal superior of a large number of adjacent villages, as well as of the cities Oosterhout, Steenbergen, and Rozendaal. It was obviously not more desirable for Maurice of Nassau to recover his patrimonial city than it was for the States-General to drive the Spaniards from so important a position.[1]

In the month of February, 1590, Maurice, being then at the castle of Voorn, in Zealand, received a secret visit from a boatman, Adrian van der Berg by name, who lived at the village of Leur, eight or ten miles from Breda, and who had long been in the habit of supplying the castle with turf. In the absence of woods and coal-mines, the habitual fuel of the country was furnished by those vast relics of the antediluvian forests which abounded in the still partially submerged soil. The skipper represented that his vessel had passed so often into and out of the castle as to be hardly liable to search

[1] Bor, iii. xxvi. 518 seq. Guicciardini, in voce. Meteren, xvi. 290, 291. Em. van Reyd, viii. 162, 163. Bentivoglio, ii. v. 336, 338.

by the guard on its entrance. He suggested a stratagem by which it might be possible to surprise the stronghold.

The prince approved of the scheme and immediately consulted with Barneveldt. That statesman at once proposed, as a suitable man to carry out the daring venture, Captain Charles de Heraugiere, a nobleman of Cambray, who had been long in the service of the states, had distinguished himself at Sluis and on other occasions, but who had been implicated in Leicester's nefarious plot to gain possession of the city of Leyden a few years before.[1] The advocate expressed confidence that he would be grateful for so signal an opportunity of retrieving a somewhat damaged reputation. Heraugiere, who was with his company in Voorn at the moment, eagerly signified his desire to attempt the enterprise as soon as the matter was communicated to him, avowing the deepest devotion to the house of William the Silent, and perfect willingness to sacrifice his life, if necessary, in its cause and that of the country. Philip Nassau, cousin of Prince Maurice and brother of Louis William, governor of Gorcum, Dorcum, and Loevenstein Castle, and colonel of a regiment of cavalry, was also taken into the secret, as well as Count Hohenlo, President van der Myle, and a few others; but a mystery was carefully spread and maintained over the undertaking.

Heraugiere selected sixty-eight men, on whose personal daring and patience he knew that he could rely, from the regiments of Philip Nassau and of Famars, governor of the neighboring city of Heusden, and from his own company. Besides himself, the officers to command the party were Captains Logier and Fervet and Lieutenant Matthew Held. The names of such devoted

[1] Chap. xvii. p. 156 seq.

soldiers deserve to be commemorated, and are still freshly remembered by their countrymen.

On the 25th of February Maurice and his staff went to Willemstad, on the isle of Klundert, it having been given out on his departure from The Hague that his destination was Dort. On the same night, at about eleven o'clock, by the feeble light of a waning moon, Heraugiere and his band came to the Swertsenburg ferry, as agreed upon, to meet the boatman. They found neither him nor his vessel, and they wandered about half the night, very cold, very indignant, much perplexed. At last, on their way back, they came upon the skipper at the village of Terheyde, who made the extraordinary excuse that he had overslept himself and that he feared the plot had been discovered. It being too late to make any attempt that night, a meeting was arranged for the following evening. No suspicion of treachery occurred to any of the party, although it became obvious that the skipper had grown faint-hearted. He did not come on the next night to the appointed place, but he sent two nephews, boatmen like himself, whom he described as dare-devils.

On Monday night, the 26th of February, the seventy went on board the vessel, which was apparently filled with blocks of turf, and packed themselves closely in the hold.[1] They moved slowly during a little time on their perilous voyage; for the winter wind, thick with fog and sleet, blew directly down the river, bringing along with it huge blocks of ice, and scooping the water out of the dangerous shallows, so as to render the vessel at any moment liable to be stranded. At last the navigation became impossible, and they came to a standstill. From

[1] Bor, Reyd, Meteren, Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

Monday night till Thursday morning those seventy Hollanders lay packed like herrings in the hold of their little vessel, suffering from hunger, thirst, and deadly cold; yet not one of them attempted to escape or murmured a wish to abandon the enterprise. Even when the third morning dawned there was no better prospect of proceeding; for the remorseless east wind still blew a gale against them, and the shoals which beset their path had become more dangerous than ever. It was, however, absolutely necessary to recruit exhausted nature, unless the adventurers were to drop powerless on the threshold when they should at last arrive at their destination. In all secrecy they went ashore at a lonely castle called Nordam, where they remained to refresh themselves until about eleven at night, when one of the boatmen came to them with the intelligence that the wind had changed and was now blowing freshly in from the sea. Yet the voyage of a few leagues, on which they were embarked, lasted nearly two whole days longer. On Saturday afternoon they passed through the last sluice, and at about three o'clock the last boom was shut behind them. There was no retreat possible for them now. The seventy were to take the strong castle and city of Breda, or to lay down their lives, every man of them. No quarter and short shrift—such was their certain destiny, should that half-crippled, half-frozen little band not succeed in their task before another sunrise.

They were now in the outer harbor and not far from the water-gate which led into the inner castle haven. Presently an officer of the guard put off in a skiff and came on board the vessel. He held a little conversation with the two boatmen, observed that the castle was

much in want of fuel, took a survey of the turf with which the ship was apparently laden, and then lounged into the little cabin. Here he was only separated by a sliding trap-door from the interior of the vessel. Those inside could hear and see his every movement. Had there been a single cough or sneeze from within, the true character of the cargo then making its way into the castle would have been discovered, and every man would within ten minutes have been butchered. But the officer, unsuspecting, soon took his departure, saying that he would send some men to warp the vessel into the castle dock.

Meantime, as the adventurers were making their way slowly toward the water-gate, they struck upon a hidden obstruction in the river, and the deeply laden vessel sprang a leak. In a few minutes those inside were sitting up to their knees in water—a circumstance which scarcely improved their already sufficiently dismal condition. The boatmen vigorously plied the pumps to save the vessel from sinking outright; a party of Italian soldiers soon arrived on the shore, and in the course of a couple of hours they had laboriously dragged the concealed Hollanders into the inner harbor and made their vessel fast, close to the guard-house of the castle.

And now a crowd of all sorts came on board. The winter nights had been long and fearfully cold, and there was almost a dearth of fuel both in town and fortress. A gang of laborers set to work discharging the turf from the vessel, with such rapidity that the departing daylight began to shine in upon the prisoners much sooner than they wished. Moreover, the thorough wetting to which, after all their other inconveniences, they had just been exposed in their narrow escape from foundering, had set

the whole party sneezing and coughing. Never was a catarrh so sudden, so universal, or so ill-timed. Lieutenant Held, unable to control the violence of his cough, drew his dagger and eagerly implored his next neighbor to stab him to the heart, lest his infirmity should lead to the discovery of the whole party. But the calm and wary skipper, who stood on the deck, instantly commanded his companion to work at the pump with as much clatter as possible, assuring the persons present that the hold was nearly full of water. By this means the noise of the coughing was effectually drowned. Most thoroughly did the bold boatman deserve the title of dare-devil, bestowed by his more faint-hearted uncle. Calmly looking death in the face, he stood there quite at his ease, exchanging jokes with his old acquaintances, chaffering with the eager purchasers of peat, shouting most noisy and superfluous orders to the one man who composed his crew—doing his utmost, in short, to get rid of his customers and to keep enough of the turf on board to conceal the conspirators.[1]

At last, when the case seemed almost desperate, he loudly declared that sufficient had been unladen for that evening, and that it was too dark and he too tired for further work. So, giving a handful of stivers among the workmen, he bade them go ashore at once and have some beer, and come next morning for the rest of the cargo. Fortunately, they accepted his hospitable proposition and took their departure. Only the servant of the captain of the guard lingered behind, complaining that the turf was not as good as usual, and that his master would never be satisfied with it.

"Ah," returned the cool skipper, "*the best part of the*

[1] Reyd, ubi sup.

cargo is underneath. This is expressly reserved for the captain. He is sure to get enough of it to-morrow." [1]

Thus admonished, the servant departed, and the boatman was left to himself. His companion had gone on shore with secret orders to make the best of his way to Prince Maurice, to inform him of the arrival of the ship within the fortress, and of the important fact, which they had just learned, that Governor Lanzavecchia, who had heard rumors of some projected enterprise and who suspected that the object aimed at was Gertruydenberg, had suddenly taken his departure for that city, leaving as his lieutenant his nephew Paolo, a raw lad quite incompetent to provide for the safety of Breda.[2]

A little before midnight, Captain Heraugiere made a brief address to his comrades in the vessel, telling them that the hour for carrying out their undertaking had at length arrived. Retreat was impossible, defeat was certain death, only in complete victory lay their own safety and a great advantage for the commonwealth. It was an honor to them to be selected for such an enterprise. To show cowardice now would be an eternal shame for them, and he would be the man to strike dead with his own hand any traitor or poltroon. But if, as he doubted not, every one was prepared to do his duty, their success was assured, and he was himself ready to take the lead in confronting every danger.

He then divided the little band into two companies, one under himself to attack the main guard-house, the other under Fervet to seize the arsenal of the fortress.

[1] Reyd. This answer, which is historical, is as good a specimen of ready wit in an emergency as is often met with in real life.

[2] Bentivoglio, Bor, Meteren, Reyd, ubi sup.

Noiselessly they stole out of the ship where they had so long been confined, and stood at last on the ground within the precincts of the castle. Heraugiere marched straight to the guard-house.

"Who goes there?" cried a sentinel, hearing some movement in the darkness.

"A friend," replied the captain, seizing him by the throat, and commanding him, if he valued his life, to keep silence except when addressed, and then to speak in a whisper.

"How many are there in the garrison?" muttered Heraugiere.

"Three hundred and fifty," whispered the sentinel.

"How many?" eagerly demanded the nearest followers, not hearing the reply.

"He says there are but fifty of them," said Heraugiere, prudently suppressing the three hundred, in order to encourage his comrades.

Quietly as they had made their approach, there was nevertheless a stir in the guard-house. The captain of the watch sprang into the courtyard.

"Who goes there?" he demanded in his turn.

"A friend," again replied Heraugiere, striking him dead with a single blow as he spoke.

Others emerged with torches. Heraugiere was slightly wounded, but succeeded, after a brief struggle, in killing a second assailant. His followers set upon the watch, who retreated into the guard-house. Heraugiere commanded his men to fire through the doors and windows, and in a few minutes every one of the enemy lay dead.

It was not a moment for making prisoners or speaking of quarter. Meantime Fervet and his band had not been idle. The magazine-house of the castle was seized,

its defenders slain. Young Lanzavecchia made a sally from the palace, was wounded and driven back together with a few of his adherents.

The rest of the garrison fled helter-skelter into the town. Never had the musketeers of Italy—for they all belonged to Spinola's famous Sicilian legion—behaved so badly.[1] They did not even take the precaution to destroy the bridge between the castle and the town as they fled panic-stricken before seventy Hollanders. Instead of encouraging the burghers to their support, they spread dismay, as they ran, through every street.

Young Lanzavecchia, penned into a corner of the castle, began to parley, hoping for a rally before a surrender should be necessary. In the midst of the negotiation and a couple of hours before dawn, Hohenlo, duly apprised by the boatman, arrived with the vanguard of Maurice's troops before the field-gate of the fort. A vain attempt was made to force this portal open, but the winter's ice had fixed it fast. Hohenlo was obliged to batter down the palisade near the water-gate and enter by the same road through which the fatal turf-boat had passed.

Soon after he had marched into the town at the head of a strong detachment, Prince Maurice himself arrived in great haste, attended by Philip Nassau, the Admiral Justinus Nassau, Count Solms, Peter van der Does, and Sir Francis Vere, and followed by another body of picked troops; the musicians playing merrily that national air, then, as now, so dear to Netherlanders—

Wilhelmus van Nassouwen
Ben ick van Duytsem bloed.

[1] "Non fece mai la soldatesca Italiana più indegna attione di questa," says Cardinal Bentivoglio, loc. cit.

The fight was over. Some forty of the garrison had been killed, but not a man of the attacking party. The burgomaster sent a trumpet to the prince asking permission to come to the castle to arrange a capitulation, and before sunrise the city and fortress of Breda had surrendered to the authority of the States-General and of his Excellency.[1]

The terms were moderate. The plundering was commuted for the payment of two months' wages to every soldier engaged in the affair. Burghers who might prefer to leave the city were allowed to do so with protection to life and property. Those who were willing to remain loyal citizens were not to be molested, in their consciences or their households, in regard to religion. The public exercise of Catholic rites was, however, suspended until the States-General should make some universal provision on this subject.

Subsequently, it must be allowed, the bargain of commutation proved a bad one for the burghers. Seventy men had in reality done the whole work, but so many soldiers, belonging to the detachments who marched in after the fortress had been taken, came forward to claim their two months' wages as to bring the whole amount required above one hundred thousand florins. The Spaniards accordingly reproached Prince Maurice with

[1] Bor, Bentivoglio, Reyd, Meteren, ubi sup. Count Louis William, in a letter to his father, dated March 1 (O. S.), 1590, in giving a very brief account of this enterprise, speaks of *three* turf-vessels as having been employed ("in drie torff schuiten unter dem holtz verborgen 80 soldaten"); but this statement is so much at variance with every other account, and especially with the elaborate narrative of Eberhard van Reyd, secretary to Count Louis William, that I cannot doubt the count had at first been misinformed. Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., ii. série i. 127.

having fined his own patrimonial city more heavily than Alexander Farnese had mulcted Antwerp, which had been made to pay but four hundred thousand florins, a far less sum in proportion to the wealth and importance of the place.

Already the Prince of Parma, in the taking of Breda, saw verified his predictions of the disasters about to fall on the Spanish interests in the Netherlands, by reason of Philip's obstinate determination to concentrate all his energies on the invasion of France. Alexander had been unable, in the midst of preparations for his French campaign, to arrest this sudden capture, but his Italian blood was on fire at the ignominy which had come upon the soldiership of his countrymen. Five companies of foot and one of horse—picked troops of Spain and Italy —had surrendered a wealthy, populous town and a well-fortified castle to a mud-scow, and had fled shrieking in dismay from the onset of seventy frost-bitten Hollanders.

It was too late to save the town, but he could punish as it deserved the pusillanimity of the garrison.

Three captains, one of them rejoicing in the martial name of Cesar Guerra, were publicly beheaded in Brussels. A fourth, Ventimiglia, was degraded, but allowed to escape with life, on account of his near relationship to the Duke of Terranova, while Governor Lanzavecchia was obliged to resign the command of Gertruydenberg. The great commander knew better than to encourage the yielding up of cities and fortresses by a mistaken lenity to their unlucky defenders.[1]

Prince Maurice sent off letters the same night announ-

[1] The story is briefly told by Parma in his correspondence with the king, March 14, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

cing his success to the States-General. Hohenlo wrote pithily to Olden-Barneveldt: "The castle and town of Breda are ours, without a single man dead on our side. The garrison made no resistance, but ran distracted out of the town."[1]

The church bells rang and bonfires blazed and cannon thundered in every city in the United Provinces to commemorate this auspicious event. Olden-Barneveldt, too, whose part in arranging the scheme was known to have been so valuable, received from the States-General a magnificent gilded vase with sculptured representations of the various scenes in the drama,[2] and it is probable that not more unmingled satisfaction had been caused by any one event of the war than by this surprise of Breda.

The capture of a single town, not of first-rate importance either, would hardly seem to merit so minute a description as has been given in the preceding pages. But the event, with all its details, has been preserved with singular vividness in Netherland story. As an example of daring, patience, and complete success, it has served to encourage the bold spirits of every generation, and will always inspire emulation in patriotic hearts of every age and clime, while, as the first of a series of audacious enterprises by which Dutch victories were to take the place of a long procession of Spanish triumphs on the blood-stained soil of the provinces, it merits, from its chronological position, a more than ordinary attention.

In the course of the summer Prince Maurice, carrying out into practice the lessons which he had so steadily been pondering, reduced the towns and strong places of

[1] Bor, ubi sup. [2] Ibid.

Heyl, Flemert, Elshout, Crèvecœur, Hayden, Steenbergen, Rozendaal, and Oosterhout.[1] But his time, during the remainder of the year 1590, was occupied with preparations for a campaign on an extended scale, and with certain foreign negotiations to which it will soon be necessary to direct the reader's attention.

[1] Meteren, xvi. 294.

CHAPTER XXII

Struggle of the United Provinces against Philip of Spain—Progress of the Republic—Influence of geographical position on the fate of the Netherlands—Contrast offered by America—Miserable state of the so-called "obedient" provinces—Prosperity of the commonwealth—Its internal government—Tendency to provincialism—Quibbles of the English members of the council, Wilkes and Bodley—Exclusion of Olden-Barneveldt from the state council—Proposals of Philip for mediation with the United Provinces—The provinces resolutely decline all proffers of intervention.

THE United Provinces had now been engaged in unbroken civil war for a quarter of a century. It is, however, inaccurate to designate this great struggle with tyranny as a civil war. It was a war for independence, maintained by almost the whole population of the United Provinces against a foreigner, a despot, alien to their blood, ignorant of their language, a hater of their race, a scorner of their religion, a trampler upon their liberties, their laws and institutions—a man who had publicly declared that he would rather the whole nation were exterminated than permitted to escape from subjection to the Church of Rome. Liberty of speech, liberty of the press, liberty of thought on political, religious, and social questions, existed within those Dutch pastures and Frisian swamps to a far greater degree than in any other part of the world at that day,

than in very many regions of Christendom in our own time. Personal slavery was unknown. In a large portion of their territory it had never existed. The free Frisians, nearest blood-relations of, in this respect, the less favored Anglo-Saxons, had never bowed the knee to the feudal system, nor worn, nor caused to be worn, the collar of the serf. In the battles for human liberty no nation has stood with cleaner hands before the great tribunal, nor offered more spotless examples of patriotism to be emulated in all succeeding ages, than the Netherlanders in their gigantic struggle with Philip of Spain. It was not a class struggling for their own privileges, but trampling on their fellow-men in a lower scale of humanity. Kings and aristocrats sneered at the vulgar Republic where Hans Miller, Hans Baker, and Hans Brewer enjoyed political rights and prated of a sovereignty other than that of long-descended races and of anointed heads.[1] Yet the pikemen of Spain and the splendid cavalry and musketeers of Italy and Burgundy, who were now beginning to show their backs both behind intrenchments and in the open field to their republican foes, could not deny the valor with which the battles of liberty were fought; while Elizabeth of England, maintainer, if such ever were, of hereditary sovereignty and hater of popular freedom, acknowledged that for wisdom in council, dignity and adroitness in diplomatic debate, there were none to surpass the plain burgher statesmen of the new Republic.

And at least these Netherlanders were consistent with themselves. They had come to disbelieve in the mystery of kingcraft, in the divine specialty of a few transitory

[1] Bor, iii. 205. Compare Fruin, Tien Jaren uit den Tagtigjarigen Oorlog, p. 27—a work of remarkable research and power.

mortals to direct the world's events and to dictate laws to their fellow-creatures. What they achieved was for the common good of all. They chose to live in an atmosphere of blood and fire for generation after generation rather than flinch from their struggle with despotism, for they knew that, cruel as the sea, it would swallow them all at last in one common destruction if they faltered or paused. They fought for the liberty of all. And it is for this reason that the history of this great conflict deserves to be deeply pondered by those who have the instinct of human freedom. Had the Hollanders basely sunk before the power of Spain, the proud history of England, France, and Germany would have been written in far different terms. The blood and tears which the Netherlanders caused to flow in their own stormy days have turned to blessings for remotest climes and ages. A pusillanimous peace, always possible at any period of their war, would have been hailed with rapture by contemporary statesmen whose names have vanished from the world's memory, but would have sown with curses and misery the soil of Europe for succeeding ages. The territory of the Netherlands is narrow and meager. It is but a slender kingdom now among the powers of the earth. The political grandeur of nations is determined by physical causes almost as much as by moral ones. Had the cataclysm which separated the fortunate British Islands from the mainland happened to occur, instead, at a neighboring point of the earth's crust, had the Belgian, Dutch, German, and Danish Netherland floated off as one island into the sea, while that famous channel between two great rival nations remained dry land, there would have been a different history of the world.

But in the sixteenth century the history of one country was not an isolated chapter of personages and events. The history of the Netherlands is the history of liberty. It was now combined with the English, now with French, now with German struggles for political and religious freedom, but it is impossible to separate it from the one great complex which makes up the last half of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth centuries.

At that day the Netherland Republic was already becoming a power of importance in the political family of Christendom. If, in spite of her geographical disadvantages, she achieved so much, how much vaster might her power have grown, how much stronger through her example might popular institutions throughout the world have become, and how much more pacific the relations of European tribes, had nature been less niggard in her gifts to the young commonwealth! On the sea she was strong, for the ocean is the best of frontiers; but on land her natural boundaries faded vaguely away, without strong physical demarcations and with no sharply defined limits of tongue, history, or race. Accident or human caprice seemed to have divided German Highland from German Netherland, Belgic Gaul from the rest of the Gallic realm. And even from the slender body which an arbitrary destiny had set off for centuries into a separate organism, tyranny and religious bigotry had just hewn another portion away. But the commonwealth was already too highly vitalized to permit peaceful dismemberment. Only the low organisms can live in all their parts after violent separations. The trunk remained, bleeding but alive and vigorous, while the amputated portion lay for centuries in fossilized impotence.

Never more plainly than in the history of this commonwealth was the geographical law manifested by which the fate of nations is so deeply influenced. Courage, enterprise amounting almost to audacity, and a determined will confronted for a long lapse of time the inexorable, and permitted a great empire to germinate out of a few sand-banks held in defiance of the ocean, and protected from human encroachments on the interior only by the artificial barrier of custom-house and fort.

Thus foredoomed at birth, it must increase our admiration of human energy and of the sustaining influence of municipal liberty that the Republic, even if transitory, should yet have girdled the earth with its possessions and held for a considerable period so vast a portion of the world in fee.

What a lesson to our transatlantic commonwealth, whom bountiful nature had blessed at her birth beyond all the nations of history and seemed to speed upon an unlimited career of freedom and peaceful prosperity, should she be capable at the first alarm on her track to throw away her inestimable advantages! If all history is not a mockery and a fable, she may be sure that the nation which deliberately carves itself in pieces and substitutes artificial boundaries for the natural and historic ones condemns itself either to extinction or to the lower life of political insignificance and petty warfare, with the certain loss of liberty and national independence at last. Better a terrible struggle, better the sacrifice of prosperity and happiness for years, than the eternal setting of that great popular hope, the United American Republic.[1]

I speak in this digression only of the relations of physi-

[1] Written in 1863.

cal nature to liberty and nationality, making no allusion to the equally stringent moral laws which no people can violate and yet remain in health and vigor.

Despite a quarter of a century of what is commonly termed civil war, the United Netherlands were prosperous and full of life. It was in the provinces which had seceded from the Union of Utrecht that there was silence as of the grave, destitution, slavery, abject submission to a foreign foe. The leaders in the movement which had brought about the scission of 1579—commonly called the "Reconciliation"—enjoyed military and civil posts under a foreign tyrant, but were poorly rewarded for subserviency in fighting against their own brethren by contumely on the part of their masters. As for the mass of the people, it would be difficult to find a desolation more complete than that recorded of the "obedient" provinces. Even as six years before, wolves littered their whelps in deserted farm-houses, cane-brake and thicket usurped the place of corn-field and orchard, robbers swarmed on the highways once thronged by a most thriving population, nobles begged their bread in the streets of cities whose merchants once entertained emperors and whose wealth and traffic were the wonder of the world, while the Spanish viceroy formally permitted the land in the agricultural districts to be occupied and farmed by the first comer for his own benefit, until the vanished proprietors of the soil should make their reappearance.[1]

"Administered without justice or policy," said a Netherlander who was intensely loyal to the king and a most uncompromising Catholic, "eaten up and abandoned for that purpose to the arbitrary will of foreigners who suck

[1] Meteren, xvi. 297.

the substance and marrow of the land without benefit to the king, gnaw the obedient cities to the bones, and plunder the open defenseless country at their pleasure, it may be imagined how much satisfaction these provinces take in their condition. Commerce and trade have ceased in a country which traffic alone has peopled, for without it no human habitation could be more miserable and poor than our land."[1]

Nothing could be more gloomy than the evils thus described by the Netherland statesman and soldier, except the remedy which he suggested. The obedient provinces, thus scourged and blasted for their obedience, were not advised to improve their condition by joining hands with their sister states, who had just constituted themselves, by their noble resistance to royal and ecclesiastical tyranny, into a free and powerful commonwealth. On the contrary, two great sources of regeneration and prosperity were indicated, but very different ones from those in which the Republic had sought and found her strength. In the first place, it was suggested as indispensable that the obedient provinces should have more Jesuits and more friars. The

[1] Discours du Seigneur de Champagny sur les affaires des Pays-Bas, December 21, 1589, Bibl. de Bourgogne MS. No. 12,962.

"Considerando assi mismo el mal termino que con todos usa, los pocos consejos el desauctorisar los que el Rey a puesto, y que solo lo emprende y maneje todo con sus hechuras para aprovecharlas, y la increyble disorden no solo en lo politico mas en la gente de guerra, haze que no solo todos los de los estados mas aun que quantos con el han de negociar pierdan toda opinion no solo de su discretion o prudencia mas del respeto que devria tener al Rey. Asi manejandose todo sin justicia y policia, comidos todos estos estados y abandonados por esta al alvidrio y govierno de estrangeros qui chupan la sustancia del pays sin

mendicant orders should be summoned to renewed exertions, and the king should be requested to send seminary priests to every village in numbers proportionate to the population, who should go about from house to house, counting the children, and seeing that they learned their catechism if their parents did not teach them, and, even in case they did, examining whether it was done thoroughly and without deception.

In the second place, it was laid down as important that the bishops should confirm no one who had not been sufficiently catechized. "And if the mendicant orders," said Champagny, "are not numerous enough for these catechizations, the Jesuits might charge themselves therewith, not more and not less than the said mendicants, some of each being deputed to each parish. To this end it would be well if his Majesty should obtain from the pope a command to the Jesuits to this effect, since otherwise they might not be willing to comply. It should also be ordered that all Jesuits, natives of these provinces, should return hither, instead of wandering about

beneficio del Rey, y solos teniendo credito con este hombre [Farnese] royendose quantas villas ternan a l'obediencia del Rey hasta los huessos y el plat pays sin defensa contra el enemigo que come y roba a todas partas como quiere—se puede coligar desto la satisfaccion que del tendran todos estados que indifferentemente assi prelados, nobles como villas y pueblos no solo murmuran del mas lo dizen y a vozes," etc., "demas que destos los rebeldes s'endurescen diziendo que no se deven fiar de nuestras promesas, representando la miseria y calamidad en que viven los reduzidos por la violencia y cohechos de nuestra propria gente, governandose todo sin policia, justicia, verdad ni consejo por cabezas codiciosas sin otra mira que a su provecho y ninguna al del Rey . . . que solo el trato puebla, porque cessando la comodidad del, no ay abitacion mas miserable y pobre."

in other regions, as if their help were not so necessary here."[1]

It was also recommended that the mendicant friars should turn their particular attention to Antwerp, and that one of them should preach in French, another in German, another in English, every day at the opening of the Exchange.

With these appliances it was thought that Antwerp would revive out of its ruins and, despite the blockade of its river, renew its ancient commercial glories. Founded on the substantial rocks of mendicancy and Jesuitism, it might again triumph over its rapidly rising rival, the heretic Amsterdam, which had no better basis for its grandeur than religious and political liberty, and uncontrolled access to the ocean.

Such were the aspirations of a distinguished and loyal Netherlander for the regeneration of his country. Such

[1] "Por lo qual primero encarguense de nuevo todas las ordenes mendicantes en las quales santissamente el Rey n^ro^ Señor introduze seminarios a que como siempre en estos estados han sido el socorro de los curas que a cada parochia acuden dellos a catechisar conforme al numero de las casas que debaxo de las parochias resultan, y de casa en casa vayan, scaviendo que niños ay, y que entienden en catechisarlos quando los mismos padres no lo hagan, y aunque esso sea que lo hagan no sea sin su examinacion porque no aya engaño. . . . Quando tambien no bastan para estas catechisationes las ordenes mendicantes, pueden se encargar deste los Jesuitas ne mas ne menos con dichos mendicantes, deputando algunos dellos juntamente, con esotros por las parochias. Para esto mesmo seria bien su Mag^d^ impetrasse del papa mandado a los Jesuitas porque de otra manera no querran submitirse a ello, y para que buelvan a estos estados todos los Jesuitas naturales del que distraydos en otras provincias, dexan esta como si aqui no fuesse tanto menester su asistencia. . . ."—Discours, etc., MS. before cited.

were his opinions as to the true sources of the wealth and greatness of nations. Can we wonder that the country fell to decay, or that this experienced statesman and brave soldier should himself, after not many years, seek to hide his dishonored head under the cowl of a monk?

The coast of the obedient provinces was thoroughly blockaded. The United Provinces commanded the sea, their cruisers, large and small, keeping diligent watch off every port and estuary of the Flemish coast, so that not a herring-boat could enter without their permission. Antwerp, when it fell into the hands of the Spaniard, sank forever from its proud position. The city which Venetians but lately had confessed with a sigh to be superior in commercial grandeur to their own magnificent capital had ceased to be a seaport. Shut in from the ocean by Flushing, firmly held by an English garrison as one of the cautionary towns for the queen's loan, her world-wide commerce withered before men's eyes. Her population was dwindling to not much more than half its former numbers, while Ghent, Bruges, and other cities were diminished by two thirds.

On the other hand, the commerce and manufactures of the United Republic had enormously augmented. Its bitterest enemies bore witness to the sagacity and success by which its political affairs were administered, and to its vast superiority in this respect over the obedient provinces. "The rebels are not ignorant of our condition," said Champagny; "they are themselves governed with consummate wisdom, and they mock at those who submit themselves to the Duke of Parma. They are the more confirmed in their rebellion when they see how many are thronging from us to them, complaining of such bad government, and that all take refuge in flight

who can from the misery and famine which it has caused throughout these provinces."[1] The industrial population had flowed from the southern provinces into the north, in obedience to an irresistible law. The workers in iron, paper, silk, linen, lace, the makers of brocade, tapestry, and satin, as well as of all the coarser fabrics, had fled from the land of oppression to the land of liberty. Never in the history of civilization had there been a more rapid development of human industry than in Holland during these years of bloodiest warfare. The towns were filled to overflowing. Amsterdam multiplied in wealth and population as fast as Antwerp shrank. Almost as much might be said of Middelburg, Enkhuizen, Horn, and many other cities. It is the epoch to which the greatest expansion of municipal architecture is traced. Warehouses, palaces, docks, arsenals, fortifications, dikes, splendid streets and suburbs, were constructed on every side, and still there was not room for the constantly increasing population, large numbers of which habitually dwelt in the shipping. For even of that narrow span of earth called the province of Holland one third was then interior water, divided into five considerable lakes, those of Haarlem, Schermer, Beemster, Waert, and Purmer. The sea was kept out by a magnificent system of dikes, under the daily superintendence of a board of officers, called dike-graves, while the rain-water, which might otherwise have drowned the

[1] Discours du Seigneur de Champagny: "Esto no ignoran los Rebeldes que con grandissima policia governados se burlan de lo que se sumetten al D. de Parma y se confirman mas en su rebelion, con ver quantos van a ellos quexosos de tan mal govierno, y quantos pueden, huyen con la miseria, hambre, pobreza y carestia causada generalmente por esto en todas partes," etc.

soil thus painfully reclaimed, was pumped up by windmills and drained off through sluices opening and closing with the movement of the tides.

The province of Zealand was one vast polder. It was encircled by an outer dike of forty Dutch, equal to one hundred and fifty English, miles in extent, and traversed by many interior barriers. The average cost of dike-building was sixty florins the rod of twelve feet, or eighty-four thousand florins the Dutch mile. The total cost of the Zealand dikes was estimated at three million three hundred and sixty thousand florins, besides the annual repairs.[1]

But it was on the sea that the Netherlanders were really at home, and they always felt it in their power, as their last resource against foreign tyranny, to bury their land forever in the ocean, and to seek a new country at the ends of the earth. It has always been difficult to doom to political or personal slavery a nation accustomed to maritime pursuits. Familiarity with the boundless expanse of ocean, and the habit of victoriously contending with the elements in their stormy strength, would seem to inspire a consciousness in mankind of human dignity and worth. With the exception of Spain, the chief seafaring nations of the world were already Protestant. The counter-league, which was to do battle so strenuously with the Holy Confederacy, was essentially a maritime league. "All the maritime heretics of the world, since heresy is best suited to navigators, will be banded together," said Champagny, "and then woe to the Spanish Indies, which England and Holland are already threatening."[2]

[1] Meteren, xvi. 288, 289, 290.

[2] Discours du Seigneur de Champagny: "Todos los herejes del

The Netherlanders had been noted from earliest times for a free-spoken and independent personal demeanor. At this epoch they were taking the lead of the whole world in marine adventure. At least three thousand vessels of between one hundred and four hundred tons, besides innumerable doggers, busses, kromstevens, and similar craft used on the rivers and in fisheries, were to be found in the United Provinces, and one thousand, it was estimated, were annually built.[1]

They traded to the Baltic regions for honey, wax, tallow, lumber, iron, turpentine, hemp. They brought from farthest Indies and from America all the fabrics of ancient civilization, all the newly discovered products of a virgin soil, and dispensed them among the less industrious nations of the earth. Enterprise, led on and accompanied by science, was already planning the boldest flights into the unknown yet made by mankind, and it will soon be necessary to direct attention to those famous arctic voyages made by Hollanders in pursuit of the northwest passage to Cathay, in which as much heroism, audacity, and scientific intelligence were displayed as in later times have made so many men belonging to both branches of the Anglo-Saxon race illustrious. A people engaged in perennial conflict with a martial and sacerdotal despotism the most powerful in the world could yet spare enough from its superfluous energies to confront the dangers of the polar oceans and to bring back treasures of science to enrich the world.

Such was the spirit of freedom. Inspired by its blessed influence, this vigorous and inventive little com-

oceano que lo son quasi todos sino sola España . . . y pues *la heresia es lo que mas conforme en estos maritimos*," etc.

[1] Meteren, ubi sup.

monwealth triumphed over all human, all physical obstacles in its path. It organized armies on new principles to drive the most famous legions of history from its soil. It built navies to help rescue, at critical moments, the cause of England, of Protestantism, of civil liberty, and even of French nationality. More than all, by its trade with its arch-enemy, the Republic constantly multiplied its resources for destroying his power and aggrandizing its own.

The war navy of the United Provinces was a regular force of one hundred ships,—large at a period when a vessel of thirteen hundred tons was a monster,—together with an indefinite number of smaller craft, which could be put into the public service on short notice.[1] In those days of close quarters and light artillery a merchant ship was converted into a cruiser by a very simple process. The navy was a self-supporting one, for it was paid by the produce of convoy fees and licenses to trade. It must be confessed that a portion of these revenues savored much of blackmail to be levied on friend and foe; for the distinctions between freebooter, privateer, pirate, and legitimate sea-robber were not very closely drawn in those early days of seafaring.

Prince Maurice of Nassau was lord high admiral, but he was obliged to listen to the counsels of various provincial boards of admiralty, which often impeded his action and interfered with his schemes.

It cannot be denied that the inherent vice of the Netherland polity was already a tendency to decentralization and provincialism. The civil institutions of the country, in their main characteristics, have been frequently sketched in these pages. At this period they had

[1] Meteren, ubi sup.

entered almost completely into the forms which were destined to endure until the commonwealth fell in the great crash of the French Revolution. Their beneficial effects were more visible now, sustained and bound together as the nation was by the sense of a common danger and by the consciousness of its daily developing strength, than at a later day when prosperity and luxury had blunted the fine instincts of patriotism.

The supreme power, after the deposition of Philip and the refusal by France and by England to accept the sovereignty of the provinces, was definitely lodged in the States-General. But the States-General did not technically represent the people. Its members were not elected by the people. It was a body composed of delegates from each provincial assembly, of which there were now five—Holland, Zealand, Friesland, Utrecht, and Gelderland. Each provincial assembly consisted, again, of delegates, not from the inhabitants of the provinces, but from the magistracies of the cities. Those magistracies, again, were not elected by the citizens. They elected themselves by renewing their own vacancies, and were, in short, immortal corporations. Thus, in final analysis, the supreme power was distributed and localized among the mayors and aldermen of a large number of cities, all independent alike of the people below and of any central power above.

It is true that the nobles, as a class, had a voice in the provincial and in the general assembly, both for themselves and as technical representatives of the smaller towns and of the rural population. But, as a matter of fact, the influence of this caste had of late years very rapidly diminished, through its decrease in numbers, and the far more rapid increase in wealth and power of

the commercial and manufacturing classes. Individual nobles were constantly employed in the military, civil, and diplomatic service of the Republic, but their body had ceased to be a power. It had been the policy of William the Silent to increase the number of cities entitled to send deputies to the states; for it was among the cities that his resistance to the tyranny of Spain, and his efforts to obtain complete independence for his country, had been mainly supported. Many of the great nobles, as has been seen in these pages, denounced the liberator and took sides with the tyrant. Lamoral Egmont had walked to the scaffold to which Philip had condemned him, chanting a prayer for Philip's welfare. Egmont's eldest son was now foremost in the Spanish army, doing battle against his own country in behalf of the tyrant who had taken his father's life. Aremberg and Ligny, Aerschot, Chimay, Croy, Capres, Montigny, and most of the great patrician families of the Netherlands fought on the royal side.

The revolution which had saved the country from perdition and created the great Netherland Republic was a burgher revolution, and burgher statesmen now controlled the state. The burgher class of Europe is not the one that has been foremost in the revolutionary movements of history, or that has distinguished itself, especially in more modern times, by a passionate love of liberty. It is always easy to sneer at Hans Miller and Hans Baker, and at the country where such plebeians are powerful. Yet the burghers played a prominent part in the great drama which forms my theme, and there has rarely been seen a more solid or powerful type of their class than the burgher statesman John of Olden-Barneveldt, who, since the death of William the

Silent and the departure of Lord Leicester, had mainly guided the destinies of Holland. Certainly no soldier nor statesman who ever measured intellects with that potent personage was apt to treat his genius otherwise than with profound respect.

But it is difficult to form a logical theory of government, except on the fiction of divine right as a basis, unless the fact of popular sovereignty, as expressed by a majority, be frankly accepted in spite of philosophical objections.

In the Netherlands there was no king and, strictly speaking, no people. But this latter and fatal defect was not visible in the period of danger and of contest. The native magistrates of that age were singularly pure, upright, and patriotic. Of this there is no question whatever. And the people acquiesced cheerfully in their authority, not claiming a larger representation than such as they virtually possessed in the multiple power exercised over them by men moving daily among them, often of modest fortunes and of simple lives. Two generations later, and in the wilderness of Massachusetts, the early American colonists voluntarily placed in the hands of their magistrates, few in number, unlimited control of all the functions of government, and there was hardly an instance known of an impure exercise of authority. Yet out of that simple kernel grew the least limited and most powerful democracy ever known.

In the later days of Netherland history a different result became visible, and with it came the ruin of the state. The governing class, of burgher origin, gradually separated itself from the rest of the citizens, withdrew from commercial pursuits, lived on hereditary fortunes in the exercise of functions which were likewise virtually

hereditary, and so became an oligarchy. This result, together with the physical causes already indicated, made the downfall of the commonwealth probable whenever it should be attacked by an overwhelming force from without.

The States-General, however, at this epoch, although they had in a manner usurped the sovereignty, which in the absence of a feudal lord really belonged to the whole people, and had silently repossessed themselves of those executive functions which they had themselves conferred upon the state council, were at any rate without self-seeking ambition. The Hollanders, as a race, were not office-seekers, but were singularly docile to constituted authority, while their regents, as the municipal magistrates were commonly called, were not very far removed above the mass by birth or habitual occupation. The Republic was a social and political fact, against which there was no violent antagonism either of laws or manners, and the people, although not technically existing, in reality was all in all. In Netherland story the People is ever the true hero. It was an almost unnoticed but significant revolution, that by which the state council was now virtually deprived of its authority. During Leicester's rule it had been a most important college of administration. Since his resignation it had been intrusted by the States-General with high executive functions, especially in war matters. It was an assembly of learned councilors appointed from the various provinces for wisdom and experience, usually about eighteen in number, and sworn in all things to be faithful to the whole Republic. The allegiance of all was rendered to the nation. Each individual member was required to "forswear his native province in order to be true to the

generality." They deliberated in common for the general good, and were not hampered by instructions from the provincial diets, nor compelled to refer to those diets for decision when important questions were at issue. It was an independent executive committee for the whole Republic.[1]

But Leicester had made it unpopular. His intrigues, in the name of democracy, to obtain possession of sovereign power, to inflame the lower classes against the municipal magistracies, and to excite the clergy to claim a political influence to which they were not entitled and which was most mischievous in its effects, had exposed the state council, with which he had been in the habit of consulting, to suspicion.

The Queen of England, by virtue of her treaty, had the right to appoint two of her subjects to be members of the council. The governor of her auxiliary forces was also entitled to a seat there. Since the malpractices of Leicester and the danger to which the country had been subjected in consequence had been discovered, it

[1] "Sa Majesté voit journellement par expérience qu'à cause que l'autorité qui appartient au conseil d'état de ces provinces suivant les articles du contract faict entre S. M. et ces pays cy luy est en plusieurs points du tout ostée et quasi en tout fort raccourcie par V. S. De la naist une telle confusion et désordre au gouvernement de ces provinces que non seulement c'est l'occasion de beaucoup de malentenduz et mescontentemens, mais aussi faict que l'ennemi n'est si vivement repoussé comme il pourrait estre, et consequemment met S. M. et ces provinces en plus grand trouble et despense qu'aultrement ne requerroit le maintien de ces guerres; eu esgard de quoi je suis chargé de par S. M. de vous signifier, qu'elle desire de V. S. que quelque pouvoir qui a este baille au conseil d'etat par la susdicte convention, soit aussi pleinement restitué et establi," etc.—Paper sent to the States-General by Sir Thomas Bodley, April 26, 1590, Archives of The Hague MS.

was impossible that there should be very kindly feeling toward England in the public mind, however necessary a sincere alliance between the two countries was known to be for the welfare of both.

The bickering of the two English councilors, Wilkes and Bodley, and of the governor of the English contingent with the Hollanders was incessant. The Englishmen went so far as to claim the right of veto upon all measures passed by the council, but the States-General indignantly replied that the matters deliberated and decided upon by that board were their own affairs, not the state affairs of England. The two members and the military officer who together represented her Majesty were entitled to participate in the deliberations and to vote with their brother members. For them to claim the right, however, at will to annul the proceedings was an intolerable assumption, and could not be listened to for a moment. Certainly it would have been strange had two Dutchmen undertaken to veto every measure passed by the queen's council at Richmond or Windsor, and it was difficult to say on what article of the contract this extraordinary privilege was claimed by Englishmen at The Hague.[1]

[1] "In den Raedt van Staet deser Landen," said the States-General to the English councilors, "worden gehandelt, geconsulteert ende geresolveert de saecken den staet derzelver Landen aengaende ende niet den staet van Engelant. Ende daeromme en connen die staten niet verstaen dat tot dienste van dese Landen ofte van haer Ma^t by forme van een negative voix can worden geprocedeert omme den voortganct der resolutie te beletten, maer hebben den gouverneur van hare Ma^t secours ende de Raeden by haere Ma^t geintroduceert hare stemmen negative ofte affirmative te geven als andere van den Raede."—Answer to Wilkes and Bodley, October 15, 1590, Hague Archives MS.

Another cause of quarrel was the inability of the Englishmen to understand the language in which the debates of the state council were held.

According to a custom not entirely unexampled in parliamentary history, the members of assembly and council made use of their native tongue in discussing the state affairs of their native land. It was, however, considered a grievance by the two English members that the Dutchmen should speak Dutch, and it was demanded in the queen's name that they should employ some other language which a foreigner could more easily understand.[1]

The Hollanders, however, refused this request, not believing that in a reversed case her Majesty's council or Houses of Parliament would be likely or competent to carry on their discussions habitually in Italian or Latin for the benefit of a couple of strangers who might not be familiar with English. The more natural remedy would have been for the foreigners to take lessons in the tongue of the country, or to seek for an interpreter among their colleagues, especially as the states, when all the Netherlands were but provinces, had steadily refused to adopt any language but their mother tongue, even at the demand of their sovereign prince.[2]

[1] "S. Majesté trouvant estrange que voulsissiez que les siens demeurassent par ce moyen muets au dit conseil, requiert que dès à présent et à l'avenir toutes les propositions, consultations, conférences et délibérations qui se feront au dit conseil soyent tousjours es langues Latine ou Francoise, et que les actes et registres desdictes consultations, résolutions, et délibérations se tiennent en l'une deux langues susdictes."—Wilkes and Bodley to the States-General, July 20, 1590, Hague Archives MS.

[2] "Alle de provincien, Steden ende Leden van dien jegenwoordig in de Unie wezende," said the states, "gebruycken de

At this moment Sir Thomas Bodley was mainly intrusted with her Majesty's affairs at The Hague, but his overbearing demeanor, intemperate language, and passionate style of correspondence with the states and with the royal government did much injury to both countries. The illustrious Walsingham, whose death in the spring of this year England had so much reason to deplore, had bitterly lamented, just before his death, having recommended so unquiet a spirit for so important a place. Ortel, envoy of the states to London, expressed his hopes that affairs would now be handled more to the satisfaction of the states, as Bodley would be obliged, since the death of Sir Francis, to address his letters to the lord high treasurer, with whom it would

Nederlantsche spraecke, ende volgende verscheyde privilegien, ende rechten der voorscreven Landen en mogende Gecommitteerden der Staten van de respective provincien in de zaecken van den Lande geen ander als de Nederlandtsche spraecke gebruycken. Daeromme en is niet practicabael en dit punct eenige veranderinghe inne te voeren. Temin nademael die Staten der voorscreven respective provincien noyt hebben willen gedoogen dat haere Gecommitteerden in saecken der Landen vreemde spraecken zouden gebruycken; oock niettegestaende het verzoeck van haerlicker princen selfs geschiet uit wichtige ende wel gefondeerde redenen. Ende daer zulcx in eenige zaecken specialyck met veele difficulteyten is geconsenteert geweest, ten tyde als in de vergaderinge van de Staten verscheyden provincien van Walscher sprake waren comparerende hebben de princen daervan den Staten gegeven solennele acte van non-prejuditie met belofte dat zulcx niet in consequentie zoude worden getoogen. Ende hebben de ondersaten van haere Ma^t^ hen beter te laeten onderrichten in den Raedt van staet vant gunt aldaer geproponeert ende gedelibereert zal worden, dan dat de Ingesetenen deser Landen jegens de rechten ende privilegien derzelver in de beleydinghe van des Landes zaecken vreemde spraecke zouden moeten gebruycken." —Wilkes and Bodley to the States-General, MS. already cited.

be impossible for him to obtain so much influence as he had enjoyed with the late secretary of state.[1]

Moreover, it was exactly at this season that the advocate of Holland, Olden-Barneveldt, was excluded from the state council.[2] Already the important province of Holland was dissatisfied with its influence in that body. Bearing one half of the whole burden of the war, it was not content with one quarter of the council vote, and very soon it became the custom for the States-General to conduct all the most important affairs of the Republic.[3] The state council complained that even in war matters it was not consulted, and that most important enterprises were undertaken by Prince Maurice without its knowledge, and on advice of the advocate alone. Doubtless this was true, and thus, most unfortunately, the commonwealth was degraded to a confederacy instead of becoming an incorporate federal state. The members of the States-General, as it has been seen, were responsible only to their constituents, the separate provinces. They avowed allegiance each to his own province, none to the central government. Moreover, they were not representatives, but envoys, appointed by petty provinces, bound by written orders, and obliged to consult at every step with their sovereigns at home. The Netherland polity was thus stamped almost at its birth with a narrow provincialism. Delay and hesitation, thus necessarily engendered, were overcome in the days of danger by patriotic fervor. The instinct of union for the sake of the national existence was sufficiently strong, and the robust, practical common sense of the people sufficiently enlightened, to prevent this weakness from degenerating into impotence so long as the

[1] Bor, iii. xxvii. 530. [2] Fruin, 24. [3] Ibid.

war pressure remained to mold them into a whole. But a day was to come for bitterly ruing this paralysis of the imperial instincts of the people, this indefinite decentralization of the national strength.

For the present, the legislative and executive body was the States-General. But the States-General were in reality the States-Provincial, and the States-Provincial were the city municipalities, among which the magistracies of Holland were preponderant.

Ere long it became impossible for an individual to resist the decrees of the civic authorities. In 1591 the States-General passed a resolution by which these arrogant corporations virtually procured their exemption from any process at the suit of a private person to be placed on record. So far could the principle of sovereignty be pulverized. City council boards had become supreme.[1]

It was naturally impossible, during the long continuance of this great struggle, that neutral nations should not be injuriously affected by it in a variety of ways. And as a matter of course neutral nations were disposed to counsel peace. Peace, peace, peace, was the sigh of the bystanders whose commerce was impeded, whose international relations were complicated, and whose own security was endangered in the course of the bloody conflict. It was, however, not very much the fashion of that day for governments to obtrude advice upon each other, or to read to each other moral lectures. It was assumed that when the expense and sacrifice of war had been incurred, it was for cause, and the discovery had

[1] Kluit, iii. 52. Compare Fruin, iv. 18–31, to whose lucid and learned exposition of the Netherland polity I am under great obligations.

not yet been made that those not immediately interested in the fray were better acquainted with its merits than the combatants themselves, and were, moreover, endued with superhuman wisdom to see with perfect clearness that future issue which to the parties themselves was concealed.

Cheap apothegms upon the blessings of peace and upon the expediency of curbing the angry passions, uttered by the belligerents of yesterday to the belligerents of to-day, did not then pass current for profound wisdom.

Still the Emperor Rudolph, abstaining for a time from his star-gazing, had again thought proper to make a feeble attempt at intervention in those sublunary matters which were supposed to be within his sphere.[1]

It was perfectly well known that Philip was incapable of abating one jot of his pretensions, and that to propose mediation to the United Provinces was simply to request them, for the convenience of other powers, to return to the slavery out of which, by the persistent efforts of a quarter of a century, they had struggled. Nevertheless, it was formally proposed to reopen those lukewarm fountains of diplomatic commonplace in which healing had been sought during the peace negotiations of Cologne in the year 1579. But the States-General resolutely kept them sealed. They simply answered his Imperial Majesty by a communication of certain intercepted correspondence between the King of Spain and his ambassador at Vienna, San Clemente, through which it was satisfactorily established that any negotiation would prove as gigantic a comedy on the part of Spain as had been the memorable conferences at Ostend, by which the invasion of England had been masked.[2]

[1] Meteren, xvi. 297. [2] Ibid.

There never was a possibility of mediation or of compromise except by complete submission on the part of the Netherlanders to crown and church. Both in this, as well as in previous and subsequent attempts at negotiations, the secret instructions of Philip forbade any real concessions on his side. He was always ready to negotiate, he was especially anxious to obtain a suspension of arms from the rebels during negotiation, but his agents were instructed to use great dexterity and dissimulation in order that the proposal for such armistice, as well as for negotiation at all, should appear to proceed, not from himself, as was the fact, but from the emperor as a neutral potentate. The king uniformly proposed three points: firstly, that the rebels should reconvert themselves to the Catholic religion; secondly, that they should return to their obedience to himself; thirdly, that they should pay the expenses of the war. Number three was, however, usually inserted in order that, by conceding it subsequently, after much contestation, he might appear conciliatory. It was a vehicle of magnanimity toward men grown insolent with temporary success.[1] Numbers one and two were immutable.

Especially upon number one was concession impossible. "The Catholic religion is the first thing," said Philip, "and although the rebels do not cease to insist that liberty of conscience should be granted them, in order that they may preserve that which they have had during these

[1] Minuta de instrucion al Marques de Carvalho, January 25, 1592, Arch. de Sim. MS.: "Como hombres insolentes con los buenos sucesos destos dias, pidieren que se hagan con ellos algunas cosas sin fundamento, por desviarlos dellos se deben a lo menos deshecharlos con esta recompensa de gastos las otras pretenciones que tuvieren mal fundadas."

past years, this is never to be thought of in any event." The king always made free use of the terrible weapon which the Protestant princes of Germany had placed in his hands. For, indeed, if it were right that one man, because possessed of hereditary power over millions of his fellow-creatures, should compel them all to accept the dogmas of Luther or of Calvin because agreeable to himself, it was difficult to say why another man, in a similarly elevated position, might not compel his subjects to accept the creed of Trent, or the doctrines of Mohammed or Confucius. The Netherlanders were fighting, even more than they knew, for liberty of conscience, for equality of all religions; not for Moses, nor for Melanchthon, for Henry, Philip, or Pius, while Philip justly urged that no prince in Christendom permitted license. "Let them well understand," said his Majesty, "that since others, who live in error, hold the opinion that vassals are to conform to the religion of their master, *it is insufferable that it should be proposed to me that my vassals should have a different religion from mine*—and that, too, being the true religion, proved by so many testimonies and miracles, while all others are deception. This must be arranged with the authority of the commissioners of the emperor, since it is well understood by them that *the vassal is never to differ from the opinion of his master.*"[1] Certainly it was worth an eighty years'

[1] "Lo de la religion Catolica es la primera cosa; y aunque no dexaran de insistir rebeldes en que se les de libertad de concientia por conservar la que han tenido estos años, no se ha de dar lugar a esto por ninguno caso—dando les bien a entender que pues otros qui viven en errores tienen por opinion que sus vassalos se han de conformar con la religion de su Señor, no se sufre que a mi se me proponga que los mios la tengan diferente que yo, siendo esta la verdadera y probada con tantos testimonios y milagros, y todo lo

war to drive such blasphemous madness as this out of human heads, whether crowned or shaven.

There was likewise a diet held during the summer of this year, of the circles of the empire nearest to the Netherlands,—Westphalia, Cleves, Juliers, and Saxony, —from which commissioners were deputed both to Brussels and to The Hague, to complain of the misfortunes suffered by neutral and neighboring nations in consequence of the civil war.

They took nothing by their mission to the Duke of Parma. At The Hague the deputies were heard on the 22d August, 1590. They complained to the States-General of brandschatzing on the border, of the holding of forts beyond the lines, and of other invasions of neutral territory, of the cruising of the war-vessels of the states off the shores and on the rivers, and of their interference with lawful traders. Threats were made of forcible intervention and reprisals.[1]

The United States replied on the 13th September. Expressing deep regret that neutral nations should suffer,

demas engaño, y esto se ha de procurar con la autoridad de los comisarios del emperador pues es muy recibido entre ellos de no haberse de apartar el vassallo de la opinion de su señor."—Minuta, etc., MS. before cited.

In July of this year Farnese had much talk with the Elector of Cologne at Spa about peace with the rebels through the mediation of the emperor. It was agreed that a congress should be proposed at Cologne, but the suggestion was not to appear as coming from Philip, and Farnese informed his master that the Duke of Würtemberg and the Landgrave of Hesse would both attend. Although heretics, they were described as pacific and profoundly of opinion "that in the matter of religion vassals were necessarily to conform to the will and command of their princes." (Parma to Philip, July 21, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.)

[1] Meteren, xvi. 295 seq.

they pronounced it to be impossible but that some sparks from the great fire now desolating their land should fly over into their neighbors' ground. The states were fighting the battle of liberty against slavery, in which the future generations of Germany, as well as of the Netherlands, were interested. They were combating that horrible institution, the Holy Inquisition. They were doing their best to strike down the universal monarchy of Spain, which they described as a bloodthirsty, insatiable, insolent, absolute dominion of Saracenic, Moorish Christians.[1] They warred with a system which placed inquisitors on the seats of judges, which made it unlawful to read the Scriptures, which violated all oaths, suppressed all civic freedom, trampled on all laws and customs, raised inordinate taxes by arbitrary decree, and subjected high and low to indiscriminate murder. Spain had sworn the destruction of the provinces and their subjugation to her absolute dominion, in order to carry out her scheme of universal empire.

These were the deeds and designs against which the states were waging that war, concerning some inconvenient results of which their neighbors, now happily neutral, were complaining. But the cause of the states was the cause of humanity itself. This Saracenic, Moorish, universal monarchy had been seen by Germany to murder, despoil, and trample upon the Netherlands. It had murdered millions of innocent Indians and Granadians. It had kept Naples and Milan in abject slavery. It had seized Portugal. It had deliberately planned and attempted an accursed invasion of England and Ireland. It had overrun and plundered many cities of the empire. It had spread a web of secret

[1] Meteren, xvi. 295 seq.

intrigue about Scotland. At last it was sending great armies to conquer France and snatch its crown. Poor France now saw the plans of this Spanish tyranny and bewailed her misery. The subjects of her lawful king were ordered to rise against him, on account of religion and conscience. Such holy pretexts were used by these Saracenic Christians in order to gain possession of that kingdom.

For all these reasons, men should not reproach the inhabitants of the Netherlands because, seeing the aims of this accursed tyranny, they had set themselves to resist it. It was contrary to reason to consider them as disturbers of the general peace, or to hold them guilty of violating their oaths or their duty to the laws of the Holy Empire. The States-General were sure that they had been hitherto faithful and loyal, and they were resolved to continue in that path.

As members of the Holy Empire, in part, as of old they were considered to be, they had rather the right to expect, instead of reproaches, assistance against the enormous power and inhuman oppression of their enemies. They had demanded it heretofore by their ambassadors, and they still continued to claim it. They urged that, according to the laws of the empire, all foreign soldiers, Spaniards, Saracens, and the like, should be driven out of the limits of the empire. Through these means the German Highland and the German Netherland might be restored once more to their old friendship and unity, and might deal with each other again in amity and commerce.

If, however, such requests could not be granted, they at least begged his electoral Highness and the other dukes, lords, and states to put on the deeds of Nether-

landers in this laborious and heavy war the best interpretation, in order that they might with the better courage and resolution bear those inevitable burdens which were becoming daily heavier in this task of resistance and self-protection; in order that the provinces might not be utterly conquered, and serve, with their natural resources and advantageous situation, as *sedes et media belli* for the destruction of neighboring states and the building up of the contemplated universal, absolute monarchy.[1]

The United Provinces had been compelled by overpowering necessity to take up arms. That which had resulted was and remained *in terminis defensionis.* Their object was to protect what belonged to them, to recover that which by force or fraud had been taken from them.

In regard to excesses committed by their troops against neutral inhabitants on the border, they expressed a strong regret, together with a disposition to make all proper retribution and to cause all crimes to be punished.

They alluded to the enormous sins of this nature practised by the enemy against neutral soil. They recalled to mind that the Spaniards paid their troops ill or not at all, and that they allowed them to plunder the innocent and the neutral, while the United States had paid their troops better wages, and more punctually, than had ever been done by the greatest potentates of Europe. It was true that the states kept many cruisers off the coasts and upon the rivers, but these were to protect their own citizens and friendly traders against pirates and against the common foe. Germany derived as much benefit from this system as did the provinces themselves.[2]

[1] Meteren, xvi. 295 seq. [2] Ibid.

Thus did the States-General, respectfully but resolutely, decline all proffers of intervention, which, as they were well aware, could only inure to the benefit of the enemy. Thus did they avoid being entrapped into negotiations which could only prove the most lamentable of comedies.